THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF *JOSEPH ANDREWS*, And his FRIEND Mr. *ABRAHAM ADAMS*.

Written in Imitation of
The *Manner* of CERVANTES,
Author of *Don Quixote*.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

Illustrated with CUTS.

The SIXTH EDITION, revised and corrected.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*.
M.DCC.LXII.

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THE CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Matter prefatory in praiſe of Biography. P. 1.

CHAP. II.

A Night-Scene, wherein ſeveral wonderful Adventures befel Adams *and his Fellow Travellers.* 8

CHAP. III.

In which the Gentleman relates the Hiſtory of his Life. 21

CHAP. IV.

A Deſcription of Mr. Wilſon's *Way of Living. The tragical Adventure of the Dog, and other grave Matters.* 53

CHAP. V.

A Diſputation on Schools, held on the Road between Mr. Abraham Adams *and* Joſeph; *and a Diſcovery not unwelcome to them both.* 59

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VI.

Moral Reflections by Joseph Andrews, *with the Hunting Adventure, and Parson* Adams's *miraculous Escape.* 65

CHAP. VII.

A Scene of Roasting very nicely adapted to the present Taste and Times, 77

CHAP. VIII.

Which some Readers will think too short, and others too long. 89

CHAP. IX.

Containing as surprising and bloody Adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps any other authentic History. 94

CHAP. X.

A Discourse between the Poet and Player; of no other Use in this History but to divert the Reader. 100

CHAP. XI.

Containing the Exhortations of Parson Adams *to his Friend in Affliction; calculated for the Instruction and Improvement of the Reader.* 105

CHAP. XII.

More Adventures, which we hope will as much please as surprize the Reader. 110

CHAP. XIII.

A curious Dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams *and Mr.* Peter Pounce, *better worth reading than all the Works of* Colley Cibber *and many others.* 119

BOOK

CONTENTS.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

THE Arrival of Lady Booby *and the reſt at* Booby-Hall. 124

CHAP. II.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams *and the Lady* Booby.

CHAP. III.

What paſt between the Lady and Lawyer Scout. 135

CHAP. IV.

A ſhort Chapter but very full of Matter; particularly the Arrival of Mr. Booby *and his Lady.* 139

CHAP. V.

Containing Juſtice Buſineſs; Curious Precedents of Depoſitions, and other Matters neceſſary to be peruſed by all Juſtices of the Peace and their Clerks. 141

CHAP. VI.

Of which you are deſired to read no more than you like. 149

CHAP. VII.

Philoſophical Reflections, the like not to be found in any light French *Romance. Mr.* Booby's *grave Advice to* Joſeph, *and* Fanny's *encounter with the Beau.* 157

CHAP. VIII.

A Diſcourſe which happened between Mr. Adams *Mrs.* Adams, Joſeph *and* Fanny; *with ſome Behaviour of Mr.* Adams, *which will be called by ſome few Readers very low, abſurd, and unnatural.* 168

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. IX.

A Visit which the good Lady Booby *and her polite Friend paid to the Parson.* 176

CHAP. X.

The History of two Friends, which may afford an useful Lesson to all those Persons who happen to take up their Residence in married Families. 181

CHAP. XI.

In which the History is continued. 190

CHAP. XII.

Where the good-natured Reader will see something which will give him no great Pleasure. 195

CHAP. XIII.

The History returning to the Lady Booby, *gives some Account of the terrible Conflict in her Breast between Love and Pride; with what happened on the present Discovery.* 198

CHAP. XIV.

Containing several curious Night-Adventures, in which Mr. Adams *fell into many Hair-breadth Scapes, partly owing to his Goodness, and partly to his Inadvertency.* 205

CHAP. XV.

The Arrival of Gaffar and Gammar Andrews, *with another Person, not much expected; and a perfect Solution of the Difficulties raised by the Pedlar.* 213

CHAP. XVI.

Being the last. In which this true History is brought to a happy Conclusion. 219

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF *Joseph Andrews*, and his Friend Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Matter prefatory in Praiſe of Biography.

NOtwithſtanding the Preference which may be vulgarly given to the Authority of thoſe Romance Writers, who intitle their Books, the Hiſtory of *England*, the Hiſtory of *France*, of *Spain*, &c. it is moſt certain, that Truth is to be found only in the Works of thoſe who celebrate the Lives of Great Men, and are commonly called Biographers, as the others ſhould indeed be termed Topographers or Chorographers: Words which

might well mark the Diſtinction between them; it being the Buſineſs of the latter chiefly to deſcribe Countries and Cities, which, with the Aſſiſtance of Maps, they do pretty juſtly, and may be depended upon: But as to the Actions and Characters of Men, their Writings are not quite ſo authentic, of which there needs no other Proof than thoſe eternal Contradictions occurring between two Topographers who undertake the Hiſtory of the ſame Country: For inſtance, between my Lord *Clarendon* and Mr. *Whitlock*, between Mr. *Echard* and *Rapin*, and many others; where, Facts being ſet forth in a different Light, every Reader believes as he pleaſes; and indeed the more judicious and ſuſpicious very juſtly eſteem the whole as no other than a Romance, in which the Writer hath indulged a happy and fertile Invention. But tho' theſe widely differ in the Narrative of Facts; ſome aſcribing Victory to the one, and others to the other Party; ſome repreſenting the ſame Man as a Rogue, to whom others give a great and honeſt Character, yet all agree in the Scene where the Fact is ſuppoſed to have happened; and where the Perſon, who is both a Rogue, and an honeſt Man, lived. Now with us Biographers the Caſe is different; the Facts we deliver may be relied on, tho' we often miſtake the Age and Country wherein they happened: For tho' it may be worth the Examination of Criticks, whether the Shepherd *Chryſoſtom*, who, as *Cervantes* informs us, died for Love of the fair *Marcella*, who hated him, was ever in *Spain*, will any one doubt but that ſuch a ſilly Fellow hath really exiſted? Is there in the World ſuch a Sceptic as to diſbelieve the Madneſs of *Cardenio*, the Perfidy of *Ferdinand*, the impertinent Curioſity

Curioſity of *Anſelmo*, the Weakneſs of *Camilla*, the irreſolute Friendſhip of *Lothario*; tho' perhaps as to the Time and Place where thoſe ſeveral Perſons lived, the good Hiſtorian may be deplorably deficient: But the moſt known Inſtances of this kind is in the true Hiſtory of *Gil Blas*, where the inimitable Biographer hath made a notorious Blunder in the Country of Dr. *Sangrado*, who uſed his Patients as a Vintner doth his Wine-Veſſels, by letting out their Blood, and filling them up with Water. Doth not every one, who is the leaſt verſed in Phyſical Hiſtory, know that *Spain* was not the Country in which this Doctor lived? The ſame Writer hath likewiſe erred in the Country of his Archbiſhop, as well as that of thoſe great Perſonages whoſe Underſtandings were too ſublime to taſte any thing but Tragedy, and in many others. The ſame Miſtakes may likewiſe be obſerved in *Scarron*, the *Arabian Nights*, the Hiſtory of *Marianne* and *Le Paiſan Parvenu*, and perhaps ſome few other Writers of this Claſs, whom I have not read, or do not at preſent recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend thoſe Perſons of ſurprizing Genius, the Authors of immenſe Romances, or the modern Novel and *Atalantis* Writers; who, without any Aſſiſtance from Nature or Hiſtory, record Perſons who never were, or will be, and Facts which never did, nor poſſibly can happen: Whoſe Heroes are of their own Creation, and their Brains the Chaos whence all their Materials are collected. Not that ſuch Writers deſerve no Honour; ſo far otherwiſe, that perhaps they merit the higheſt: for what can be nobler than to be as an Example of the wonderful Extent of human Genius! One may apply to them what *Bal-*

zac ſays of *Ariſtotle*, that they are *a ſecond Nature* (for they have no Communication with the firſt); by which Authors of an inferior Claſs, who cannot ſtand alone, are obliged to ſupport themſelves as with Crutches; but theſe of whom I am now ſpeaking, ſeem to be poſſeſſed of *thoſe Stilts*, which the excellent *Voltaire* tells us in his Letters *carry the Genius far off, but without any regular Pace.* Indeed far out of the Sight of the Reader:

Beyond the Realm of Chaos and old Night.

But, to return to the former Claſs, who are contented to copy Nature, inſtead of forming Originals from the confuſed Heap of Matter in their own Brains; is not ſuch a Book as that which records the Atchievements of the renowned *Don Quixote*, more worthy the Name of a Hiſtory than even *Mariana*'s: for whereas the latter is confined to a particular Period of Time, and to a particular Nation; the former is the Hiſtory of the World in general, at leaſt that Part which is poliſhed by Laws, Arts and Sciences; and of that from the Time it was firſt poliſhed to this Day; nay and forwards, as long as it ſhall ſo remain.

I ſhall now proceed to apply theſe Obſervations to the Work before us; for indeed I have ſet them down principally to obviate ſome Conſtructions, which the Good-nature of Mankind, who are always forward to ſee their Friends Virtues recorded, may put to particular Parts. I queſtion not but ſeveral of my Readers will know the Lawyer in the Stage-Coach, the Moment they heard his Voice. It is likewiſe odds, but the Wit and the Prude meet with ſome of their Acquaintance,

ance, as well as all the reſt of my Characters. To prevent therefore any ſuch malicious Applications, I declare here once for all, I deſcribe not Men, but Manners; not an Individual, but a Species. Perhaps it will be anſwered, Are not the Characters then taken from Life? To which I anſwer in the Affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have ſeen. The Lawyer is not only alive, but hath been ſo theſe 4000 Years; and I hope G— will indulge his Life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himſelf to one Profeſſion, one Religion, or one Country; but when the firſt mean ſelfiſh Creature appeared upon the human Stage, who made Self the Centre of the whole Creation, would give himſelf no Pain, incur no Danger, advance no Money to aſſiſt or preſerve his Fellow-Creatures; then was our Lawyer born; and whilſt ſuch a Perſon as I have deſcribed exiſts on Earth, ſo long ſhall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little Honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimick ſome little obſcure Fellow, becauſe he happens to reſemble him in one particular Feature, or perhaps in his Profeſſion; whereas his Appearance in the World is calculated for much more general and noble Purpoſes; not to expoſe one pitiful Wretch to the ſmall and contemptible Circle of his Acquaintance; but to hold the Glaſs to thouſands in their Cloſets, that they may contemplate their Deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by ſuffering private Mortification may avoid public Shame. This places the Boundary between, and diſtinguiſhes the Satyriſt from the Libeller; for the former privately corrects the Fault for the Benefit of the Perſon, like a Parent; the latter publickly expoſes

the Perſon himſelf, as an Example to others, like an Executioner.

There are beſides, little Circumſtances to be conſidered; as the Drapery of a Picture, which tho' Faſhion varies at different Times, the Reſemblance of the Countenance is not by thoſe means diminiſhed. Thus, I believe, we may venture to ſay Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* is coeval with our Lawyer; and tho' perhaps during the Changes which ſo long an Exiſtence muſt have paſſed through, ſhe may in her Turn have ſtood behind the Bar at an Inn; I will not ſcruple to affirm, ſhe hath likewiſe in the Revolution of Ages ſat on a Throne. In ſhort, where extreme Turbulency of Temper, Avarice, and an Inſenſibility of human Miſery with a Degree of Hypocriſy, have united in a female Compoſition, Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* was that Woman; and where a good Inclination, eclipſed by a Poverty of Spirit and Underſtanding, hath glimmered forth in a Man, that Man hath been no other than her ſneaking Huſband.

I ſhall detain my Reader no longer than to give him one Caution more of an oppoſite kind: For as in moſt of our particular Characters we mean not to laſh Individuals, but all of the like Sort; ſo in our general Deſcriptions, we mean not Univerſals, but would be underſtood with many Exceptions: For inſtance, in our Deſcription of high People, we cannot be intended to include ſuch, as whilſt they are an Honour to their high Rank, by a well-guided Condeſcenſion, make their Superiority as eaſy as poſſible to thoſe whom Fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this Number I could name a Peer no leſs elevated by Nature than by Fortune, who, whilſt he wears the nobleſt Enſigns of Honour on his Perſon, bears the

the trueſt Stamp of Dignity on his Mind, adorned with Greatneſs, enriched with Knowledge, and embelliſhed with Genius. I have ſeen this Man relieve with Generoſity, while he hath converſed with Freedom, and be to the ſame Perſon a Patron and a Companion. I could name a Commoner raiſed higher above the Multitude by ſuperior Talents, than is in the Power of his Prince to exalt him; whoſe Behaviour to thoſe he hath obliged is more amiable than the Obligation itſelf, and who is ſo great a Maſter of Affability, that if he could diveſt himſelf of an inherent Greatneſs in his Manner, he would often make the loweſt of his Acquaintance forget who was the Maſter of that Place in which they are ſo courteouſly entertained. Theſe are Pictures which muſt be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the Life, and not intended to exceed it. By thoſe high People therefore whom I have deſcribed, I mean a Sett of Wretches, who, while they are a Diſgrace to their Anceſtors, whoſe Honours and Fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to the Mother, for ſuch Degeneracy is ſcarce credible) have the Inſolence to treat thoſe with Diſregard, who are at leaſt equal to the Founders of their own Splendor. It is, I fancy, impoſſible to conceive a Spectacle more worthy of our Indignation, than that of a Fellow who is not only a Blot in the Eſcutcheon of a great Family, but a Scandal to the human Species, maintaining a ſupercilious Behaviour to Men who are an Honour to their Nature, and a Diſgrace to their Fortune.

And now, Reader, taking theſe Hints along with you, you may, if you pleaſe, proceed to the Sequel of this our true Hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

A Night-Scene, wherein ſeveral wonderful Adventures befel Adams *and his Fellow-Travellers.*

IT was ſo late when our Travellers left the Inn or Ale-houſe, (for it might be called either) that they had not travelled many Miles, before Night overtook them, or met them, which you pleaſe. The Reader muſt excuſe me if I am not particular as to the Way they took; for as we are now drawing near the Seat of the *Boobies*; and as that is a tickliſh Name, which malicious Perſons may apply according to their evil Inclinations, to ſeveral worthy Country 'Squires, a Race of Men whom we look upon as entirely inoffenſive, and for whom we have an adequate Regard, we ſhall lend no Aſſiſtance to any ſuch malicious Purpoſes.

Darkneſs had now overſpread the Hemiſphere, when *Fanny* whiſpered *Joſeph*, 'that ſhe begged 'to reſt herſelf a little; for that ſhe was ſo tired, 'ſhe could walk no farther.' *Joſeph* immediately prevailed with Parſon *Adams*, who was as briſk as a Bee, to ſtop. He had no ſooner ſeated himſelf, than he lamented the Loſs of his dear *Æſchylus*; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that if he had it in his Poſſeſſion, he could not ſee to read.

The Sky was ſo clouded, that not a Star appeared. It was indeed, according to *Milton*, Darkneſs viſible. This was a Circumſtance, however, very favourable to *Joſeph*; for *Fanny*, not ſuſpicious

uſpicious of being overſeen by *Adams*, gave a looſe to her Paſſion, which ſhe had never done before; and reclining her Head on his Boſom, threw her Arm careleſly round him, and ſuffered him to lay his Cheek cloſe to hers. All this infuſed ſuch Happineſs into *Joſeph*, that he would not have changed his Turf for the fineſt Down in the fineſt Palace in the Univerſe.

Adams ſat at ſome Diſtance from the Lovers, and being unwilling to diſturb them, applied himſelf to Meditation; in which he had not ſpent much time, before he diſcovered a Light at ſome Diſtance, that ſeemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his Sorrow and Surprize, it ſtopped for a Moment, and then diſappeared. He then called to *Joſeph*, aſking him, 'if he had not ſeen the Light.' *Joſeph* anſwered, 'he had,' 'And did you not mark how 'it vaniſhed?' returned he, 'tho' I am not afraid 'of Ghoſts, I do not abſolutely diſbelieve them.'

He then entered into a Meditation on thoſe unſubſtantial Beings, which was ſoon interrupted, by ſeveral Voices which he thought almoſt at his Elbow, tho' in Fact they were not ſo extremely near. However, he could diſtinctly hear them agree on the Murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them ſay, 'he had 'killed a Dozen ſince that Day Fortnight.'

Adams now fell on his Knees, and committed himſelf to the Care of Providence; and poor *Fanny*, who likewiſe heard thoſe terrible Words, embraced *Joſeph* ſo cloſely, that had not he, whoſe Ears were alſo open, been apprehenſive on her Account, he would have thought no Danger which threatened only himſelf, too dear a Price for ſuch Embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his Penknife, and *Adams* having finished his Ejaculations, grasped his Crabstick, his only Weapon, and coming up to *Joseph*, would have had him quit *Fanny*, and place her in the Rear: But his Advice was fruitless, she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the Presence of *Adams*, and in a soothing Voice declared, 'she would die in his Arms.' *Joseph* clasping her with inexpressible Eagerness, whispered her, 'that he preferred Death in hers to 'Life out of them.' *Adams* brandishing his Crabstick, said, 'he despised Death as much as 'any Man, and then repeated aloud,

Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor & illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.

Upon this the Voices ceased for a Moment, and then one of them called out, 'D—n you, 'who is there?' To which *Adams* was prudent enough to make no Reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen Lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the Ground, and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an Apparition, and now beginning to conceive that the Voices were of the same kind, he called out, 'In the Name of the L—d 'what would'st thou have? He had no sooner spoke than he heard one of the Voices cry out, 'D—n them, here they come;' and soon after heard several hearty Blows, as if a Number of Men had been engaged at Quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the Place of Combat, when *Joseph* catching him by the Skirts, begged him that they might take the Opportunity of the dark to convey away *Fanny* from the Dan-

ger which threatened her. He preſently complied, and *Joſeph* lifting up *Fanny*, they all three made the beſt of their Way; and without looking behind them or being overtaken, they had travelled full two Miles, poor *Fanny* not once complaining of being tired, when they ſaw far off ſeveral Lights ſcattered at a ſmall Diſtance from each other, and at the ſame time found themſelves on the Deſcent of a very ſteep Hill. *Adams*'s Foot ſlipping, he inſtantly diſappeared, which greatly frighted both *Joſeph* and *Fanny*; indeed, if the Light had permitted them to ſee it, they would ſcarce have refrained laughing to ſee the Parſon rolling down the Hill, which he did from Top to Bottom, without receiving any Harm. He then hollowed as loud as he could, to inform them of his Safety, and to relieve them from the Fears which they had conceived for him. *Joſeph* and *Fanny* halted ſome time, conſidering what to do; at laſt they advanced a few Paces, where the Declivity ſeemed leaſt ſteep; and then *Joſeph* taking his *Fanny* in his Arms, walked firmly down the Hill, without making a falſe Step, and at length landed her at the Bottom, where *Adams* ſoon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair Countrywomen, to conſider your own Weakneſs, and the many Occaſions on which the Strength of a Man may be uſeful to you; and duly weighing this, take care, that you match not yourſelves with the ſpindle-ſhanked Beaus and Petit Maîtres of the Age, who, inſtead of being able, like *Joſeph Andrews*, to carry you in luſty Arms through the rugged Ways and downhill Steps of Life, will rather want to ſupport their feeble Limbs with your Strength and Aſſiſtance.

Our Travellers now moved forwards, where the neareſt Light preſented itſelf, and having croſſed a common Field, they came to a Meadow, where they ſeemed to be at a very little Diſtance from the Light, when, to their Grief, they arrived at the Banks of a River. *Adams* here made a full Stop, and declared he could ſwim, but doubted how it was poſſible to get *Fanny* over; to which *Joſeph* anſwered, 'if 'they walked along its Banks, they might be 'certain of ſoon finding a Bridge, eſpecially, 'as by the Number of Lights they might be aſ-'ſured a Pariſh was near.' 'Odſo, that's true 'indeed,' ſaid *Adams*, 'I did not think of that.' Accordingly *Joſeph*'s Advice being taken, they paſſed over two Meadows, and came to a little Orchard, which led them to a Houſe. *Fanny* begged of *Joſeph* to knock at the Door, aſſuring him, 'ſhe was ſo weary that ſhe could hardly 'ſtand on her Feet.' *Adams*, who was foremoſt, performed this Ceremony, and the Door being immediately opened, a plain kind of Man appeared at it; *Adams* acquainted him, 'that 'they had a young Woman with them, who 'was ſo tired with her Journey, that he ſhould 'be much obliged to him, if he would ſuffer 'her to come in and reſt herſelf.' The Man, who ſaw *Fanny* by the Light of the Candle which he held in his Hand, perceiving her innocent and modeſt Look, and having no Apprehenſions from the civil Behaviour of *Adams*, preſently anſwer'd, that the young Woman was very welcome to reſt herſelf in his Houſe, and ſo were her Company. He then uſhered them into a very decent Room, where his Wife was ſitting at a Table; ſhe immediately roſe up, and aſſiſted them in ſetting forth.

forth Chairs, and desired them to sit down, which they had no sooner done, than the Man of the House asked them, if they would have any thing to refresh themselves with? *Adams* thanked him, and answered, he should be obliged to him for a Cup of his Ale, which was likewise chosen by *Joseph* and *Fanny*. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large Jugg with this Liquor, his Wife told *Fanny*, she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than Ale; but she refused, with many Thanks, saying it was true, she was very much tired, but a little Rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the Company were all seated, Mr. *Adams*, who had filled himself with Ale, and by public Permission had lighted his Pipe, turned to the Master of the House, asking him, 'if evil Spirits 'did not use to walk in that Neighbourhood?' To which receiving no Answer, he began to inform him of the Adventure which they had met with on the Downs; nor had he proceeded far in the Story, when somebody knocked very hard at the Door. The Company expressed some Amazement, and *Fanny* and the good Woman turned pale; her Husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent looking at one another, and heard several Voices discoursing pretty loudly. *Adams* was fully persuaded that Spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some Exorcisms; *Joseph* a little inclined to the same Opinion: *Fanny* was more afraid of Men, and the good Woman herself began to suspect her Guests, and imagined those without were Rogues belonging to their Gang. At length the Master of the House returned, and laughing, told *Adams* he had discovered

vered his Apparition; that the Murderers were Sheep-ſtealers, and the twelve Perſons murdered were no other than twelve Sheep. Adding, that the Shepherds had got the better of them, had ſecured two, and were proceeding with them to a Juſtice of Peace. This Account greatly relieved the Fears of the whole Company; but *Adams* muttered to himſelf, 'He was convinced of the 'Truth of Apparitions for all that.'

They now ſat chearfully round the Fire, till the Maſter of the Houſe having ſurveyed his Gueſts, and conceiving that the Caſſock which, having fallen down, appeared under *Adams*'s Great Coat, and the ſhabby Livery on *Joſeph Andrews*, did not well ſuit with the Familiarity between them, begān to entertain ſome Suſpicions, not much to their Advantage: addreſſing himſelf therefore to *Adams*, he ſaid, 'he perceived 'he was a Clergyman by his Dreſs, and ſuppoſed 'that honeſt Man was his Footman.' 'Sir,' anſwered *Adams*, 'I am a Clergyman at your 'Service; but as to that young Man, whom 'you have rightly termed honeſt, he is at preſent 'in no body's Service; he never lived in any 'other Family than that of Lady *Booby*, from 'whence he was diſcharged, I aſſure you, for 'no Crime.' *Joſeph* ſaid, 'he did not wonder 'the Gentleman was ſurprized to ſee one of Mr. '*Adams*'s Character condeſcend to ſo much 'Goodneſs with a poor Man.' 'Child,' ſaid *Adams*, 'I ſhould be aſhamed of my Cloth, if I 'thought a poor Man, who is honeſt, below my 'Notice or my Familiarity. I know not how 'thoſe who think otherwiſe, can profeſs them-'ſelves Followers and Servants of him who made 'no Diſtinction, unleſs, peradventure, by pre-

'ferring

'ferring the Poor to the Rich.' 'Sir,' ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Gentleman, 'theſe two 'poor young People are my Pariſhioners, and I 'look on them and love them as my Children. 'There is ſomething ſingular enough in their 'Hiſtory, but I have not now Time to recount 'it.' The Maſter of the Houſe, notwithſtanding the Simplicity which diſcovered itſelf in *Adams*, knew too much of the World to give a haſty Belief to Profeſſions. He was not yet quite certain that *Adams* had any more of the Clergyman in him than his Caſſock. To try him therefore further, he aſked him, 'if Mr. *Pope* had 'lately publiſhed any Thing new?' *Adams* anſwered, 'he had heard great Commendations of 'that Poet, but that he had never read, nor 'knew any of his Works.' 'Ho! ho!' ſays the Gentleman to himſelf, 'have I caught you?' 'What,' ſaid he, 'have you never ſeen his *Ho*-'*mer?*' *Adams* anſwered, 'he had never read 'any Tranſlation of the Claſſicks.' 'Why, tru-'ly,' replied the Gentleman, 'there is a Dig-'nity in the *Greek* Language which I think no 'modern Tongue can reach.' 'Do you under-'ſtand *Greek*, Sir?' ſaid *Adams* haſtily. 'A 'little, Sir,' anſwered the Gentleman. 'Do 'you know, Sir,' cried *Adams*, 'where I can 'buy an *Æſchylus?* an unlucky Misfortune lately 'happened to mine.' *Æſchylus* was beyond the Gentleman, tho' he knew him very well by Name; he therefore returning back to *Homer*, aſked *Adams*, 'what Part of the *Iliad* he thought 'moſt excellent.' *Adams* returned, 'his Queſ-'tion would be properer, what kind of Beauty 'was the chief in Poetry; for that *Homer* was 'equally excellent in them all.'

'And

'And indeed,' continued he, 'what *Cicero* ſays 'of a compleat Orator, may well be applied to 'a great Poet; *He ought to comprehend all Per-* 'fections! *Homer* did this in the moſt excellent 'Degree; it is not without Reaſon therefore, 'that the Philoſopher in the 22d Chap. of his 'Poeticks, mentions him by no other Appella- 'tion than that of *The Poet:* He was the Fa- 'ther of the Drama, as well as the Epic: Not 'of Tragedy only, but of Comedy alſo; for his '*Margites*, which is deplorably loſt, bore, ſays '*Ariſtotle*, the ſame Analogy to Comedy, as his '*Odyſſey* and *Iliad* to Tragedy. To him there- 'fore we owe *Ariſtophanes*, as well as *Euripides*, '*Sophocles*, and my poor *Æſchylus*. But if you pleaſe 'we will confine ourſelves (at leaſt for the preſent) 'to the *Iliad*, his nobleſt Work: tho' neither *Ari-* 'ſtotle, nor *Horace* give it the Preference, as I re- 'member, to the *Odyſſey*. Firſt then as to his Sub- 'ject, can any thing be more ſimple, and at 'the ſame time more noble? He is rightly praiſed 'by the firſt of thoſe judicious Critics, for not 'chuſing the whole War, which, tho' he ſays 'it hath a complete Beginning and End, would 'have been too great for the Underſtanding to 'comprehend at one View. I have therefore 'often wondered why ſo correct a Writer as '*Horace* ſhould, in his Epiſtle to *Lollius*, call him 'the *Trojani Belli Scriptorem*. Secondly, his 'Action, termed by *Ariſtotle*, *Pragmaton Syſtaſis*; 'is it poſſible for the Mind of Man to conceive 'an Idea of ſuch perfect Unity, and at the ſame 'time ſo replete with Greatneſs? And here I 'muſt obſerve what I do not remember to have 'ſeen noted by any, the *Harmotton*, that Agree- 'ment of his Action to his Subject: For as the

'Subject

'Subject is Anger, how agreeable is his Action, 'which is War? from which every Incident a-'riſes, and to which every Epiſode immediately 'relates. Thirdly, his Manners, which *Ariſtotle* 'places ſecond in his Deſcription of the ſeveral 'Parts of Tragedy, and which he ſays are in-'cluded in the Action; I am at a Loſs whether 'I ſhould rather admire the Exactneſs of his 'Judgment in the nice Diſtinction, or the Im-'menſity of his Imagination in their Variety. 'For, as to the former of theſe, how accurately 'is the ſedate, injured Reſentment of *Achilles* 'diſtinguiſhed from the hot inſulting Paſſion of '*Agamemnon*? how widely doth the brutal Cou-'rage of *Ajax* differ from the amiable Bravery 'of *Diomedes*; and the Wiſdom of *Neſtor*, which 'is the Reſult of long Reflection and Experi-'ence, from the Cunning of *Ulyſſes*, the Effect 'of Art and Subtlety only? If we conſider their 'Variety, we may cry out with *Ariſtotle* in his '24th Chapter, that no Part of this divine Poem 'is deſtitute of Manners. Indeed I might affirm, 'that there is ſcarce a Character in human Na-'ture untouched in ſome Part or other. And as 'there is no Paſſion which he is not able to de-'ſcribe, ſo there is none in his Reader which he 'cannot raiſe. If he hath any ſuperior Excel-'lence to the reſt, I have been inclined to fan-'cy it is in the Pathetic. I am ſure I never 'read with dry Eyes the two Epiſodes, where '*Andromache* is introduced, in the former, la-'menting the Danger, and in the latter the 'Death of *Hector*. The Images are ſo extreme-'ly tender in theſe, that I am convinced, the 'Poet had the worthieſt and beſt Heart imagin-'able. Nor can I help obſerving how *So-*

'*phocles*

'*phocles* falls ſhort of the Beauties of the Original, 'in that Imitation of the diſſuaſive Speech of *An-* 'dromache, which he hath put into the Mouth 'of *Tecmeſſa*. And yet *Sophocles* was the great- 'eſt Genius who ever wrote Tragedy, nor have 'any of his Succeſſors in that Art, that is to ſay, 'neither *Euripides* nor *Seneca* the Tragedian, 'been able to come near him. As to his Senti- 'ments and Diction, I need ſay nothing; the 'former are particularly remarkable for the ut- 'moſt Perfection on that Head, namely Propriety; and as to the latter, *Ariſtotle*, whom 'doubtleſs you have read over and over, is very 'diffuſe. I ſhall mention but one thing more, 'which that great Critic in his Diviſion of Tra- 'gedy calls *Opſis*, or the Scenery, and which is 'as proper to the Epic as to the Drama, with 'this Difference, that in the former it falls to 'the Share of the Poet, and in the latter to that 'of the Painter. But did ever Painter imagine, 'a Scene like that in the 13th and 14th *Iliads*? 'where the Reader ſees at one View the Proſ- 'pect of *Troy*, with the Army drawn up before 'it; the *Grecian* Army, Camp, and Fleet, *Ju-* 'piter ſitting on Mount *Ida*, with his Head 'wrapt in a Cloud, and a Thunderbolt in his 'Hand looking towards *Thrace*; *Neptune* driving 'through the Sea, which divides on each Side 'to permit his Paſſage, and then ſeating himſelf 'on Mount *Samos*: The Heavens opened, and 'the Deities all ſeated on their Thrones. This 'is Sublime! This is Poetry!' *Adams* then rapt out a hundred *Greek* Verſes, and with ſuch a Voice, Emphaſis and Action, that he almoſt frighten'd the Women: and as for the Gentleman, he was ſo far from entertaining any further

'Suſpicion

Suſpicion of *Adams*, that he now doubted whether he had not a Biſhop in his Houſe. He ran into the moſt extravagant Encomiums on his Learning; and the Goodneſs of his Heart began to dilate to all the Strangers. He ſaid, he had great Compaſſion for the poor young Woman, who looked pale and faint with her Journey; and in Truth he conceived a much higher Opinion of her Quality than it deſerved. He ſaid, he was ſorry he could not accommodate them all: But if they were contented with his Fire-ſide, he would ſit up with the Men; and the young Woman might, if ſhe pleaſed, partake his Wife's Bed, which he adviſed her to; for that they muſt walk upwards of a Mile to any Houſe of Entertainment, and that not very good neither. *Adams*, who liked his Seat, his Ale, his Tobacco, and his Company, perſuaded *Fanny* to accept this kind Propoſal, in which Solicitation he was ſeconded by *Joſeph*. Nor was ſhe very difficultly prevailed on; for ſhe had ſlept little the laſt Night, and not at all the preceding, ſo that Love itſelf was ſcarce able to keep her Eyes open any longer. The Offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good Woman produced every thing eatable in her Houſe on the Table, and the Gueſts being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themſelves, eſpecially Parſon *Adams*. As to the other two, they were Examples of the Truth of that phyſical Obſervation, that Love, like other ſweet Things, is no Whetter of the Stomach.

Supper was no ſooner ended, than *Fanny*, at her own Requeſt, retired, and the good Woman bore her Company. The Man of the Houſe, *Adams*, and *Joſeph*, who would modeſtly have withdrawn, had not the Gentleman inſiſted on the

the contrary, drew round the Fire-ſide, where *Adams*, (to uſe his own Words) repleniſhed his Pipe, and the Gentleman produced a Bottle of excellent Beer, being the beſt Liquor in his Houſe.

The modeſt Behaviour of *Joſeph*, with the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, the Character which *Adams* gave of him, and the Friendſhip he ſeemed to entertain for him, began to work on the Gentleman's Affections, and raiſed in him a Curioſity to know the Singularity which *Adams* had mentioned in his Hiſtory. This Curioſity *Adams* was no ſooner informed of, than, with *Joſeph*'s Conſent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much Tenderneſs as was poſſible for the Character of Lady *Booby*; and concluded with the long, faithful, and mutual Paſſion between him and *Fanny*, not concealing the Meanneſs of her Birth and Education. Theſe latter Circumſtances entirely cured a Jealouſy which had lately riſen in the Gentleman's Mind, that *Fanny* was the Daughter of ſome Perſon of Faſhion, and that *Joſeph* had run away with her, and *Adams* was concerned in the Plot. He was now enamoured of his Gueſts, drank their Healths with great Cheerfulneſs, and returned many Thanks to *Adams*, who had ſpent much Breath; for he was a circumſtantial Teller of a Story.

Adams told him it was now in his Power to return that Favour; for his extraordinary Goodneſs, as well as that Fund of Literature he was Maſter of *, which he did not expect to find under ſuch a Roof,

* The Author hath by ſome been repreſented to have made a Blunder here: For *Adams* had indeed ſhewn ſome Learning, (ſay they) perhaps all the Author had; but the Gentleman hath ſhewn none, unleſs his Approbation of Mr. *Adams* be ſuch: But ſurely it would be prepoſterous in him to call it ſo. I have, however, not-

a Roof, had raiſed in him more Curioſity than he had ever known. Therefore, ſaid he, if it be not too troubleſome, Sir, your Hiſtory, if you pleaſe.

The Gentleman anſwered, he could not refuſe him what he had ſo much right to inſiſt on; and after ſome of the common Apologies, which are the uſual Preface to a Story, he thus began.

CHAP. III.

In which the Gentleman relates the Hiſtory of his Life.

SIR, I am deſcended of a good Family, and was born a Gentleman. My Education was liberal, and at a public School, in which I proceeded ſo far as to become Maſter of the *Latin*, and to be tolerably verſed in the *Greek* Language. My Father died when I was ſixteen, and left me Maſter of myſelf. He bequeathed me a moderate Fortune, which he intended I ſhould not receive till I attained the Age of twenty-five: For he conſtantly aſſerted that was full early enough to give up any Man entirely to the Guidance of his own Diſcretion. However, as this Intention was ſo obſcurely worded in his Will, that the Lawyers adviſed me to conteſt the Point with my

notwithſtanding this Criticiſm, which I am told came from the Mouth of a great Orator in a public Coffee-Houſe, left this Blunder as it ſtood in the firſt Edition. I will not have the Vanity to apply to any Thing in this Work, the Obſervation which M. *Dacier* makes in her Preface to her *Ariſtophanes*: *Je tiens pour une Maxime conſtante, qu'une Beauté mediocre plait plus generalement qu'une Beauté ſans défaut.* Mr. *Congreve* hath made ſuch another Blunder in his *Love for Love*, where *Tattle* tells Miſs *Prue*, *She ſhould admire him as much for the Beauty he commends in her, as if he himſelf was poſſeſt of it.*

Truſtees;

Truſtees; I own I paid ſo little Regard to the Inclinations of my dead Father, which were ſufficiently certain to me, that I followed their Advice, and ſoon ſucceeded: For the Truſtees did not conteſt the Matter very obſtinately on their ſide. 'Sir,' ſaid *Adams*, 'may I crave the Fa-'vour of your Name?' The Gentleman anſwered, 'his Name was *Wilſon*,' and then proceeded.

I ſtay'd a very little while at School after his Death; for being a forward Youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the World: For which I thought my Parts, Knowledge, and Manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early Introduction into Life, without a Guide, I impute all my future Misfortunes; for beſides the obvious Miſchiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been ſo generally obſerved. The firſt Impreſſion which Mankind receives of you, will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, muſt it be to fix your Character in Life, before you can poſſibly know its Value, or weigh the Conſequences of thoſe Actions which are to eſtabliſh your future Reputation?

A little under ſeventeen I left my School, and went to *London*, with no more than ſix Pounds in my Pocket. A great Sum as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards ſurprized to find ſo ſoon conſumed.

The Character I was ambitious of attaining, was that of a fine Gentleman; the firſt Requiſites to which I apprehended were to be ſupplied by a Taylor, a Periwig-maker, and ſome few more Tradeſmen, who deal in furniſhing out the human Body. Notwithſtanding the Lowneſs of my Purſe, I found Credit with them more eaſily than

than I expected, and was ſoon equipped to my Wiſh. This I own then agreeably ſurprized me; but I have ſince learned, that it is a Maxim among many Tradeſmen at the polite End of the Town to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arreſt as ſoon as they can.

The next Qualifications, namely Dancing, Fencing, Riding the great Horſe, and Muſic, came into my Head: But as they required Expence and Time, I comforted myſelf with regard to Dancing, that I had learned a little in my Youth, and could walk a Minuet genteelly enough; as to Fencing, I thought my Good-humour would preſerve me from the Danger of a Quarrel; as to the Horſe, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for Muſic, I imagined I could eaſily acquire the Reputation of it; for I had heard ſome of my School-fellows pretend to Knowledge in Operas, without being able to ſing or play on the Fiddle.

Knowledge of the Town ſeemed another Ingredient; this I thought I ſhould arrive at by frequenting public Places. Accordingly I paid conſtant Attendance to them all; by which means I was ſoon Maſter of the faſhionable Phraſes, learned to cry up the faſhionable Diverſions, and knew the Names and Faces of the moſt faſhionable Men and Women.

Nothing now ſeemed to remain but an Intrigue, which I was reſolved to have immeditately; I mean the Reputation of it; and indeed I was ſo ſucceſsful, that in a very ſhort time I had half a dozen with the fineſt Women in Town.

At theſe Words *Adams* fetched a deep Groan, and then, bleſſing himſelf, cry'd out, *Good Lord! What wicked Times theſe are?*

Not

Not ſo wicked as you imagine, continued the Gentleman; for I aſſure you, they were all Veſtal Virgins for any thing which I knew to the contrary. The Reputation of intriguing with them was all I ſought, and was what I arrived at: and perhaps I only flattered myſelf even in that; for very probably the Perſons to whom I ſhewed their Billets, knew as well as I, that they were Counterfeits, and that I had written them to myſelf.

'*Write Letters to yourſelf!*' ſaid *Adams* ſtaring.

O Sir, anſwered the Gentleman, *It is the very Error of the Times.* Half our modern Plays have one of theſe Characters in them. It is incredible the Pains I have taken, and the abſurd Methods I employed to traduce the Characters of Women of Diſtinction. When another had ſpoken in Raptures of any one, I have anſwered, 'D—n 'her, ſhe! We ſhall have her at *H——d*'s very 'ſoon.' When he hath replied, 'he thought 'her virtuous,' I have anſwered, 'Ay, thou 'wilt always think a Woman virtuous, till ſhe 'is in the Streets; but you and I, *Jack* or *Tom*, '(turning to another in Company) know better.' At which I have drawn a Paper out of my Pocket, perhaps a Taylor's Bill, and kiſſed it, crying at the ſame time, *By Gad I was once fond of her.*

'Proceed, if you pleaſe, but do not ſwear any 'more,' ſaid *Adams*.

Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, I aſk your Pardon. Well, Sir, in this Courſe of Life I continued full three Years.—'What Courſe of Life?' anſwered *Adams*; 'I do not remember you have 'mentioned any.'—Your Remark is juſt, ſaid the

the Gentleman ſmiling, I ſhould rather have ſaid in this Courſe of doing nothing. I remember ſome time afterwards I wrote the Journal of one Day, which would ſerve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole Time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the Morning I aroſe, took my great Stick, and walked out in my green Frock with my Hair in Papers, (*a Groan from* Adams) and ſauntered about till ten.

Went to the Auction; told Lady —— ſhe had a dirty Face; laughed heartily at ſomething Captain —— ſaid; I can't remember what; for I did not very well hear it; whiſpered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of ——; and was going to bid for a Snuff-box; but did not, for fear I ſhould have had it.

From 2 to 4, dreſt myſelf. A Groan.
4 to 6, dined. A Groan.
6 to 8, Coffee-houſe.
8 to 9, *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe.
9 to 10, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.
10 to 12, Drawing-Room.
A great Groan.

At all which Places nothing happened worth Remark. At which *Adams* ſaid, with ſome Vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the Life of an Animal, hardly above Vegetation; and I am ſurprized what could lead a Man of your Senſe into it.' What leads us into more Follies than you imagine, Doctor, anſwered the Gentleman, Vanity: For as contemptible a Creature as I was, and I aſſure you, yourſelf cannot have more Contempt for ſuch a Wretch than I now have, I then admired myſelf, and ſhould have deſpiſed a Perſon of your preſent Appearance (you will par-

don me) with all your Learning, and thoſe excellent Qualities which I have remarked in you. *Adams* bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two Years in this Courſe of Life, ſaid the Gentleman, an Accident happened which obliged me to change the Scene. As I was one Day at *St. James*'s Coffee-Houſe, making very free with the Character of a young Lady of Quality, an Officer of the Guards, who was preſent, thought proper to give me the Lye. I anſwered, I might poſſibly be miſtaken; but I intended to tell no more than the Truth. To which he made no Reply, but by a ſcornful Sneer. After this I obſerved a ſtrange Coldneſs in all my Acquaintance; none of them ſpoke to me firſt, and very few returned me even the Civility of a Bow. The Company I uſed to dine with, left me out, and within a Week I found myſelf in as much Solitude at *St. James*'s, as if I had been in a Deſart. An honeſt elderly Man, with a great Hat and long Sword, at laſt told me, he had a Compaſſion for my Youth, and therefore adviſed me to ſhew the World I was not ſuch a Raſcal as they thought me to be. I did not at firſt underſtand him: But he explained himſelf, and ended with telling me, If I would write a Challenge to the Captain, he would, out of pure Charity, go to him with it. 'A very charitable Perſon truly!' cried *Adams*. I deſired till the next Day, continued the Gentleman, to conſider on it, and, retiring to my Lodgings, I weighed the Conſequences on both Sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I ſaw the Riſk of this Alternative, either loſing my own Life, or having on my Hands the Blood of a Man with whom I was not in the leaſt angry. I ſoon determined that the Good

which

which appeared on the other, was not worth this Hazard. I reſolved therefore to quit the Scene, and preſently retired to the *Temple*, where I took Chambers. Here I ſoon got a freſh Sett of Acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my Approbation; for the Beaus of the *Temple* are only the Shadows of the others. They are the Affectation of Affectation. The Vanity of theſe is ſtill more ridiculous, if poſſible, than of the others. Here I met with ſmart Fellows, who drank with Lords they did not know, and intrigued with Women they never ſaw. *Covent-Garden* was now the fartheſt Stretch of my Ambition, where I ſhone forth in the Balconies at the Play-houſes, viſited Whores, made Love to Orange-Wenches, and damn'd Plays. This Career was ſoon put a ſtop to by my Surgeon, who convinced me of the Neceſſity of confining myſelf to my Room for a Month. At the End of which, having had Leiſure to reflect, I reſolved to quit all further Converſation with Beaus and Smarts of every kind, and to avoid, if poſſible, any Occaſion of returning to this Place of Confinement. 'I think,' ſaid *Adams*, 'the Advice 'of a Month's Retirement and Reflection was 'very proper; but I ſhould rather have expected 'it from a Divine than a Surgeon.' The Gentleman ſmiled at *Adams*'s Simplicity, and without explaining himſelf farther on ſuch an odious Subject, went on thus; I was no ſooner perfectly reſtored to Health, than I found my Paſſion for Women, which I was afraid to ſatisfy as I had done, made me very uneaſy; I determined therefore to keep a Miſtreſs. Nor was I long before I fixed my Choice on a young Woman, who had before

been kept by two Gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated Bawd. I took her home to my Chambers, and made her a Settlement during Cohabitation. This would perhaps have been very ill paid: However, ſhe did not ſuffer me to be perplexed on that account; for before Quarter-day I found her at my Chambers in too familiar Converſation with a young Fellow who was dreſt like an Officer, but was indeed a City Apprentice. Inſtead of excuſing her Inconſtancy, ſhe rapped out half a dozen Oaths, and, ſnapping her Fingers at me, ſwore ſhe ſcorned to confine herſelf to the beſt Man in *England*. Upon this we parted, and the ſame Bawd preſently provided her another Keeper. I was not ſo much concerned at our Separation, as I found within a Day or two I had reaſon to be for our Meeting: For I was obliged to pay a ſecond Viſit to my Surgeon. I was now forced to do Penance for ſome Weeks, during which Time I contracted an Acquaintance with a beautiful young Girl, the Daughter of a Gentleman, who, after having been 40 Years in the Army, and in all the Campaigns under the Duke of *Marlborough*, died a Lieutenant on Half-pay; and had left a Widow with this only Child, in very diſtreſt Circumſtances: They had only a ſmall Penſion from the Government, with what little the Daughter could add to it by her Work; for ſhe had great Excellence at her Needle. This Girl was, at my firſt Acquaintance with her, ſollicited in Marriage by a young Fellow in good Circumſtances. He was Apprentice to a Linen-draper, and had a little Fortune ſufficient to ſet up his Trade. The Mother was greatly pleaſed with this Match, as indeed ſhe had ſufficient Reaſon. However, I

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ſoon prevented it. I repreſented him in ſo low a Light to his Miſtreſs, and made ſo good an Uſe of Flattery, Promiſes, and Preſents, that, not to dwell longer on this Subject than is neceſſary, I prevailed with the poor Girl, and conveyed her away from her Mother! In a word, I debauched her.'—(At which Words *Adams* ſtarted up, fetched three Strides croſs the Room, and then replaced himſelf in his Chair.) You are not more affected with this Part of my Story than myſelf: I aſſure you it will never be ſufficiently repented of in my own Opinion: But if you already deteſt it, how much more will your Indignation be raiſed when you hear the fatal Conſequences of this barbarous, this villainous Action? If you pleaſe therefore, I will here deſiſt.—'By no means,' cries *Adams*: 'Go on, I beſeech you; and Heaven 'grant you may ſincerely repent of this and ma-'ny other things you have related.'—I was now, continued the Gentleman, as happy as the Poſſeſſion of a fine young Creature, who had a good Education, and was endued with many agreeable Qualities, could make me. We lived ſome Months with vaſt Fondneſs together, without any Company or Converſation more than we found in one another: But this could not continue always; and tho' I ſtill preſerved a great Affection for her, I began more and more to want the Relief of other Company, and conſequently to leave her by Degrees, at laſt, whole Days to herſelf. She failed not to teſtify ſome Uneaſineſs on theſe Occaſions, and complained of the melancholy Life ſhe led; to remedy which I introduced her into the Acquaintance of ſome other kept Miſtreſſes, with whom ſhe uſed to play at Cards, and frequent Plays and other Diverſions. She had not

lived long in this Intimacy, before I perceived a viſible Alteration in her Behaviour; all her Modeſty and Innocence vaniſhed by Degrees, till her Mind become thoroughly tainted. She affected the Company of Rakes, gave herſelf all manner of Airs, was never eaſy but abroad, or when ſhe had a Party at my Chambers. She was rapacious of Money, extravagant to Exceſs, looſe in her Converſation; and if ever I demurred to any of her Demands, Oaths, Tears, and Fits were the immediate Conſequences. As the firſt Raptures of Fondneſs were long ſince over, this Behaviour ſoon eſtranged my Affections from her; I began to reflect with Pleaſure that ſhe was not my Wife, and to conceive an Intention of parting with her; of which having given her a Hint, ſhe took care to prevent me the Pains of turning her out of Doors, and accordingly departed herſelf, having firſt broken open my Eſcrutore, and taken with her all ſhe could find, to the Amount of about 200 *l.* In the firſt Heat of my Reſentment, I reſolved to purſue her with all the Vengeance of the Law: But as ſhe had the good Luck to eſcape me during that Ferment, my Paſſion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the firſt Aggreſſor, and had done her an Injury for which I could make her no Reparation, by robbing her of the Innocence of her Mind; and hearing at the ſame time that the poor old Woman her Mother had broke her Heart on her Daughter's Elopement from her, I, concluding myſelf her Murderer, ('As you very well might,' cries *Adams*, with a Groan;) was pleaſed, that God Almighty had taken this Method of puniſhing me, and reſolved quietly to ſubmit to the Loſs, Indeed I could wiſh

wiſh I had never heard more of the poor Creature, who became in the end an abandoned Profligate; and, after being ſome Years a common Proſtitute, at laſt ended her miſerable Life in *Newgate*.—Here the Gentleman fetched a deep Sigh, which Mr. *Adams* echoed very loudly; and both continued ſilent, looking on each other, for ſome Minutes. At laſt the Gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly conſtant to this Girl during the whole Time I kept her: But ſhe had ſcarce departed before I diſcovered more Marks of her Infidelity to me than the Loſs of my Money. In ſhort, I was forced to make a third Viſit to my Surgeon, out of whoſe Hands I did not get a haſty Diſcharge.

I now foreſwore all future Dealings with the Sex, complained loudly that the Pleaſure did not compenſate the Pain, and railed at the beautiful Creatures, in as groſs Language as *Juvenal* himſelf formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the Town-Harlots with a Deteſtation not eaſy to be conceived; their Perſons appeared to me as painted Palaces inhabited by Diſeaſe and Death: Nor could their Beauty make them more deſirable Objects in my Eyes, than Gilding could make me covet a Pill, or golden Plates a Coffin. But tho' I was no longer the abſolute Slave, I found ſome Reaſons to own myſelf ſtill the Subject of Love. My Hatred for Women decreaſed daily; and I am not poſitive but Time might have betrayed me again to ſome common Harlot, had I not been ſecured by a Paſſion for the charming *Sapphira*; which having once entered upon, made a violent Progreſs in my Heart. *Sapphira* was Wife to a Man of Faſhion and Gallantry, and one who ſeemed, I own, every way worthy of her Af-

fections, which however he had not the Reputation of having. She was indeed a *Coquette achevée*. 'Pray Sir,' says *Adams*, 'What is a Co-'quette? I have met with the Word in *French* 'Authors, but never could assign any Idea to it. 'I believe it is the same with *une Sotte*, Anglicè '*a Fool*.' Sir, answered the Gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken: but as it is a particular kind of Folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all Creatures to be ranked in the Order of Creation, according to their Usefulness, I know few Animals that would not take Place of a Coquette; nor indeed hath this Creature much Pretence to any thing beyond Instinct: for tho' sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the Passion of Vanity, yet far the greater Part of its Actions fall beneath even that low Motive; for Instance, several absurd Gestures and Tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous Birds and Beasts, and which would persuade the Beholder, that the silly Wretch was aiming at our Contempt. Indeed its Characteristic is Affectation, and this led and governed by Whim only: for as Beauty, Wisdom, Wit, Good-nature, Politeness, and Health are sometimes affected by this Creature; so are Ugliness, Folly, Nonsense, Ill-nature, Ill-breeding and Sickness likewise put on by it in their Turn. Its Life is one constant Lye; and the only Rule by which you can form any Judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a Coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this Passion, the Coquette ceases instantly) it would wear the Face of Indifference, if not of Hatred, to the beloved Object; you may therefore be assured, when they

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endeavour to perſuade you of their Liking, that they are indifferent to you at leaſt. And indeed this was the Caſe of my *Sapphira*, who no ſooner ſaw me in the Number of her Admirers, than ſhe gave me what is commonly called Encouragement; ſhe would often look at me, and, when ſhe perceived me meet her Eyes, would inſtantly take them off, diſcovering at the ſame time as much Surprize and Emotion as poſſible. Theſe Arts failed not of the Succeſs ſhe intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the reſt of her Admirers, ſhe advanced, in Proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low Voice, Whiſper, Liſp, Sigh, Start, Laugh, and many other Indications of Paſſion, which daily deceive Thouſands. When I play'd at Whiſk with her, ſhe would look earneſtly at me, and at the ſame time loſe Deal or revoke; then burſt into a ridiculous Laugh, and cry, 'La! 'I can't imagine what I was thinking of.' To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a ſufficient Courſe of Gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raiſed a violent Paſſion in my Miſtreſs; I ſought an Opportunity of coming to an Eclairciſſement with her. She avoided this as much as poſſible; however great Aſſiduity at length preſented me one. I will not deſcribe all the Particulars of this Interview; let it ſuffice, that when ſhe could no longer pretend not to ſee my Drift, ſhe firſt affected a violent Surprize, and immediately after as violent a Paſſion: She wondered what I had ſeen in her Conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this manner: And breaking from me the firſt Moment ſhe could, told me, I had no other way to eſcape the Conſequence of her Reſentment, than

by never ſeeing, or at leaſt ſpeaking to her more. I was not contented with this Anſwer; I ſtill purſued her, but to no Purpoſe, and was at length convinced that her Huſband had the ſole Poſſeſſion of her Perſon, and that neither he nor any other had made any Impreſſion on her Heart. I was taken off from following this *Ignis Fatuus* by ſome Advances which were made me by the Wife of a Citizen, who, tho' neither very young nor handſome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous Conſtitution. I accordingly ſoon ſatisfied her, that ſhe had not caſt away her Hints on a barren or cold Soil; on the contrary, they inſtantly produced her an eager and deſiring Lover. Nor did ſhe give me any Reaſon to complain; ſhe met the Warmth ſhe had raiſed, with equal Ardour. I had no longer a Coquette to deal with, but one who was wiſer than to proſtitute the noble Paſſion of Love to the ridiculous Luſt of Vanity. We preſently underſtood one another; and as the Pleaſures we ſought lay in a mutual Gratification, we ſoon found and enjoyed them. I thought myſelf at firſt greatly happy in the Poſſeſſion of this new Miſtreſs, whoſe Fondneſs would have quickly ſurfeited a more ſickly Appetite; but it had a different Effect on mine; ſhe carried my Paſſion higher by it than Youth or Beauty had been able: But my Happineſs could not long continue uninterrupted. The Apprehenſions we lay under from the Jealouſy of her Huſband, gave us great Uneaſineſs. 'Poor Wretch! I pity him,' cry'd *Adams*. He did indeed deſerve it, ſaid the Gentleman; for he loved his Wife with great Tenderneſs; and I aſſure you it is a great Satisfaction to me that I was not the Man who firſt ſeduced her

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Affections from him. These Apprehensions appeared also too well grounded; for in the End he discovered us, and procured Witnesses of our Caresses. He then prosecuted me at Law, and recovered 3000 *l.* Damages, which much distressed my Fortune to pay: and what was worse, his Wife being divorced came upon my Hands. I led a very uneasy Life with her; for besides that my Passion was now much abated, her excessive Jealousy was very troublesome. At length Death delivered me from an Inconvenience, which the Consideration of my having been the Author of her Misfortunes would never suffer me to take any other Method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to Love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive Pleasures. I fell into the Acquaintance of a Set of jolly Companions, who slept all Day and drank all Night: Fellows who might rather be said to consume Time than to live. Their best Conversation was nothing but Noise: Singing, Hollowing, Wrangling, Drinking, Toasting, Sp—wing, Smoking, were the chief Ingredients of our Entertainment. And yet bad as these were, they were more tolerable than our graver Scenes, which were either excessive tedious Narratives of dull common Matters of Fact, or hot Disputes about trifling Matters, which commonly ended in a Wager. This Way of Life the first serious Reflexion put a Period to; and I became Member of a Club frequented by young Men of great Abilities. The Bottle was now only called in to the Assistance of our Conversation, which rolled on the deepest Points of Philosophy. These Gentlemen were engaged in a Search after Truth, in the Pursuit of which they threw aside all the

Prejudices of Education, and governed themſelves only by the infallible Guide of Human Reaſon. This great Guide, after having ſhewn them the Falſhood of that very antient but ſimple Tenet, that there is ſuch a Being as a Deity in the Univerſe, helped them to eſtabliſh in his Stead a certain *Rule of Right*, by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmoſt Purity of Morals. Reflexion made me as much delighted with this Society, as it had taught me to deſpiſe and deteſt the former. I began now to eſteem myſelf a Being of a higher Order than I had ever before conceived, and was the more charmed with this Rule of Right, as I really found in my own Nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter Contempt all Perſons who wanted any other Inducement to Virtue beſides her intrinſick Beauty and Excellence; and had ſo high an Opinion of my preſent Companions, with regard to their Morality, that I would have truſted them with whatever was neareſt and deareſt to me. Whilſt I was engaged in this delightful Dream, two or three Accidents happened ſucceſſively, which at firſt much ſurprized me. For, one of our greateſt Philoſophers, or *Rule of Right men*, withdrew himſelf from us, taking with him the Wife of one of his moſt intimate Friends. Secondly, Another of the ſame Society left the Club without remembring to take leave of his Bail. A third having borrowed a Sum of Money of me, for which I received no Security, when I aſked him to repay it, abſolutely denied the Loan. Theſe ſeveral Practices, ſo inconſiſtent with our golden Rule, made me begin to ſuſpect its Infallibility; but when I communicated my Thoughts to one of the Club, he ſaid, 'there was nothing

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'absolutely good or evil in itself; that Actions 'were denominated good or bad by the Circum-'stances of the Agent. That possibly the Man 'who ran away with his Neighbour's Wife, 'might be one of very good Inclinations, but 'over-prevailed on by the Violence of an un-'ruly Passion, and, in other Particulars, might 'be a very worthy Member of Society: That 'if the Beauty of any Woman created in him 'an Uneasiness, he had a Right from Nature to 'relieve himself;' with many other Things, which I then detested so much, that I took leave of the Society that very Evening, and never returned to it again. Being now reduced to a State of Solitude which I did not like, I became a great Frequenter of the Play-houses, which indeed was always my favourite Diversion, and most Evenings past away two or three Hours behind the Scenes, where I met with several Poets, with whom I made Engagements at the Taverns. Some of the Players were likewise of our Parties. At these Meetings we were generally entertain'd by the Poets with reading their Performances, and by the Players with repeating their Parts: Upon which Occasions, I observed the Gentleman who furnished our Entertainment, was commonly the best pleased of the Company; who tho' they were pretty civil to him to his Face, seldom failed to take the first Opportunity of his Absence to ridicule him. Now I made some Remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. 'Sir,' says *Adams*, 'your Re-'marks, if you please.' First then, says he, I concluded that the general Observation, that Wits are most inclined to Vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of Riches, Strength, Beau-

ty, Honours, &c. But theſe appear of themſelves to the Eyes of the Beholders, whereas the poor Wit is obliged to produce his Performance to ſhew you his Perfection; and on his Readineſs to do this, that vulgar Opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: But doth not the Perſon who expends vaſt Sums in the Furniture of his Houſe, or in the Ornaments of his Perſon, who conſumes much Time, and employs great Pains in dreſſing himſelf, or who thinks himſelf paid for Self-Denial, Labour, or even Villainy, by a Title or a Ribbon, ſacrifice as much to Vanity, as the poor Wit who is deſirous to read you his Poem or his Play? My ſecond Remark was, that Vanity is the worſt of Paſſions, and more apt to contaminate the Mind than any other: For as Selfiſhneſs is much more general than we pleaſe to allow it; ſo it is natural to hate and envy thoſe who ſtand between us and the Good we deſire. Now in Luſt and Ambition theſe are few; and even in Avarice we find many who are no Obſtacles to our Purſuits; but the vain Man ſeeks Pre-eminence; and every Thing which is excellent or praiſe-worthy in another, renders him the Mark of his Antipathy. *Adams* now began to fumble in his Pockets, and ſoon cried out, 'O la! I have it not about me.'—Upon this the Gentleman aſking him what he was ſearching for, he ſaid he ſearched after a Sermon, which he thought his Maſter-piece, againſt Vanity. 'Fie upon it, fie upon it,' cries he, 'why do I 'ever leave that Sermon out of my Pocket? I 'wiſh it was within five Miles; I would willing'ly fetch it, to read it to you.' The Gentleman anſwered, that there was no Need, for he was cured of the Paſſion. 'And for that very 'Reaſon,

'Reaſon,' quoth *Adams*, 'I would read it, for 'I am confident you would admire it: Indeed, 'I have never been a greater Enemy to any Paſ-'ſion than that ſilly one of Vanity.' The Gentleman ſmiled, and proceeded——From this Society I eaſily paſt to that of the Gameſters, where nothing remarkable happened, but the finiſhing my Fortune, which thoſe Gentlemen ſoon helped me to the End of. This opened Scenes of Life hitherto unknown; Poverty and Diſtreſs, with their horrid Train of Duns, Attorneys, Bailiffs, haunted me Day and Night. My Clothes grew ſhabby, my Credit bad, my Friends and Acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this Situation, the ſtrangeſt Thought imaginable came into my Head; and what was this, but to write a Play? for I had ſufficient Leiſure; Fear of Bailiffs confined me every Day to my Room; and having always had a little Inclination, and ſomething of a Genius that Way, I ſet myſelf to work, and within few Months produced a Piece of five Acts, which was accepted of at the Theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken Tickets of other Poets for their Benefits, long before the Appearance of their Performances; and reſolving to follow a Precedent which was ſo well ſuited to my preſent Circumſtances, I immediately provided myſelf with a large Number of little Papers. Happy indeed would be the State of Poetry, would theſe Tickets paſs current at the Bakehouſe, the Alehouſe, and the Chandler's-Shop: But alas! far otherwiſe; no Taylor will take them in Payment for Buckram, Stays, Staytape; nor no Bailiff for Civility Money. They are indeed no more than a Paſſport to beg with, a Certificate that the Owner wants five Shillings, which

which induces well-diſpoſed Chriſtians to Charity. I now experienced what is worſe than Poverty, or rather what is the worſt Conſequence of Poverty, I mean Attendance and Dependance on the Great. Many a Morning have I waited Hours in the cold Parlours of Men of Quality, where after ſeeing the loweſt Raſcals in Lace and Embroidery, the Pimps and Buffoons in Faſhion admitted, I have been ſometimes told, on ſending in my Name, that my Lord could not poſſibly ſee me this Morning: A ſufficient Aſſurance that I ſhould never more get Entrance into that Houſe. Sometimes I have been at laſt admitted; and the great Man hath thought proper to excuſe himſelf, by telling me he was *tied up*? 'Tied up,' ſays *Adams*, 'pray what's that?' Sir, ſays the Gentleman, the Profit which Bookſellers allowed Authors for the beſt Works, was ſo very ſmall, that certain Men of Birth and Fortune ſome Years ago, who were the Patrons of Wit and Learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary Subſcriptions for their Encouragement. Thus *Prior*, *Rowe*, *Pope*, and ſome other Men of Genius, received large Sums for their Labours from the Public. This ſeemed ſo eaſy a Method of getting Money, that many of the loweſt Scriblers of the Times ventured to publiſh their Works in the ſame Way; and many had the Aſſurance to take in Subſcriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subſcriptions in this Manner growing infinite, and a kind of Tax on the Public; ſome Perſons finding it not ſo eaſy a Taſk to diſcern good from bad Authors, or to know what Genius was worthy Encouragement, and what was not, to prevent the Expence of Subſcribing to ſo many, invented

vented a Method to excuſe themſelves from all Subſcriptions whatever; and this was to receive a ſmall Sum of Money in conſideration of giving a large one if ever they ſubſcribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to ſilence all Solicitation. The ſame Method was likewiſe taken with Play-houſe Tickets, which were no leſs a public Grievance; and this is what they call being *tied up* from ſubſcribing. 'I can't ſay but the Term is 'apt enough, and ſomewhat typical,' ſaid *Adams*; 'for a Man of large Fortune, who ties himſelf 'up, as you call it, from the Encouragement of 'Men of Merit, ought to be tied up in reality.' Well, Sir, ſays the Gentleman, to return to my Story. Sometimes I have received a Guinea from a Man of Quality, given with as ill a Grace as Alms are generally to the meaneſt Beggar, and purchaſed too with as much Time ſpent in Attendance, as, if it had been ſpent in honeſt Induſtry, might have brought me more Profit with infinitely more Satisfaction. After about two Months ſpent in this diſagreeable Way with the utmoſt Mortification, when I was pluming my Hopes on the Proſpect of a plentiful Harveſt from my Play, upon applying to the Prompter to know when it came into Rehearſal, he informed me he had received Orders from the Managers to return me the Play again; for that they could not poſſibly act it that Seaſon; but if I would take it and reviſe it againſt the next, they would be glad to ſee it again. I ſnatched it from him with great Indignation, and retired to my Room, where I threw myſelf on the Bed in a Fit of Deſpair— 'You ſhould rather have thrown yourſelf on 'your Knees,' ſays *Adams*; 'for Deſpair is ſin-

'ful.'

'ful.' As ſoon, continued the Gentleman, as I had indulged the firſt Tumult of my Paſſion, I began to conſider coolly what Courſe I ſhould take, in a Situation without Friends, Money, Credit, or Reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my Mind, I could ſee no other Poſſibility of furniſhing myſelf with the miſerable Neceſſaries of Life than to retire to a Garret near the *Temple*, and commence Hackney-writer to the Lawyers; for which I was well qualified, being an excellent Penman. This Purpoſe I reſolved on, and immediately put it in Execution. I had an Acquaintance with an Attorney who had formerly tranſacted Affairs for me, and to him I applied: But inſtead of furniſhing me with any Buſineſs, he laughed at my Undertaking, and told me, 'he was afraid I ſhould turn his Deeds 'into Plays, and he ſhould expect to ſee them 'on the Stage.' Not to tire you with Inſtances of this kind from others, I found that *Plato* himſelf did not hold Poets in greater Abhorrence than theſe Men of Buſineſs do. Whenever I durſt venture to a Coffee-houſe, which was on *Sundays* only, a Whiſper ran round the Room, which was conſtantly attended with a Sneer—*That's Poet Wilſon:* for I know not whether you have obſerved it, but there is a Malignity in the Nature of Man, which, when not weeded out, or at leaſt covered by a good Education and Politeneſs, delights in making another uneaſy or diſſatisfied with himſelf. This abundantly appears in all Aſſemblies, except thoſe which are filled by People of Faſhion, and eſpecially among the younger People of both Sexes, whoſe Birth and Fortunes place them juſt without the polite Circles; I mean the lower Claſs of the Gentry, and

and the higher of the mercantile World, who are in reality the worſt bred Part of Mankind. Well, Sir, whilſt I continued in this miſerable State, with ſcarce ſufficient Buſineſs to keep me from ſtarving, the Reputation of a Poet being my Bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a Bookſeller, who told me, 'it was pity a Man 'of my Learning and Genius ſhould be obliged 'to ſuch a Method of getting his Livelihood; 'that he had a Compaſſion for me, and if I 'would engage with him, he would undertake 'to provide handſomely for me.' A Man in my Circumſtances, as he very well knew, had no Choice. I accordingly accepted his Propoſal with his Conditions, which were none of the moſt favourable, and fell to tranſlating with all my Might. I had no longer Reaſon to lament the want of Buſineſs; for he furniſhed me with ſo much, that in half a Year I almoſt writ myſelf blind. I likewiſe contracted a Diſtemper by my ſedentary Life, in which no Part of my Body was exerciſed but my right Arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happening to delay the Publication of a Work, and my laſt Performance not having ſold well, the Bookſeller declined any further Engagement, and aſperſed me to his Brethren as a careleſs, idle Fellow. I had however, by having half-worked and half-ſtarved myſelf to Death, during the Time I was in his Service, ſaved a few Guineas, with which I bought a Lottery Ticket, reſolving to throw myſelf into Fortune's Lap, and try if ſhe would make me amends for the Injuries ſhe had done me at the Gaming-Table. This Purchaſe being made, left me almoſt pennyleſs; when, as if I had not been ſufficiently miſerable,

miſerable, a Bailiff in Women's Clothes got Admittance to my Chamber, whither he was directed by the Bookſeller. He arreſted me at my Taylor's Suit for thirty-five Pounds; a Sum for which I could not procure Bail, and was therefore conveyed to his Houſe, where I was locked up in an upper Chamber. I had now neither Health (for I was ſcarce recovered from my Indiſpoſition) Liberty, Money, or Friends; and had abandoned all Hopes, and even the Deſire of Life. 'But this could not laſt long,' ſaid *Adams*; 'for doubtleſs the Taylor releaſed you the 'Moment he was truly acquainted with your 'Affairs, and knew that your Circumſtances 'would not permit you to pay him.' Oh, Sir, anſwered the Gentleman, he knew that, before he arreſted me; nay, he knew that nothing but Incapacity could prevent me paying my Debts; for I had been his Cuſtomer many Years, had ſpent vaſt Sums of Money with him, and had always paid moſt punctually in my proſperous Days: But when I reminded him of this, with Aſſurances, that if he would not moleſt my Endeavours, I would pay him all the Money I could, by my utmoſt Labour and Induſtry, procure, reſerving only what was ſufficient to preſerve me alive: He anſwered, his Patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the Money; that he had put it into a Lawyer's Hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find Security, I muſt lie in Gaol, and expect no Mercy. 'He may expect Mer-'cy,' cries *Adams*, ſtarting from his Chair, 'where he will find none. How can ſuch a 'Wretch repeat the Lord's Prayer, where the 'Word, which is tranſlated, I know not for

'what

'what Reaſon, *Treſpaſſes*, is in the Original '*Debts?* And as ſurely as we do not forgive o-'thers their Debts when they are unable to pay 'them; ſo ſurely ſhall we ourſelves be unfor-'given, when we are in no Condition of paying.' He ceaſed, and the Gentleman proceeded. 'While I was in this deplorable Situation, a former Acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my Lottery-Ticket, found me out, and, making me a Viſit, with great Delight in his Countenance, ſhook me heartily by the Hand, and wiſhed me Joy of my good Fortune: For, ſays he, your Ticket is come up a Prize of 3000*l.* *Adams* ſnapt his Fingers at theſe Words in an Ecſtaſy of Joy; which, however, did not continue long: For the Gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! Sir, this was only a Trick of Fortune to ſink me the deeper: For I had diſpoſed of this Lottery-Ticket two Days before to a Relation, who refuſed lending me a Shilling without it, in order to procure myſelf Bread. As ſoon as my Friend was acquainted with my unfortunate Sale, he began to revile me, and to remind me of all the ill Conduct and Miſcarriages of my Life. He ſaid, 'I 'was one whom Fortune could not ſave, if ſhe 'would; that I was now ruined without any 'Hopes of Retrieval, nor muſt expect any Pity 'from my Friends; that it would be extreme 'Weakneſs to compaſſionate the Misfortunes of 'a Man who ran headlong to my own Deſtruc-'tion.' He then painted to me, in as lively Colours as he was able, the Happineſs I ſhould have now enjoyed, had I not fooliſhly diſpoſed of my Ticket. I urged the Plea of Neceſſity: But he made no Anſwer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and deſired him

him to finiſh his Viſit. I ſoon exchanged the Bailiff's Houſe for a Priſon; where, as I had not Money ſufficient to procure me a ſeparate Apartment, I was crouded in with a great Number of miſerable Wretches, in common with whom I was deſtitute of every Convenience of Life, even that which all the Brutes enjoy, wholeſome Air. In theſe dreadful Circumſtances I applied by Letter to ſeveral of my old Acquaintance, and ſuch to whom I had formerly lent Money without any great Proſpect of its being returned, for their Aſſiſtance; but in vain. An Excuſe inſtead of a Denial was the gentleſt Anſwer I received.—— Whilſt I languiſhed in a Condition too horrible to be deſcribed, and which in a Land of Humanity, and what is much more, Chriſtianity, ſeems a ſtrange Puniſhment for a little Inadvertency and Indiſcretion; whilſt I was in this Condition, a Fellow came into the Priſon, and enquiring me out, delivered me the following Letter:

SIR,

My Father, to whom you ſold your Ticket in the laſt Lottery, died the ſame Day in which it came up a Prize, as you have poſſibly heard, and left me ſole Heireſs of all his Fortune. I am ſo much touched with your preſent Circumſtances, and the Uneaſineſs you muſt feel at having been driven to diſpoſe of what might have made you happy, that I muſt deſire your Acceptance of the incloſed, and am

Your humble Servant,

HARRIET HEARTY.

And

And what do you think was incloſed? 'I 'don't know,' cried *Adams*: 'Not leſs than a 'Guinea, I hope.'—'Sir, it was a Bank-note 'for 200 *l.*'—'200 *l.*' ſays *Adams*, in a Rapture!—No leſs, I aſſure you, anſwered the Gentleman: a Sum I was not half ſo delighted with, as with the dear Name of the generous Girl that ſent it me; and who was not only the beſt, but the handſomeſt Creature in the Univerſe; and for whom I had long had a Paſſion, which I never durſt diſcloſe to her. I kiſſed her Name a thouſand times, my Eyes overflowing with Tenderneſs and Gratitude, I repeated——But not to detain you with theſe Raptures, I immediately acquired my Liberty, and, having paid all my Debts, departed, with upwards of fifty Pounds in my Pocket, to thank my kind Deliverer. She happened to be then out of Town, a Circumſtance which, upon Reflection, pleaſed me; for by that means I had an Opportunity to appear before her in a more decent Dreſs. At her Return to Town within a Day or two, I threw myſelf at her Feet with the moſt ardent Acknowledgments, which ſhe rejected with an unfeigned Greatneſs of Mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or, if poſſible, thinking on a Circumſtance which muſt bring to my Mind an Accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: 'What I have done is in my own Eyes a 'Trifle, and perhaps infinitely leſs than would 'have become me to do. And if you think of 'engaging in any Buſineſs, where a larger Sum 'may be ſerviceable to you, I ſhall not be over-'rigid, either as to the Security or Intereſt.' I endeavoured to expreſs all the Gratitude in my

Power

Power to this Profuſion of Goodneſs, tho' perhaps it was my Enemy, and began to afflict my Mind with more Agonies than all the Miſeries I had underwent; it affected me with ſeverer Reflections than Poverty, Diſtreſs, and Priſons united, had been able to make me feel: For, Sir, theſe Acts and Profeſſions of Kindneſs, which were ſufficient to have raiſed in a good Heart the moſt violent Paſſion of Friendſhip to one of the ſame, or to Age and Uglineſs in a different Sex, came to me from a Woman, a young and beautiful Woman, one whoſe Perfections I had long known; and for whom I had long conceived a violent Paſſion, tho' with a Deſpair, which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nouriſh or acquaint her with it. In ſhort, they came upon me united with Beauty, Softneſs, and Tenderneſs, ſuch bewitching Smiles——O Mr. *Adams*, in that Moment I loſt myſelf, and forgetting our different Situations, nor conſidering what Return I was making to her Goodneſs, by deſiring her, who had given me ſo much, to beſtow her All, I laid gently hold on her Hand, and, conveying it to my Lips, I preſt it with inconceivable Ardour; then, lifting up my ſwimming Eyes, I ſaw her Face and Neck overſpread with one Bluſh; ſhe offered to withdraw her Hand, yet not ſo as to deliver it from mine, tho' I held it with the gentleſt Force. We both ſtood trembling, her Eyes caſt on the Ground, and mine ſteadfaſtly fixed on her. Good G—, what was then the Condition of my Soul! burning with Love, Deſire, Admiration, Gratitude, and every tender Paſſion, all bent on one charming Object. Paſſion at laſt got the better of both Reaſon and Reſpect, and ſoftly letting go her Hand,

Hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my Arms; when a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me, with some shew of Anger, 'If 'she had any Reason to expect this Treatment 'from me.' I then fell prostrate before her, and told her, 'If I had offended, my Life was 'absolutely in her Power, which I would in 'any manner lose for her sake. Nay, Madam, 'said I, you shall not be so ready to punish me, 'as I to suffer. I own my Guilt. I detest the 'Reflection that I would have sacrificed your 'Happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely 'repent my Ingratitude; yet, believe me too, 'it was my Passion, my unbounded Passion for 'you, which hurried me so far. I have loved 'you long and tenderly; and the Goodness you 'have shewn me, hath innocently weighed down 'a Wretch undone before. Acquit me of all 'mean, mercenary Views; and before I take my 'Leave of you for ever, which I am resolved 'instantly to do, believe me, that Fortune could 'have raised me to no Height to which I could 'not have gladly lifted you. O curst be For-'tune.'——'Do not,' says she, interrupting me with the sweetest Voice, 'Do not curse 'Fortune, since she hath made me happy; and, 'if she hath put your Happiness in my Power, I 'have told you, you shall ask nothing in Reason 'which I will refuse.' 'Madam,' said I, 'you 'mistake me, if you imagine, as you seem, my 'Happiness is in the Power of Fortune now. 'You have obliged me too much already; if I 'have any Wish, it is for some blest Accident, 'by which I may contribute with my Life to 'the least Augmentation of your Felicity. As 'for myself, the only Happiness I can ever have,

'will be hearing of yours; and if Fortune will 'make that complete, I will forgive her all her 'Wrongs to me.' 'You may indeed,' anſwered ſhe ſmiling, 'for your own Happineſs muſt 'be included in mine. I have long known your 'Worth; nay, I muſt confeſs,' ſaid ſhe bluſhing, 'I have long diſcovered that Paſſion for me 'you profeſs, notwithſtanding thoſe Endeavours 'which I am convinced were unaffected, to con-'ceal it; and if all I can give with Reaſon will 'not ſuffice, —— take Reaſon away, —— and 'now I believe you cannot aſk me what I will 'deny.'——She uttered theſe Words with a Sweetneſs not to be imagined. I immediately ſtarted; my Blood which lay freezing at my Heart, ruſhed tumultuouſly through every Vein. I ſtood for a Moment ſilent; then, flying to her, I caught her in my Arms, no longer reſiſting,— and ſoftly told her, ſhe muſt give me then herſelf.——O Sir,——Can I deſcribe her Look? She remained ſilent, and almoſt motionleſs, ſeveral Minutes. At laſt, recovering herſelf a little, ſhe inſiſted on my leaving her, and in ſuch a manner, that I inſtantly obeyed: You may imagine, however, I ſoon ſaw her again.——But I aſk Pardon, I fear I have detained you too long in relating the Particulars of the former Interview. 'So far otherwiſe,' ſaid *Adams*, licking his Lips, 'that I could willingly hear it over again.' Well, Sir, continued the Gentleman, to be as conciſe as poſſible, within a Week ſhe conſented to make me the happieſt of Mankind. We were married ſhortly after; and when I came to examine the Circumſtances of my Wife's Fortune, (which I do aſſure you I was not preſently at Leiſure enough to do) I found it amounted to about

ſix

ſix thouſand Pounds, moſt Part of which lay in Effects; for her Father had been a Wine-Merchant, and ſhe ſeemed willing, if I liked it, that I ſhould carry on the ſame Trade. I readily, and too inconſiderately undertook it: For, not having been bred up to the Secrets of the Buſineſs, and endeavouring to deal with the utmoſt Honeſty and Uprightneſs, I ſoon found our Fortune in a declining Way, and my Trade decreaſing by little and little: For my Wines, which I never adulterated after their Importation, and were ſold as neat as they came over, were univerſally decried by the Vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as thoſe who gained double the Profit by a leſs Price. I ſoon began to deſpair of improving our Fortune by theſe means; nor was I at all eaſy at the Viſits and Familiarity of many who had been my Acquaintance in my Proſperity, but had denied and ſhunned me in my Adverſity, and now very forwardly renewed their Accquaintance with me. In ſhort, I had ſufficiently ſeen, that the Pleaſures of the World are chiefly Folly, and the Buſineſs of it moſtly Knavery; and both, nothing better than Vanity: The Men of Pleaſure tearing one another to Pieces, from the Emulation of ſpending Money; and the Men of Buſineſs, from Envy in getting it. My Happineſs conſiſted entirely in my Wife, whom I loved with an inexpreſſible Fondneſs, which was perfectly returned; and my Proſpects were no other than to provide for our growing Family; for ſhe was now big of her ſecond Child: I therefore took an Opportunity to aſk her Opinion of entering into a retired Life, which, after hearing my Reaſons, and perceiving my Affection for it, ſhe readily

embraced. We ſoon put our ſmall Fortune, now reduced under three thouſand Pounds, into Money, with Part of which we purchaſed this little Place, whither we retired ſoon after her Delivery, from a World full of Buſtle, Noiſe, Hatred, Envy, and Ingratitude, to Eaſe, Quiet and Love. We have here lived almoſt twenty Years, with little other Converſation than our own, moſt of the Neighbourhood taking us for very ſtrange People; the Squire of the Pariſh repreſenting me as a Madman, and the Parſon as a Preſbyterian; becauſe I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. 'Sir,' ſays *Adams*, 'Fortune 'hath, I think, paid you all her Debts in this 'ſweet Retirement.' Sir, replied the Gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all Things for the Bleſſings I here enjoy. I have the beſt of Wives, and three pretty Children, for whom I have the true Tenderneſs of a Parent; but no Bleſſings are pure in this World. Within three Years of my Arrival here I loſt my eldeſt Son. *(Here he ſighed bitterly)* 'Sir,' ſays *Adams*, 'we muſt ſubmit to Providence, and con-'ſider Death is common to all.' We muſt ſubmit, indeed, anſwered the Gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the Loſs with Patience: But alas! Sir, he was ſtolen away from my Door by ſome wicked travelling People whom they call *Gipſies*; nor could I ever with the moſt diligent Search recover him. Poor Child! he had the ſweeteſt Look, the exact Picture of his Mother; at which ſome Tears unwittingly dropt from his Eyes, as did likewiſe from thoſe of *Adams*, who always ſympathized with his Friends on thoſe Occaſions. Thus, Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, I have finiſhed my Story;

in which, if I have been too particular, I aſk your Pardon; and now, if you pleaſe, I will fetch you another Bottle; which Propoſal the Parſon thankfully accepted.

CHAP. IV.

A Deſcription of Mr. Wilſon's *Way of living. The tragical Adventure of the Dog, and other grave Matters.*

THE Gentleman returned with the Bottle; and *Adams* and he ſat ſome time ſilent, when the former ſtarted up and cried, 'No, 'that won't do.' The Gentleman enquired into his Meaning; he anſwered, 'He had been con-'ſidering that it was poſſible the late famous 'King *Theodore* might have been that very Son 'whom he had loſt;' but added, 'that his Age 'could not anſwer that Imagination.' However, ſays he, 'G— diſpoſes all things for the beſt, 'and very probably he may be ſome great Man, 'or Duke, and may, one Day or other, reviſit 'you in that Capacity.' The Gentleman anſwered, he ſhould know him among ten thouſand; for he had a Mark on his left Breaſt of a Strawberry, which his Mother had given him by longing for that Fruit.

That beautiful young Lady, the *Morning*, now roſe from her Bed, and with a Countenance blooming with freſh Youth and Sprightlineſs, like Miſs * ——, with ſoft Dews hanging on her pouting Lips, began to take her early Walk over the eaſtern Hills; and preſently after,

* *Whoever the Reader pleaſes.*

that gallant Perſon the Sun ſtole ſoftly from his Wife's Chamber to pay his Addreſſes to her; when the Gentleman aſked his Gueſt if he would walk forth and ſurvey his little Garden, which he readily agreed to, and *Joſeph* at the ſame time awaking from a Sleep in which he had been two Hours buried, went with them. No Parterres, no Fountains, no Statues, embelliſhed this little Garden. Its only Ornament was a ſhort Walk, ſhaded on each Side by a Filbert Hedge, with a ſmall Alcove at one End, whither in hot Weather the Gentleman and his Wife uſed to retire, and divert themſelves with their Children, who played in the Walk before them: But tho' Vanity had no Votary in this little Spot, here was Variety of Fruit, and every thing uſeful for the Kitchin, which was abundantly ſufficient to catch the Admiration of *Adams*, who told the Gentleman he had certainly a good Gardener. Sir, anſwered he, that Gardener is now before you; whatever you ſee here, is the Work ſolely of my own Hands. Whilſt I am providing Neceſſaries for my Table, I likewiſe procure myſelf an Appetite for them. In fair Seaſons, I ſeldom paſs leſs than ſix Hours of the twenty-four in this Place, where I am not idle; and by theſe means I have been able to preſerve my Health ever ſince my Arrival here without Aſſiſtance from Phyſic. Hither I generally repair at the Dawn, and exerciſe myſelf, whilſt my Wife dreſſes her Children, and prepares our Breakfaſt; after which we are ſeldom aſunder during the reſidue of the Day; for when the Weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am uſually within with them; for I am neither aſhamed of converſing with my Wife, nor of playing with my Children:

Children: to ſay the Truth, I do not perceive that Inferiority of Underſtanding which the Levity of Rakes, the Dulneſs of Men of Buſineſs, or the Auſterity of the Learned would perſuade us of in Women. As for my Woman, I declare I have found none of my own Sex capable of making juſter Obſervations on Life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one poſſeſſed of a faithfuller or braver Friend. And ſure as this Friendſhip is ſweetened with more Delicacy and Tenderneſs; ſo it is confirmed by dearer Pledges than can attend the cloſeſt male Alliance: for what Union can be ſo faſt, as our common Intereſts in the Fruits of our Embraces? Perhaps, Sir, you are not yourſelf a Father; if you are not, be aſſured you cannot conceive the Delight I have in my Little Ones. Would you not deſpiſe me, if you ſaw me ſtretched on the Ground, and my Children playing round me? 'I ſhould reverence the Sight,' quoth *Adams*, 'I myſelf am now the Father of 'ſix, and have been of eleven, and I can ſay 'I never ſcourged a Child of my own, unleſs as 'his School-maſter, and then have felt every 'Stroke on my own Poſteriors. And as to what 'you ſay concerning Women, I have often la-'mented my own Wife did not underſtand '*Greek*.'—The Gentleman ſmiled, and anſwered, he would not be apprehended to inſinuate that his own had an Underſtanding above the Care of her Family; on the contrary, ſays he, my *Harriet*, I aſſure you, is a notable Houſe-wife, and the Houſe-keepers of few Gentlemen underſtand Cookery or Confectionary better; but theſe are Arts which ſhe hath no great Occaſion for now: However, the Wine you commended ſo

much laſt Night at Supper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the Liquor in my Houſe, except my Beer, which falls to my Province. (And I aſſure you it is as excellent, quoth *Adams*, as ever I taſted.) We formerly kept a Maid-Servant, but ſince my Girls have been growing up, ſhe is unwilling to indulge them in Idleneſs; for as the Fortunes I ſhall give them will be very ſmall, we intend not to breed them above the Rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to deſpiſe, or ruin a plain Huſband. Indeed I could wiſh a Man of my own Temper, and a retired Life, might fall to their Lot: for I have experienced that calm ſerene Happineſs which is ſeated in Content, is inconſiſtent with the Hurry and Buſtle of the World. He was proceeding thus, when the Little Things, being juſt riſen, ran eagerly towards him, and aſked him Bleſſing: They were ſhy to the Strangers; but the eldeſt acquainted her Father, that her Mother and the young Gentlewoman were up, and that Breakfaſt was ready. They all went in, where the Gentleman was ſurprized at the Beauty of *Fanny*, who had now recovered herſelf from her Fatigue, and was entirely clean dreſt; for the Rogues who had taken away her Purſe, had left her her Bundle. But if he was ſo much amazed at the Beauty of this young Creature, his Gueſts were no leſs charmed at the Tenderneſs which appeared in the Behaviour of the Huſband and Wife to each other, and to their Children, and at the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of theſe to their Parents. Theſe Inſtances pleaſed the well diſpoſed Mind of *Adams* equally with the Readineſs which they expreſt to oblige their Gueſts, and their Forwardneſs to offer them the beſt of every thing in their

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MCGILL



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their Houſe; and what delighted him ſtill more, was an Inſtance or two of their Charity: for whilſt they were at Breakfaſt, the good Woman was called for to aſſiſt her ſick Neighbour, which ſhe did with ſome Cordials made for the public Uſe; and the good Man went into his Garden at the ſame time, to ſupply another with ſomething which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which thoſe who wanted it were not welcome to. Theſe good People were in the utmoſt Cheerfulneſs, when they heard the Report of a Gun; and immediately afterwards a little Dog, the Favourite of the eldeſt Daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himſelf at his Miſtreſs's Feet: The poor Girl, who was about eleven Years old, burſt into Tears at the Sight; and preſently one of the Neighbours came in and informed them, that the young 'Squire, the Son of the Lord of the Manor, had ſhot him as he paſſed by, ſwearing at the ſame time he would proſecute the Maſter of him for keeping a Spaniel; for that he had given Notice he would not ſuffer one in the Pariſh. The Dog, whom his Miſtreſs had taken into her Lap, died in a few Minutes, licking her Hand. She expreſt great Agony at her Loſs; and the other Children began to cry for their Siſter's Misfortune, nor could *Fanny* herſelf refrain. Whilſt the Father and Mother attempted to comfort her, *Adams* graſped his Crabſtick, and would have ſallied out after the Squire, had not *Joſeph* with-held him. He could not however bridle his Tongue—He pronounced the Word *Raſcal* with great Emphaſis; ſaid he deſerved to be hanged more than a Highwayman, and wiſhed he had the ſcourging him. The Mother took her Child lamenting and carrying the

dead Favourite in her Arms out of the Room, when the Gentleman ſaid, this was the ſecond time this Squire had endeavoured to kill the little Wretch, and had wounded him ſmartly once before; adding, he could have no Motive but Ill-nature; for the little Thing, which was not near as big as one's Fiſt, had never been twenty Yards from the Houſe in the ſix Years his Daughter had had it. He ſaid he had done nothing to deſerve this Uſage: but his Father had too great a Fortune to contend with. That he was as abſolute as any Tyrant in the Univerſe, and had killed all the Dogs, and taken away all the Guns in the Neighbourhood, and not only that, but he trampled down Hedges, and rode over Corn and Gardens, with no more Regard than if they were the Highway. 'I wiſh I could catch him 'in my Garden,' ſaid *Adams*; 'tho' I would 'rather forgive him riding through my Houſe 'than ſuch an ill-natured Act as this.'

The Cheerfulneſs of their Converſation being interrupted by this Accident, in which the Gueſts could be of no Service to their kind Entertainer, and as the Mother was taken up in adminiſtring Conſolation to the poor Girl, whoſe Diſpoſition was too good haſtily to forget the ſudden Loſs of her little Favourite, which had been fondling with her a few Minutes before; and as *Joſeph* and *Fanny* were impatient to get home and begin thoſe previous Ceremonies to their Happineſs, which *Adams* had inſiſted on, they now offered to take their Leave. The Gentleman importuned them much to ſtay Dinner: but when he found their Eagerneſs to depart, he ſummoned his Wife, and accordingly having performed all the uſual Ceremonies of Bows and Curt'ſies,

more

more pleaſant to be ſeen than to be related, they took their Leave, the Gentleman and his Wife heartily wiſhing them a good Journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind Entertainment. They then departed, *Adams* declaring, that this was the Manner in which the People had lived in the Golden Age.

CHAP. V.

A Diſputation on Schools, held on the Road between Mr. Abraham Adams *and* Joſeph; *and a Diſcovery not unwelcome to them both.*

OUR Travellers having well refreſhed themſelves at the Gentleman's Houſe, *Joſeph* and *Fanny* with Sleep, and Mr. *Abraham Adams* with Ale and Tobacco, renewed their Journey with great Alacrity; and, purſuing the Road into which they were directed, travelled many Miles before they met with any Adventure worth relating. In this Interval, we ſhall preſent our Readers with a very curious Diſcourſe, as we apprehend it, concerning publick Schools, which paſs'd between Mr. *Joſeph Andrews* and Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

They had not gone far, before *Adams* calling to *Joſeph*, aſked him if he had attended to the Gentleman's Story? he anſwered, 'to all the former Part.' 'And don't you think,' ſays he, 'he 'was a very unhappy Man in his Youth?' 'A 'very unhappy Man indeed,' anſwered the other. '*Joſeph*,' cries *Adams*, ſcrewing up his Mouth, 'I have found it; I have diſcovered the Cauſe

'of all the Misfortunes which befel him. A pub-
'lic School, *Joſeph*, was the Cauſe of all the
'Calamities which he afterwards ſuffered. Pub-
'lic Schools are the Nurſeries of all Vice and
'Immorality. All the wicked Fellows whom I
'remember at the Univerſity were bred at
'them.—Ah Lord! I can remember as well as
'if it was but Yeſterday, a Knot of them; they
'call them King's Scholars, I forget why,——
'very wicked Fellows! *Joſeph*, you may thank
'the Lord you were not bred at a public School,
'you would never have preſerved your Virtue
'as you have. The firſt Care I always take, is
'of a Boy's Morals; I had rather he ſhould be
'a Blockhead than an Atheiſt or a Preſbyterian.
'What is all the Learning in the World com-
'pared to his immortal Soul? What ſhall a Man
'take in exchange for his Soul! But the Ma-
'ſters of great Schools trouble themſelves about
'no ſuch Thing. I have known a Lad of eigh-
'teen at the Univerſity, who hath not been able
'to ſay his Catechiſm: but for my own Part, I
'always ſcourged a Lad ſooner for miſſing that
'than any other Leſſon. Believe me, Child, all
'that Gentleman's Misfortunes aroſe from his
'being educated at a public School.'

'It doth not become me,' anſwered *Joſeph*,
'to diſpute any thing, Sir, with you, eſpecially
'a Matter of this Kind; for to be ſure you muſt
'be allowed by all the World to be the beſt
'Teacher of a School in all our County.' 'Yes,
'that,' ſays *Adams*, 'I believe, is granted me;
'that I may without much Vanity pretend to—
'nay, I believe I may go to the next County
'too — but *gloriari non eſt meum*'— 'However,
'Sir, as you are pleaſed to bid me ſpeak,' ſays
Joſeph,

Joseph, 'you know, my late Master, Sir *Thomas Booby*, was bred at a public School, and he 'was the finest Gentleman in all the Neighbourhood. And I have often heard him say, if he 'had a hundred Boys he would breed them all at 'the same Place. It was his Opinion, and I 'have often heard him deliver it, that a Boy 'taken from a public School, and carried into 'the World, will learn more in one Year there, 'than one of a private Education will in five. 'He used to say, the School itself initiated him 'a great Way, (I remember that was his very 'Expression) for great Schools are little Societies, where a Boy of any Observation may see 'in Epitome what he will afterwards find in the 'World at large.' 'Hinc illæ lachrymæ; for 'that very Reason, quoth *Adams*, I prefer a private School, where Boys may be kept in Innocence and Ignorance; for, according to that 'fine Passage in the Play of *Cato*, the only *English* Tragedy I ever read,

'*If Knowledge of the World must make Men Villains,*
'*May* Juba *ever live in Ignorance.*

'Who would not rather preserve the Purity of 'his Child, than wish him to attain the whole 'Circle of Arts and Sciences; which, by the 'bye, he may learn in the Classes of a private 'School? For I would not be vain, but I esteem 'myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*, 'in teaching these things; so that a Lad may 'have as much Learning in a private as in a public Education.' 'And with Submission,' answered *Joseph*, 'he may get as much Vice, wit-

'ness

'neſs ſeveral Country Gentlemen, who were 'educated within five Miles of their own Houſes, 'and are as wicked as if they had known the 'World from their Infancy. I remember when 'I was in the Stable, if a young Horſe was vi-'cious in his Nature, no Correction would make 'him otherwiſe; I take it to be equally the ſame 'among Men: if a Boy be of a miſchievous, 'wicked Inclination, no School, tho' ever ſo 'private, will ever make him good; on the con-'trary, if he be of a righteous Temper, you 'may truſt him to *London*, or wherever elſe you 'pleaſe, he will be in no danger of being cor-'rupted. Beſides, I have often heard my Ma-'ſter ſay, that the Diſcipline practiſed in public 'Schools was much better than that in private.'— 'You talk like a Jackanapes,' ſays *Adams*, 'and 'ſo did your Maſter. Diſcipline indeed! be-'cauſe one Man ſcourges twenty or thirty Boys 'more in a Morning than another, is he there-'fore a better Diſciplinarian? I do preſume to 'confer in this Point with all who have taught 'from *Chiron*'s Time to this Day; and, if I 'was Maſter of ſix Boys only, I would preſerve 'as good Diſcipline amongſt them as the Maſter 'of the greateſt School in the World. I ſay no-'thing, young Man; remember, I ſay no-'thing; but if Sir *Thomas* himſelf had been edu-'cated nearer home, and under the Tuition of 'ſomebody, remember I name nobody, it might 'have been better for him —— but his Father 'muſt inſtitute him in the Knowledge of the 'World. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis ſapit.*' *Joſeph*, ſeeing him run on in this manner, aſked Pardon many times, aſſuring him he had no In-tention to offend. 'I believe you had not, Child,' ſaid

ſaid he, 'and I am not angry with you: but 'for maintaining good Diſcipline in a School; 'for this.'—— And then he ran on as before, named all the Maſters who are recorded in old Books, and preferred himſelf to them all. Indeed, if this good Man had an Enthuſiaſm, or what the Vulgar call a Blind-ſide, it was this: He thought a Schoolmaſter the greateſt Character in the World, and himſelf the greateſt of all Schoolmaſters, neither of which Points he would have given up to *Alexander the Great* at the Head of his Army.

Adams continued his Subject till they came to one of the beautifulleſt Spots of Ground in the Univerſe. It was a kind of natural Amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a ſmall Rivulet, which was planted with thick Woods, and the Trees roſe gradually above each other by the natural Aſcent of the Ground they ſtood on; which Aſcent as they hid with their Boughs, they ſeemed to have been diſpoſed by the Deſign of the moſt ſkilful Planter. The Soil was ſpread with a Verdure which no Paint could imitate; and the whole Place might have raiſed romantic Ideas in elder Minds than thoſe of *Joſeph* and *Fanny*, without the Aſſiſtance of Love.

Here they arrived about Noon, and *Joſeph* propoſed to *Adams* that they ſhould reſt a while in this delightful Place, and refreſh themſelves with ſome Proviſions which the Good-nature of Mrs. *Wilſon* had provided them with. *Adams* made no Objection to the Propoſal; ſo down they ſat, and pulling out a cold Fowl, and a Bottle of Wine, they made a Repaſt with a Cheerfulneſs which might have attracted the Envy of more ſplendid Tables. I ſhould not omit, that they found

found among their Proviſion a little Paper, containing a Piece of Gold, which *Adams* imagining had been put there by Miſtake would have returned back, to reſtore it; but he was at laſt convinced by *Joſeph*, that Mr. *Wilſon* had taken this handſome Way of furniſhing them with a Supply for their Journey, on his having related the Diſtreſs which they had been in, when they were relieved by the Generoſity of the Pedlar. *Adams* ſaid, he was glad to ſee ſuch an Inſtance of Goodneſs, not ſo much for the Conveniency which it brought them, as for the ſake of the Doer, whoſe Reward would be great in Heaven. He likewiſe comforted himſelf with a Reflection, that he ſhould ſhortly have an Opportunity of returning it him; for the Gentleman was within a Week to make a Journey into *Somerſetſhire*, to paſs through *Adams*'s Pariſh, and had faithfully promiſed to call on him: A Circumſtance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which thoſe who have as great an Affection for that Gentleman as ourſelves, will rejoice at, as it may give them Hopes of ſeeing him again. Then *Joſeph* made a Speech on Charity, which the Reader, if he is ſo diſpoſed, may ſee in the next Chapter; for we ſcorn to betray him into any ſuch Reading, without firſt giving him Warning.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Moral Reflections by Joseph Andrews, *with the hunting Adventure, and Parson* Adams's *miraculous Escape.*

I Have often wondered, Sir, said *Joseph*, to observe so few Instances of Charity among Mankind; for tho' the Goodness of a Man's Heart did not incline him to relieve the Distresses of his Fellow-Creatures, methinks the Desire of Honour should move him to it. What inspires a Man to build fine Houses, to purchase fine Furniture, Pictures, Cloths, and other Things at a great Expence, but an Ambition to be respected more than other People? Now, would not one great Act of Charity, one Instance of redeeming a poor Family from all the Miseries of Poverty, restoring an unfortunate Tradesman by a Sum of Money to the means of procuring a Livelihood by his Industry, discharging an undone Debtor from his Debts or a Gaol, or any such like Example of Goodness, create a Man more Honour and Respect than he could acquire by the finest House, Furniture, Pictures or Clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the Object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the Name of such a Person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the Possessor of all those other things: which when we so admire, we rather praise the Builder, the Workman, the Painter, the Lacemaker, the Taylor, and the rest, by whose Ingenuity they are produced, than the Person who by his Money makes them

them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my Lady in a Room hung with fine Pictures, while I have been looking at them I have never once thought of their Owner, nor hath any one elſe, as I ever obſerved; for when it hath been aſked whoſe Picture that was, it was never once anſwered, the Maſter's of the Houſe; but *Ammiconni*, *Paul Varniſh*, *Hannibal Scratchi*, or *Hogarthi*, which I ſuppoſe were the Names of the Painters: but if it was aſked, who redeemed ſuch a one out of Priſon? who lent ſuch a ruined Tradeſman Money to ſet up? who cloathed that Family of poor ſmall Children? it is very plain what muſt be the Anſwer. And beſides, theſe great Folks are miſtaken, if they imagine they get any Honour at all by theſe means; for I do not remember I ever was with my Lady at any Houſe where ſhe commended the Houſe or Furniture, but I have heard her at her return home make ſport and jeer at whatever ſhe had before commended: and I have been told by other Gentlemen in Livery, that it is the ſame in their Families: but I defy the wiſeſt Man in the World to turn a true good Action into Ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who ſhould endeavour it, would be laughed at himſelf, inſtead of making others laugh. Nobody ſcarce doth any Good, yet they all agree in praiſing thoſe who do. Indeed it is ſtrange that all Men ſhould conſent in commending Goodneſs, and no Man endeavour to deſerve that Commendation; whilſt, on the contrary, all rail at Wickedneſs, and all are as eager to be what they abuſe. This I know not the Reaſon of; but it is as plain as Daylight to thoſe who converſe in the World, as I have done theſe three Years. 'Are all the great Folks

'wicked

'wicked then?' ſays *Fanny*. To be ſure there are ſome Exceptions, anſwered *Joſeph*. Some Gentlemen of our Cloth report charitable Actions done by their Lords and Maſters; and I have heard Squire *Pope*, the great Poet, at my Lady's Table, tell Stories of a Man that lived at a Place called *Roſs*, and another at the *Bath*, one *Al*—— *Al*—— I forget his Name, but it is in the Book of Verſes. This Gentleman hath built up a ſtately Houſe too, which the Squire likes very well; but his Charity is ſeen farther than his Houſe, tho' it ſtands on a Hill, ay, and brings him more Honour too. It was his Charity that put him in the Book, where the Squire ſays he puts all thoſe who deſerve it; and to be ſure, as he lives among all the great People, if there were any ſuch, he would know them.——This was all of Mr. *Joſeph Andrews*'s Speech which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was poſſible in his own Words, with a very ſmall Embelliſhment. But I believe the Reader hath not been a little ſurprized at the long Silence of Parſon *Adams*, eſpecially as ſo many Occaſions offered themſelves to exert his Curioſity and Obſervation. The Truth is, he was faſt aſleep, and had ſo been from the Beginning of the preceding Narrative: and indeed if the Reader conſiders that ſo many Hours had paſt ſince he had cloſed his Eyes, he will not wonder at his Repoſe, tho' even *Henley* himſelf, or as great an Orator (if any ſuch be) had been in his *Roſtrum* or Tub before him.

Joſeph, who, whilſt he was ſpeaking, had continued in one Attitude, with his Head reclining on one Side, and his Eyes caſt on the Ground, no ſooner perceived, on looking up, the Poſition

of

of *Adams*, who was ſtretched on his Back, and ſnored louder than the uſual braying of the Animal with long Ears, than he turned towards *Fanny*, and, taking her by the Hand, began a Dalliance, which, tho' conſiſtent with the pureſt Innocence and Decency, neither he would have attempted, nor ſhe permitted before any Witneſs. Whilſt they amuſed themſelves in this harmleſs and delightful manner, they heard a Pack of Hounds approaching in full Cry towards them, and preſently afterwards ſaw a Hare pop forth from the Wood, and, croſſing the Water, land within a few Yards of them in the Meadows. The Hare was no ſooner on ſhore, than it ſeated itſelf on its hinder Legs, and liſtened to the Sound of the Purſuers. *Fanny* was wonderfully pleaſed with the little Wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her Arms, that ſhe might preſerve it from the Dangers which ſeemed to threaten it: but the rational Part of the Creation do not always aptly diſtinguiſh their Friends from their Foes; what wonder then if this ſilly Creature, the Moment it beheld her, fled from the Friend, who would have protected it, and, traverſing the Meadows again, paſt the little Rivulet on the oppoſite Side. It was however ſo ſpent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its Way. This affected the tender Heart of *Fanny*, who exclaimed, with Tears in her Eyes, againſt the Barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceleſs Animal out of its Life, and putting it to the extremeſt Torture for Diverſion. She had not much time to make Reflections of this kind; for on a ſudden the Hounds ruſhed through the Wood, which reſounded with their Throats, and the Throats of their *Retinue* who *attended*

on

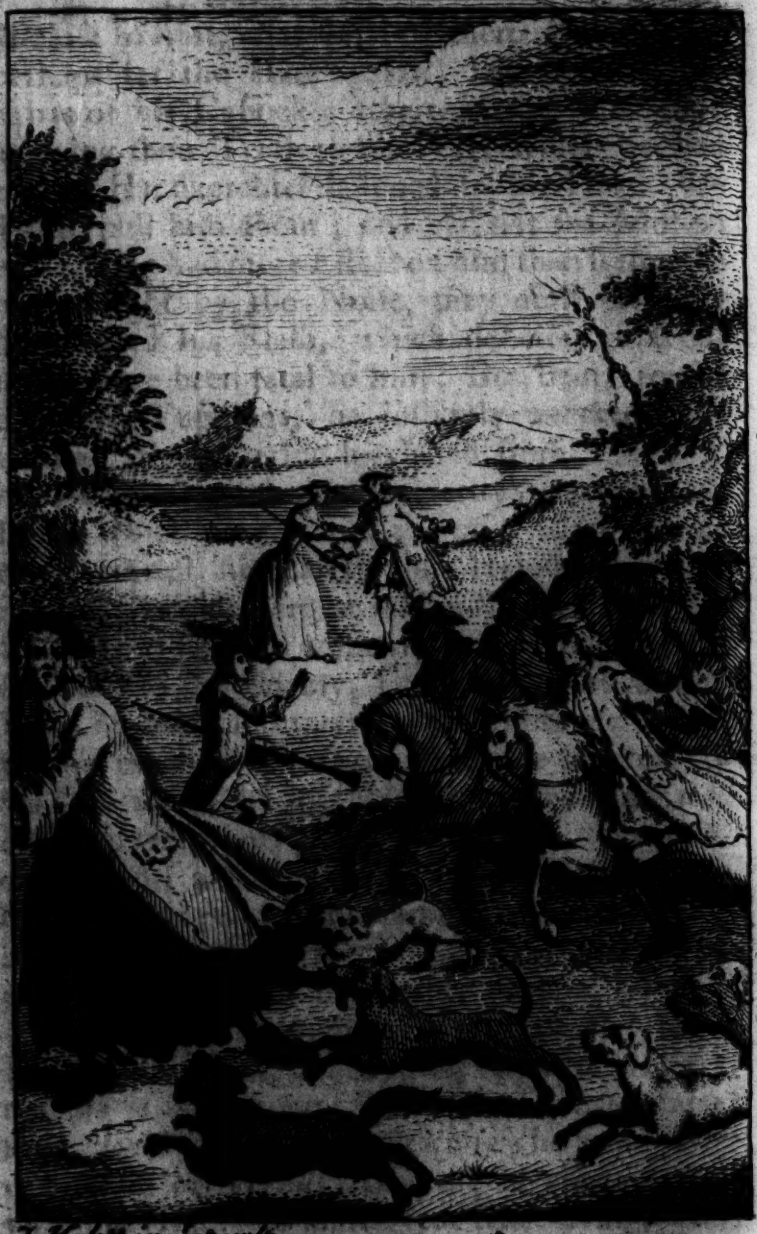
on them on Horſeback. The Dogs now paſt the Rivulet, and purſued the Footſteps of the Hare; five Horſemen attempted to leap over, three of whom ſucceeded, and two were in the Attempt thrown from their Saddles into the Water: their Companions, and their own Horſes too, proceeded after their Sport, and left their Friends and Riders to invoke the Aſſiſtance of Fortune, or to employ the more active Means of Strength and Agility for their Deliverance. *Joſeph* however was not ſo unconcerned on this Occaſion; he left *Fanny* for a Moment to herſelf, and ran to the Gentlemen, who were immediately on their Legs, ſhaking their Ears, and eaſily with the Help of his Hand attained the Bank; (for the Rivulet was not at all deep) and without ſtaying to thank their kind Aſſiſter, ran dripping acroſs the Meadow, calling to their Brother Sportſmen to ſtop their Horſes: but they heard them not.

The Hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling ſtaggering Prey, which, fainting almoſt at every Step, crawled through the Wood, and had almoſt got round to the Place where *Fanny* ſtood, when it was overtaken by its Enemies; and, being driven out of the Covert, was caught, and inſtantly tore to Pieces before *Fanny*'s Face, who was unable to aſſiſt it with any Aid more powerful than Pity; nor could ſhe prevail on *Joſeph*, who had been himſelf a Sportſman in his Youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the Laws of Hunting, in favour of the Hare, which he ſaid was killed fairly.

The Hare was caught within a Yard or two of *Adams*, who lay aſleep at ſome Diſtance from the Lovers; and the Hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it

ſo

ſo cloſe to him, that ſome of them (by Miſtake perhaps for the Hare's Skin) laid hold of the Skirts of his Caſſock; others at the ſame time applying their Teeth to his Wig, which he had with a Handkerchief faſtened to his Head, began to pull him about; and had not the Motion of his Body had more Effect on him than ſeemed to be wrought by the Noiſe, they muſt certainly have taſted his Fleſh, which delicious Flavour might have been fatal to him: But being rouſed by theſe Tuggings, he inſtantly awaked, and with a Jerk delivering his Head from his Wig, he with moſt admirable Dexterity recovered his Legs, which now ſeemed the only Members he could entruſt his Safety to. Having therefore eſcaped likewiſe from at leaſt a third Part of his Caſſock, which he willingly left as his *Exuviæ* or Spoils to the Enemy, he fled with the utmoſt Speed he could ſummon to his Aſſiſtance. Nor let this be any Detraction from the Bravery of his Character; let the Number of the Enemies, and the Surprize in which he was taken, be conſidered; and if there be any Modern ſo outrageouſly brave, that he cannot admit of Flight in any Circumſtance whatever, I ſay, (but I whiſper that ſoftly, and I ſolemnly declare, without any Intention of giving Offence to any brave Man in the Nation) I ſay, or rather I whiſper, that he is an ignorant Fellow, and hath never read *Homer*, nor *Virgil*, nor knows he any Thing of *Hector* or *Turnus*; nay, he is unacquainted with the Hiſtory of ſome great Men living, who, tho' as brave as Lions, ay, as Tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the Surprize of their Friends, and the Entertainment of their Enemies. But if Perſons



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7

ſons of ſuch heroic Diſpoſition are a little offended at the Behaviour of *Adams*, we aſſure them they ſhall be as much pleaſed with what we ſhall immediately relate of *Joſeph Andrews*. The Maſter of the Pack was juſt arrived, or, as the Sportſmen call it, *come in*, when *Adams* ſet out, as we have before mentioned. This Gentleman was generally ſaid to be a great Lover of Humour; but not to mince the Matter, eſpecially as we are upon this Subject, he was a great *Hunter of Men*: Indeed he had hitherto followed the Sport only with Dogs of his own Species; for he kept two or three Couple of barking Curs for that Uſe only. However, as he thought he had now found a Man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himſelf with other Sport, and accordingly crying out, *Stole away*, encouraged the Hounds to purſue Mr. *Adams*, ſwearing it was the largeſt Jack-Hare he ever ſaw; at the ſame Time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered Foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by theſe two or three Couple of Human, or rather two-leg'd Curs on Horſeback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a Muſe, or by what other Name ſoever thou chuſeſt to be called, who preſideſt over Biography, and haſt inſpired all the Writers of Lives in theſe our Times: Thou who didſt infuſe ſuch wonderful Humour into the Pen of immortal *Gulliver*; who haſt carefully guided the Judgment, whilſt thou haſt exalted the nervous manly Style of thy *Mallet*: Thou who hadſt no Hand in that Dedication and Preface, or the Tranſlations which thou wouldſt willingly have ſtruck out of the Life of *Cicero*: Laſtly, Thou who without the Aſſiſtance

of

of the leaſt Spice of Literature, and even againſt his Inclination, haſt, in ſome Pages of his Book, forced *Colley Cibber* to write *Engliſh*; do thou aſſiſt me in what I find myſelf unequal to. Do thou introduce on the Plain, the young, the gay, the brave *Joſeph Andrews*, whilſt Men ſhall view him with Admiration and Envy; tender Virgins with Love and anxious Concern for his Safety.

No ſooner did *Joſeph Andrews* perceive the Diſtreſs of his Friend, when firſt the quick-ſcenting Dogs attacked him, than he graſped his Cudgel in his Right-hand, a Cudgel which his Father had of his Grandfather, to whom a mighty ſtrong Man of *Kent* had given it for a Preſent in that Day, when he broke three Heads on the Stage. It was a Cudgel of mighty Strength and wonderful Art, made by one of Mr. *Deard*'s beſt Workmen, whom no other Artificer can equal; and who hath made all thoſe Sticks which the Beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a Morning: But this was far his Maſter-piece; on its Head was engraved a Noſe and Chin, which might have been miſtaken for a Pair of Nut-crackers. The Learned have imagined it deſigned to repreſent the *Gorgon:* but it was in Fact copied from the Face of a certain long *Engliſh* Baronet of infinite Wit, Humour, and Gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many Hiſtories: As the firſt Night of Captain *B*———'s Play, where you would have ſeen Criticks in Embroidery tranſplanted from the Boxes to the Pit, whoſe ancient Inhabitants were exalted to the Galleries, where they played on Catcalls. He did intend to have painted an Auction Room, where Mr. *Cock* would have appeared aloft in his Pulpit, trumpeting forth the Praiſes of a *China* Baſon; and

and with Aſtoniſhment wondering that *Nobody bids more for that fine, that ſuperb*—He did intend to have engraved many other Things, but was forced to leave out all for want of room.

No ſooner had *Joſeph* graſped his Cudgel in his Hands, than Lightning darted from his Eyes; and the heroic Youth, ſwift of Foot, ran with the utmoſt Speed to his Friend's Aſſiſtance. He overtook him juſt as *Rockwood* had laid hold of the Skirt of his Caſſock, which being torn, hung to the Ground. Reader, we would make a Simile on this Occaſion, but for two Reaſons: The firſt is, it would interrupt the Deſcription, which ſhould be rapid in this Part; but that doth not weigh much, many Precedents occurring for ſuch an Interruption: The ſecond, and much the greater Reaſon is, that we could find no Simile adequate to our Purpoſe: For indeed, what Inſtance could we bring to ſet before our Reader's Eyes at once the Idea of Friendſhip, Courage, Youth, Beauty, Strength and Swiftneſs; all which blazed in the Perſon of *Joſeph Andrews*. Let thoſe therefore that deſcribe Lions and Tigers, and Heroes fiercer than both, raiſe their Poems or Plays with the Simile of *Joſeph Andrews*, who is himſelf above the Reach of any Simile.

Now *Rockwood* had laid faſt hold on the Parſon's Skirts, and ſtopt his Flight; which *Joſeph* no ſooner perceived, than he levelled his Cudgel at his Head, and laid him ſprawling. *Fowler* and *Ringwood* then fell on his Great-Coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the Ground, had not *Joſeph*, collecting all his Force, given *Fowler* ſuch a Rap on the Back, that quitting his

Hold he ran howling over the Plain. A harder Fate remained for thee, O *Ringwood*, *Ringwood* the beſt Hound that ever purſued a Hare, who never threw his Tongue but where the Scent was undoubtedly true; good at *trailing*; and *ſure in a Highway*, no *Babler*, no *Over-runner*, reſpected by the whole Pack: For, whenever he opened, they knew the Game was at hand. He fell by the Stroke of *Joſeph*. *Thunder*, and *Plunder*, and *Wonder*, and *Blunder*, were the next Victims of his Wrath, and meaſured their Lengths on the Ground. Then *Fairmaid*, a Bitch which Mr. *John Temple* had bred up in his Houſe, and fed at his own Table, and lately ſent the Squire fifty Miles for a Preſent, ran fiercely at *Joſeph*, and bit him by the Leg; no Dog was ever fiercer than ſhe, being deſcended from an *Amazonian* Breed, and had worried Bulls in her own Country, but now waged an unequal Fight; and had ſhared the Fate of thoſe we have mentioned before, had not *Diana* (the Reader may believe it or not as he pleaſes) in that inſtant interpoſed, and in the Shape of the Huntſman ſnatched her Favourite up in her Arms.

The Parſon now faced about, and with his Crabſtick felled many to the Earth, and ſcattered others, till he was attacked by *Cæſar*, and pulled to the Ground. Then *Joſeph* flew to his Reſcue, and with ſuch Might fell on the Victor, that, O eternal Blot to his Name! *Cæſar* ran yelping away.

The Battle now raged with the moſt dreadful Violence, when lo the Huntſman, a Man of Years and Dignity, lifted his Voice, and called his Hounds from the Fight; telling them in a Lan-

Language they underſtood, that it was in vain to contend longer; for that Fate had decreed the Victory to their Enemies.

Thus far the Muſe hath with her uſual Dignity related this prodigious Battle, a Battle we apprehend never equalled by any Poet, Romance or Life-writer whatever, and having brought it to a Concluſion ſhe ceaſed; we ſhall therefore proceed in our ordinary Style with the Continuation of this Hiſtory. The Squire and his Companions, whom the Figure of *Adams*, and the Gallantry of *Joſeph*, had at firſt thrown into a violent Fit of Laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the Engagement with more Delight than any Chace, Shooting-Match, Race, Cock-fighting, Bull or Bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the Danger of their Hounds, many of which lay ſprawling in the Fields. The Squire therefore having firſt called his Friends about him, as Guards for Safety of his Perſon, rode manfully up to the Combatants, and ſummoning all the Terror he was Maſter of into his Countenance, demanded with an authoritative Voice of *Joſeph*, what he meant by aſſaulting his Dogs in that manner. *Joſeph* anſwered with great Intrepidity, that they had firſt fallen on his Friend; and if they had belonged to the greateſt Man in the Kingdom, he would have treated them in the ſame way; for whilſt his Veins contained a ſingle Drop of Blood, he would not ſtand idle by, and ſee that Gentleman (*pointing to* Adams) abuſed either by Man or Beaſt; and having ſo ſaid, both he and *Adams* brandiſhed their wooden Weapons, and put themſelves into ſuch a Poſture, that the Squire and his Company thought proper to preponderate, before

they offered to revenge the Cauſe of their four-footed Allies.

At this Inſtant *Fanny*, whom the Apprehenſion of *Joſeph*'s Danger had alarmed ſo much, that forgetting her own, ſhe had made the utmoſt Expedition, came up. The Squire and all the Horſemen were ſo ſurprized with her Beauty, that they immediately fixed both their Eyes and Thoughts ſolely on her, every one declaring he had never ſeen ſo charming a Creature. Neither Mirth nor Anger engaged them a Moment longer; but all ſat in ſilent Amaze. The Huntſman only was free from her Attraction, who was buſy in cutting the Ears of the Dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to Life; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that only two of no great Note remained ſlaughtered on the Field of Action. Upon this the Huntſman declared, 'Twas well it was no 'worſe; for his part he could not blame the 'Gentleman, and wondered his Maſter would 'encourage the Dogs to hunt *Chriſtians*; that 'it was the ſureſt way to ſpoil them, to make 'them follow *Vermin* inſtead of ſticking to a 'Hare.'

The Squire being informed of the little Miſchief that had been done, and perhaps having more Miſchief of another kind in his Head, accoſted Mr. *Adams* with a more favourable Aſpect than before: he told him he was ſorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the Moment he was acquainted with his Cloth, and greatly commended the Courage of his Servant; for ſo he imagined *Joſeph* to be. He then invited Mr. *Adams* to Dinner, and deſired the young Woman might come with him. *Adams* refuſed a long while; but the Invitation

vitation was repeated with ſo much Earneſtneſs and Courteſy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His Wig and Hat, and other Spoils of the Field, being gathered together by *Joſeph*, (for otherwiſe probably they would have been forgotten) he put himſelf into the beſt Order he could; and then the Horſe and Foot moved forward in the ſame Pace towards the Squire's Houſe, which ſtood at a very little Diſtance.

Whilſt they were on the Road, the lovely *Fanny* attracted the Eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in Encomiums on her Beauty; which the Reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them: So muſt he likewiſe my not ſetting down the many curious Jeſts which were made on *Adams*; ſome of them declaring that Parſon-hunting was the beſt Sport in the World; others commending his ſtanding at Bay, which they ſaid he had done as well as any Badger; with ſuch like Merriment, which, though it would ill become the Dignity of this Hiſtory, afforded much Laughter and Diverſion to the Squire and his facetious Companions.

CHAP. VII.

A Scene of Roaſting very nicely adapted to the preſent Taſte and Times.

THEY arrived at the Squire's Houſe juſt as his Dinner was ready. A little Diſpute aroſe on the account of *Fanny*, whom the Squire, who was a Batchelor, was deſirous to place at his own Table: but ſhe would not conſent, nor

would Mr. *Adams* permit her to be parted from *Joſeph*: ſo that ſhe was at length with him conſigned over to the Kitchin, where the Servants were ordered to make him drunk; a Favour which was likewiſe intended for *Adams*: which Deſign being executed, the Squire thought he ſhould eaſily accompliſh what he had, when he firſt ſaw her, intended to perpetrate with *Fanny*.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the Character of this Gentleman, and that of his Friends. The Maſter of this Houſe then was a Man of a very conſiderable Fortune; a Batchelor, as we have ſaid, and about forty Years of Age: he had been educated (if we may here uſe the Expreſſion) in the Country, and at his own Home, under the Care of his Mother, and a Tutor who had Orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it ſeems was very little, and that only in his Childhood; for from the Age of fifteen he addicted himſelf entirely to Hunting and other rural Amuſements, for which his Mother took care to equip him with Horſes, Hounds, and all other Neceſſaries: and his Tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himſelf with his young Pupil, who would, he knew, be able handſomely to provide for him, became his Companion, not only at theſe Exerciſes, but likewiſe over a Bottle, which the young Squire had a very early Reliſh for. At the Age of twenty, his Mother began to think ſhe had not fulfilled the Duty of a Parent; ſhe therefore reſolved to perſuade her Son, if poſſible, to that which ſhe imagined would well ſupply all that he might have learned at a public School or Univerſity. This is what they commonly call *Travelling*; which,

which, with the Help of the Tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded in. He made in three Years the Tour of *Europe*, as they term it, and returned home well furniſhed with *French* Clothes, Phraſes and Servants, with a hearty Contempt for his own Country; eſpecially what had any Savour of the plain Spirit and Honeſty of our Anceſtors. His Mother greatly applauded herſelf at his Return; and now being Maſter of his own Fortune, he ſoon procured himſelf a Seat in Parliament, and was in the common Opinion one of the fineſt Gentlemen of his Age: but what diſtinguiſhed him chiefly, was a ſtrange Delight which he took in every thing which is ridiculous, odious, and abſurd in his own Species; ſo that he never choſe a Companion without one or more of theſe Ingredients, and thoſe who were marked by Nature in the moſt eminent Degree with them, were moſt his Favourites: if he ever found a Man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, theſe Imperfections, he took great Pleaſure in inventing Methods of forcing him into Abſurdities, which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and expoſing thoſe that were; for which Purpoſe he was always provided with a Set of Fellows whom we have before called Curs; and who did indeed no great Honour to the Canine Kind: Their Buſineſs was to hunt out and diſplay every thing that had any Savour of the abovementioned Qualities, and eſpecially in the graveſt and beſt Characters: But if they failed in their Search, they were to turn even Virtue and Wiſdom themſelves into Ridicule for the Diverſion of their Maſter and Feeder. The Gentlemen of Curlike Diſpoſition, who were now at his Houſe, and whom he had

brought with him from *London*, were an old Half-pay Officer, a Player, a dull Poet, a Quack-Doctor, a ſcraping Fiddler, and a lame *German* Dancing Maſter.

As ſoon as Dinner was ſerved, while Mr. *Adams* was ſaying Grace, the Captain conveyed his Chair from behind him; ſo that when he endeavoured to ſeat himſelf he fell down on the Ground; and this compleated Joke the firſt, to the great Entertainment of the whole Company. The ſecond Joke was performed by the Poet, who ſat next him on the other Side, and took an Opportunity, while poor *Adams* was reſpectfully drinking to the Maſter of the Houſe, to overturn a Plate of Soup into his Breeches; which, with the many Apologies he made, and the Parſon's gentle Anſwers, cauſed much Mirth in the Company. Joke the third was ſerved up by one of the Waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a Quantity of Gin into Mr. *Adams*'s Ale, which he declaring to be the beſt Liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the Malt, contributed again to their Laughter. Mr. *Adams*, from whom we had moſt of this Relation, could not recollect all the Jeſts of this kind practiſed on him, which the inoffenſive Diſpoſition of his own Heart made him ſlow in diſcovering; and indeed had it not been for the Information which we received from a Servant of the Family, this Part of our Hiſtory, which we take to be none of the leaſt curious, muſt have been deplorably imperfect; tho' we muſt own it probable, that ſome more Jokes were (as they call it) *cracked* during their Dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the Knowledge of them. When Dinner was removed, the Poet began to repeat

repeat ſome Verſes, which he ſaid were made *extempore*. The following is a Copy of them, procured with the greateſt Difficulty.

An extempore *Poem on Parſon* Adams.

Did ever Mortal ſuch a Parſon view;
His Caſſock old, his Wig not over-new?
Well might the Hounds have him for Fox miſ-
taken,
In Smell more like to that than ruſty Bacon.*
But would it not make any Mortal ſtare,
To ſee this Parſon taken for a Hare?
Could Phœbus *err thus groſly, even he*
For a good Player might have taken thee.

At which Words the Bard whip'd off the Player's Wig, and received the Approbation of the Company, rather perhaps for the Dexterity of his Hand than his Head. The Player, inſtead of retorting the Jeſt on the Poet, began to diſplay his Talents on the ſame Subject. He repeated many Scraps of Wit out of Plays, reflecting on the whole Body of the Clergy, which were received with great Acclamations by all preſent. It was now the Dancing-Maſter's Turn to exhibit his Talents; he therefore, addreſſing himſelf to *Adams* in broken *Engliſh*, told him, 'He was a Man 'ver well made for de Dance, and he ſuppoſe 'by his Walk, dat he had learn of ſome great 'Maſter. He ſaid it was ver pritty Quality in 'Clergyman to dance;' and concluded with deſiring him to dance a Minuet, telling him, 'his 'Caſſock would ſerve for Petticoats; and that

* All Hounds that will hunt Fox or other Vermin, will hunt a Piece of ruſty Bacon trailed on the Ground.

'he would himſelf be his Partner.' At which Words, without waiting for an Anſwer, he pull-ed out his Gloves, and the Fiddler was preparing his Fiddle. The Company all offered the Dancing-Maſter Wagers that the Parſon outdanced him, which he refuſed, ſaying, 'He believed ſo 'too; for he had never ſeen any Man in his 'Life who looked de Dance ſo well as de Gen-'tleman.' He then ſtepped forwards to take *Adams* by the Hand, which the latter haſtily with-drew; and at the ſame time clenching his Fiſt, ad-viſed him not to carry the Jeſt too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The Dancing-Maſter no ſooner ſaw the Fiſt than he prudently retired out of its Reach, and ſtood aloof mimick-ing *Adams*, whoſe Eyes were fixed on him, not gueſſing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the Captain perceiving an Op-portunity, pinned a Cracker or Devil to the Caſ-ſock, and then lighted it with their little Smoaking-Candle. *Adams* being a Stranger to this Sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, ſtarted from his Chair, and jumped about the Room, to the infinite Joy of the Beholders, who declared he was the beſt Dancer in the Univerſe. As ſoon as the Devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his Confuſion, he returned to the Table, ſtanding up in the Poſ-ture of one who intended to make a Speech. They all cried out, *Hear him, hear him:* and he then ſpoke in the following Manner: 'Sir, I 'am ſorry to ſee one to whom Providence hath 'been ſo bountiful in beſtowing his Favours, 'make ſo ill and ungrateful a Return for them; 'for tho' you have not inſulted me yourſelf, it

'is

'is visible you have delighted in those that do it, 'nor have once discouraged the many Rudenesses 'which have been shewn towards me; indeed 'towards yourself, if you rightly understood 'them; for I am your Guest, and by the Laws 'of Hospitality entitled to your Protection. One 'Gentleman hath thought proper to produce 'some Poetry upon me, of which I shall only 'say, that I had rather be the Subject than the 'Composer. He hath pleased to treat me with 'Disrespect as a Parson. I apprehend my Order 'is not the Subject of Scorn, nor that I can be-'come so, unless by being a Disgrace to it, which 'I hope Poverty will never be called. Another 'Gentleman indeed hath repeated some Sentences, 'where the Order itself is mentioned with Con-'tempt. He says they are taken from Plays. I 'am sure such Plays are a Scandal to the Go-'vernment which permits them, and cursed will 'be the Nation where they are represented. 'How others have treated me, I need not ob-'serve; they themselves, when they reflect, 'must allow the Behaviour to be as improper to 'my Years as to my Cloth. You found me, 'Sir, travelling with two of my Parishioners, (I 'omit your Hounds falling on me; for I have 'quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from 'the Wantonness or Negligence of the Hunts-'man) my Appearance might very well persuade 'you that your Invitation was an Act of Chari-'ty, tho' in reality we are well provided; yes, 'Sir, if we had an hundred Miles to travel, 'we had sufficient to bear our Expences in a 'noble Manner.' (At which Words he produced the half-Guinea which was found in the Basket) 'I do not shew you this out of Ostentation of

'Riches, but to convince you I ſpeak Truth. 'Your ſeating me at your Table was an Honour 'which I did not ambitiouſly affect. When I 'was here, I endeavoured to behave towards 'you with the utmoſt Reſpect; if I have failed, 'it was not with Deſign; nor could I, certainly, 'ſo far be guilty as to deſerve the Inſults I have 'ſuffered. If they were meant therefore either 'to my Order or my Poverty, (and you ſee I am 'not very poor) the Shame doth not lie at my 'Door, and I heartily pray that the Sin may be 'averted from yours.' He thus finiſhed, and received a general Clap from the whole Company. Then the Gentleman of the Houſe told him, 'he was ſorry for what had happened; 'that he could not accuſe him of any Share in 'it: That the Verſes were, as himſelf had well 'obſerved, ſo bad, that he might eaſily anſwer 'them; and for the Serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great Affront done him by the Dancing-Maſter, for which, if he well threſhed 'him, as he deſerved, the Gentleman ſaid he 'ſhould be very much pleaſed to ſee it;' (in which probably he ſpoke Truth.) *Adams* anſwered, 'Whoever had done it, it was not his Profeſſion 'to puniſh him that Way; but for the Perſon 'whom he had accuſed, I am a Witneſs, ſays he, 'of his Innocence; for I had my Eye on him all 'the while. Whoever he is, God forgive him, 'and beſtow on him a little more Senſe as well as 'Humanity.' The Captain anſwered with a ſurly Look and Accent, 'That he hoped he did not 'mean to reflect on him; d—n him, he had as 'much *Imanity* as another, and if any Man ſaid 'he had not, he would convince him of his 'Miſtake by cutting his Throat.' *Adams* ſmiling, ſaid,

ſaid, 'He believed he had ſpoke right by Acci-
'dent.' To which the Captain returned, 'What
'do you mean by my ſpeaking right? If you
'was not a Parſon, I would not take theſe
'Words; but your Gown protects you. If any
'Man who wears a Sword had ſaid ſo much, I
'had pulled him by the Noſe before this.' *Adams* replied, 'If he attempted any Rudeneſs to
'his Perſon, he would not find any Protection
'for himſelf in his Gown;' and clenching his Fiſt, declared he had threſhed many a ſtouter Man. The Gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike Diſpoſition in *Adams*, and was in Hopes to have produced a Battle: But he was diſappointed; for the Captain made no other Anſwer than, 'It is very well you are a Parſon;' and ſo drinking off a Bumper to old Mother Church, ended the Diſpute.

Then the Doctor, who had hitherto been ſilent, and who was the graveſt, but moſt miſchievous Dog of all, in a very pompous Speech highly applauded what *Adams* had ſaid; and as much diſcommended the Behaviour to him. He proceeded to Encomiums on the Church and Poverty; and laſtly recommended Forgiveneſs of what had paſt to *Adams*, who immediately anſwered, 'That
'every thing was forgiven;' and in the Warmth of his Goodneſs he filled a Bumper of ſtrong Beer, (a Liquor he preferred to Wine) and drank a Health to the whole Company, ſhaking the Captain and the Poet heartily by the Hand, and addreſſing himſelf with great Reſpect to the Doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any thing that paſt, as he had a perfect Command of his Muſcles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the leaſt Symptoms in his Counte-

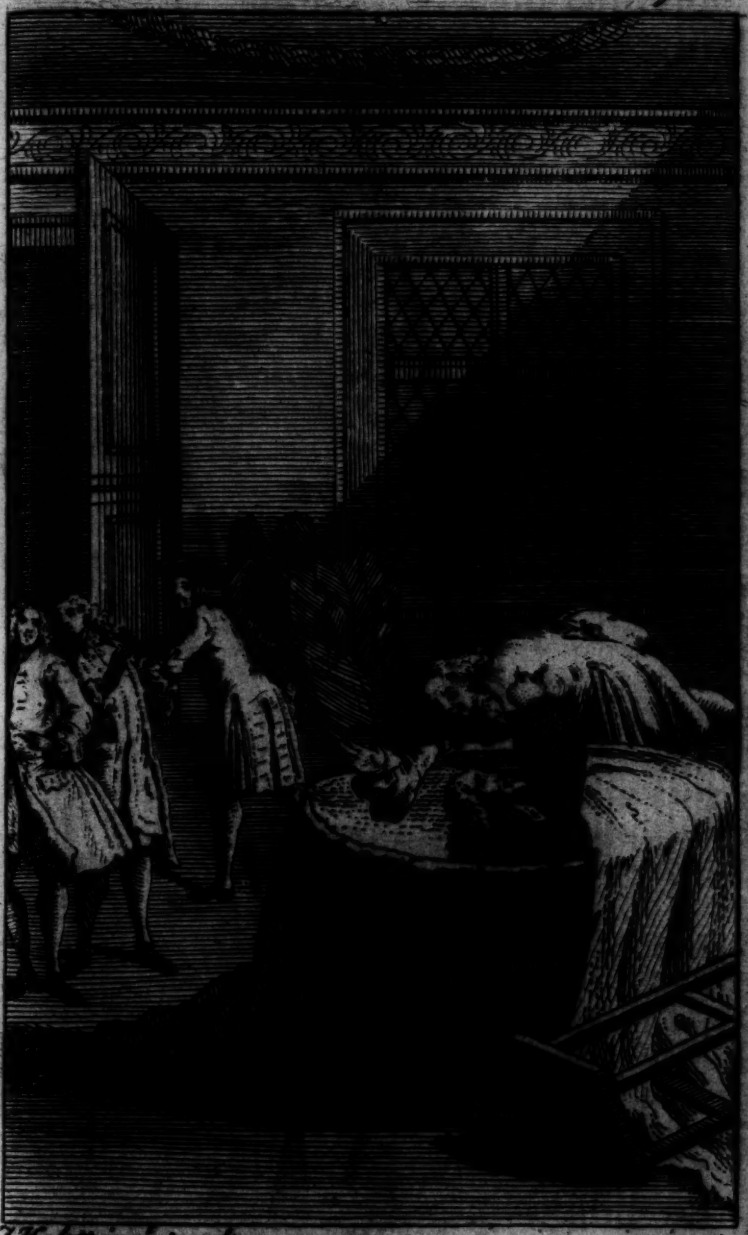
nance. The Doctor now began a ſecond formal Speech, in which he declaimed againſt all Levity of Converſation, and what is uſually called Mirth. He ſaid, 'There were Amuſements fit-'ed for Perſons of all Ages and Degrees, from 'the Rattle to the diſcuſſing a Point of Philoſo-'phy, and that Men diſcovered themſelves in 'nothing more than in the Choice of their A-'muſements; for,' ſays he, 'as it muſt greatly 'raiſe our Expectation of the future Conduct in 'Life of Boys, whom in their tender Years we 'perceive, inſtead of Taw or Balls, or other 'childiſh Play-things, to chuſe, at their Leiſure-'Hours, to exerciſe their Genius in Contentions 'of Wit, Learning, and ſuch like; ſo muſt it 'inſpire one with equal Contempt of a Man, if 'we ſhould diſcover him playing at Taw or other 'childiſh Play.' *Adams* highly commended the Doctor's Opinion, and ſaid, 'He had often 'wondered at ſome Paſſages in ancient Au-'thors, where *Scipio*, *Lælius*, and other great 'Men, were repreſented to have paſſed many 'Hours in Amuſements of the moſt trifling 'kind.' The Doctor replied, 'He had by him 'an old *Greek* Manuſcript where a favourite Di-'verſion of *Socrates* was recorded.' 'Ay,' ſays the Parſon eagerly, 'I ſhould be moſt infi-'nitely obliged to you for the Favour of peruſing 'it.' The Doctor promiſed to ſend it him, and farther ſaid, 'that he believed he could deſcribe 'it. I think,' ſays he, 'as near as I can re-'member, it was this. There was a Throne 'erected, on one Side of which ſat a King, and 'on the other a Queen, with their Guards and 'Attendants ranged on both Sides; to them was 'introduced an Ambaſſador, which Part *Socrates*

'always uſed to perform himſelf; and when he 'was led up to the Footſteps of the Throne, he 'addreſſed himſelf to the Monarchs in ſome 'grave Speech, full of Virtue and Goodneſs, and 'Morality, and ſuch like. After which, he 'was ſeated between the King and Queen, and 'royally entertained. This I think was the chief 'Part.——Perhaps I may have forgot ſome Par-'ticulars; for it is long ſince I read it.' *Adams* ſaid, 'It was indeed a Diverſion worthy the Re-'laxation of ſo great a Man; and thought ſome-'thing reſembling it ſhould be inſtituted among 'our great Men, inſtead of Cards and other 'idle Paſtime, in which he was informed they 'trifled away too much of their Lives.' He add-ed, 'The Chriſtian Religion was a nobler Sub-'ject for theſe Speeches than any *Socrates* could 'have invented.' The Gentleman of the Houſe approved what Mr. *Adams* ſaid, and declared, 'he was reſolved to perform the Ceremony this 'very Evening.' To which the Doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a Speech, 'unleſs,' ſaid he, (turning to *Adams* with a Gravity of Countenance which would have deceived a more knowing Man) 'you have a Sermon about you, 'Doctor.'——'Sir,' ſays *Adams*, 'I never travel 'without one, for fear what may happen.' He was eaſily prevailed on by his worthy Friend, as he now called the Doctor, to undertake the Part of an Ambaſſador; ſo that the Gentleman ſent immediate Orders to have the Throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two Bottles: And perhaps the Reader will hereafter have no great Reaſon to admire the Nimbleneſs of the Servants. Indeed, to confeſs the Truth, the Throne was no more than this; there was a

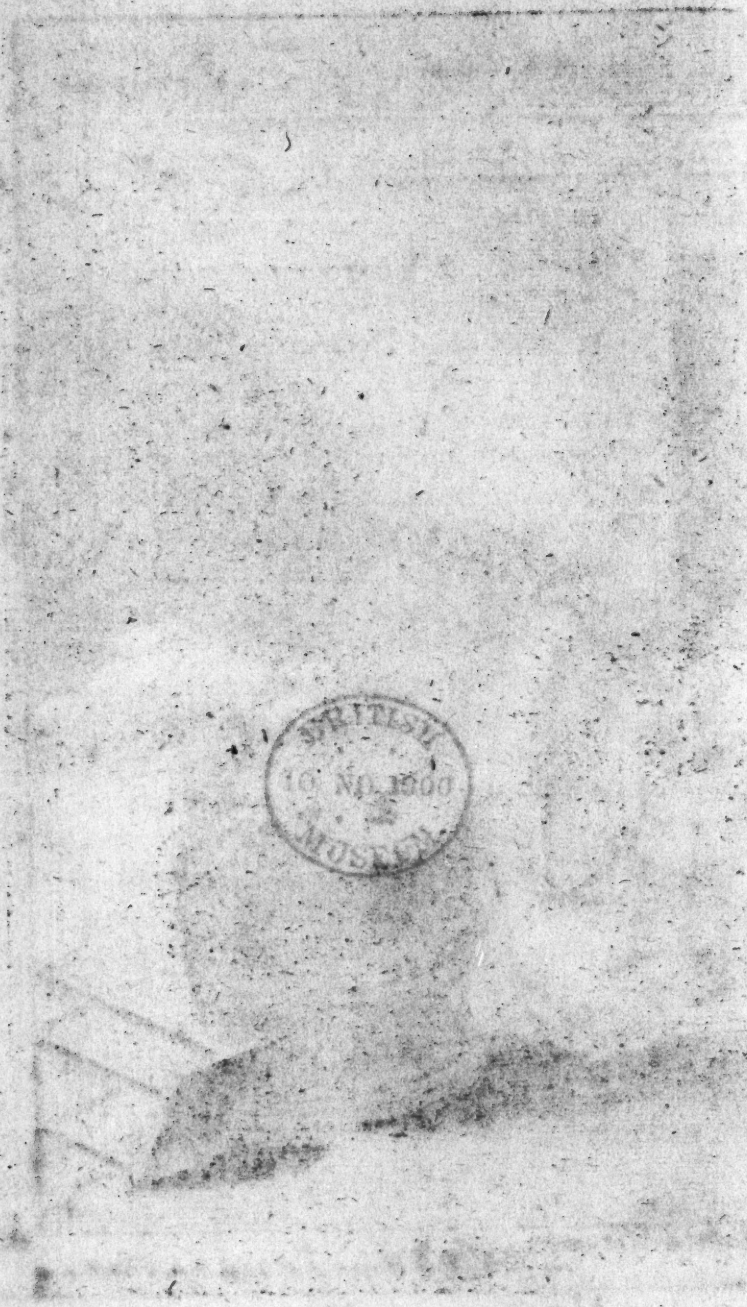
great

great Tub of Water provided, on each Side of which were placed two Stools raiſed higher than the Surface of the Tub, and over the whole was laid a Blanket; on theſe Stools were placed the King and Queen, namely, the Maſter of the Houſe, and the Captain. And now the Ambaſſador was introduced, between the Poet and the Doctor, who, having read his Sermon to the great Entertainment of all preſent, was led up to his Place, and ſeated between their Majeſties. They immediately roſe up, when the Blanket, wanting its Supports at either End, gave way, and ſouſed *Adams* over Head and Ears in the Water; the Captain made his Eſcape, but unluckily the Gentleman himſelf not being as nimble as he ought, *Adams* caught hold of him before he deſcended from his Throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire ſecret Satisfaction of all the Company. *Adams*, after ducking the Squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the Tub, and looked ſharp for the Doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the ſame Place of Honour; but he had wiſely withdrawn: he then ſearched for his Crabſtick, and having found that, as well as his Fellow-Travellers; he declared he would not ſtay a Moment longer in ſuch a Houſe. He then departed, without taking Leave of his Hoſt, whom he had exacted a more ſevere Revenge on than he intended: For as he did not uſe ſufficient Care to dry himſelf in time, he caught a Cold by the Accident, which threw him into a Fever, that had like to have coſt him his Life.

CHAP.



T Hulett inv.t et sculp. Published March 1.1743/3 by A Millar.


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CHAP. VIII.

Which ſome Readers will think too ſhort, and others too long.

Adams, and *Joſeph*, who was no leſs enraged than his Friend at the Treatment he met with, went out with their Sticks in their Hands, and carried off *Fanny*, notwithſtanding the Oppoſition of the Servants, who did all, without proceeding to Violence, in their Power to detain them. They walked as faſt as they could, not ſo much from any Apprehenſion of being purſued, as that Mr. *Adams* might by Exerciſe prevent any Harm from the Water. The Gentleman, who had given ſuch Orders to his Servants concerning *Fanny*, that he did not in the leaſt fear her getting away, no ſooner heard that ſhe was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately diſpatched ſeveral with Orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The Poet, the Player, and all but the Dancing-Maſter and Doctor went on this Errand.

The Night was very dark, in which our Friends began their Journey; however they made ſuch Expedition, that they ſoon arrived at an Inn, which was at ſeven Miles Diſtance. Here they unanimouſly conſented to paſs the Evening, Mr. *Adams* being now as dry as he was before he had ſet out on his Embaſſy.

This Inn, which indeed we might call an Alehouſe, had not the Words, *The New Inn*, been writ on the Sign, afforded them no better Proviſion than Bread and Cheeſe, and Ale; on which, however,

however, they made a very comfortable Meal; for Hunger is better than a *French* Cook.

They had no ſooner ſupped, than *Adams*, returning Thanks to the Almighty for his Food, declared he had eat his homely Commons with much greater Satisfaction than his ſplendid Dinner, and expreſſed great Contempt for the Folly of Mankind, who ſacrifice their Hopes of Heaven to the Acquiſition of vaſt Wealth; ſince ſo much Comfort was to be found in the humbleſt State and the loweſt Proviſion. 'Very true, Sir, ſays a grave Man, who ſat ſmoaking his Pipe by the Fire, and who was a Traveller as well as himſelf. 'I have often been as much ſurprized as 'you are, when I conſider the Value which Mankind in general ſet on Riches; ſince every Day's 'Experience ſhews us how little is in their 'Power; for what indeed truly deſirable can 'they beſtow on us? Can they give Beauty to 'the Deformed, Strength to the Weak, or 'Health to the Infirm? Surely if they could, we 'ſhould not ſee ſo many ill-favoured Faces haunting the Aſſemblies of the Great, nor would ſuch 'Numbers of feeble Wretches languiſh in their 'Coaches and Palaces. No, not the Wealth of 'a Kingdom can purchaſe any Paint to dreſs pale 'Uglineſs in the Bloom of that young Maiden, 'nor any Drugs to equip Diſeaſe with the Vigour of that young Man. Do not Riches 'bring us Solicitude inſtead of Reſt, Envy inſtead of Affection, and Danger inſtead of Safety? Can they prolong their own Poſſeſſion, or 'lengthen his Days, who enjoys them? So far 'otherwiſe, that the Sloth, the Luxury, the 'Care which attend them, ſhorten the Lives of 'Millions, and bring them with Pain and Mi-

'ſery

'ſery to an untimely Grave. Where then is 'their Value, if they can neither embelliſh, or 'ſtrengthen our Forms, ſweeten or prolong our 'Lives? Again —— Can they adorn the Mind 'more than the Body? Do they not rather ſwell 'the Heart with Vanity, puff up the Cheeks 'with Pride, ſhut our Ears to every call of Vir-'tue, and our Bowels to every Motive of Com-'paſſion!' 'Give me your Hand, Brother,' ſaid *Adams* in a Rapture; 'for I ſuppoſe you are 'a Clergyman.' 'No truly,' anſwered the other, (indeed he was a Prieſt of the Church of *Rome*; but thoſe who underſtand our Laws, will not wonder he was not over-ready to own it.) 'Whatever you are,' cries *Adams*, 'you have 'ſpoken my Sentiments: I believe I have preach-'ed every Syllable of your Speech twenty times 'over: For it hath always appeared to me eaſier 'for a Cable Rope (which by the way is the 'true rendering of that Word we have tranſlated '*Camel*) to go through the Eye of a Needle, 'than for a rich Man to get into the Kingdom 'of Heaven.' 'That, Sir,' ſaid the other, 'will be eaſily granted you by Divines, and is 'deplorably true; but as the Proſpect of our 'Good at a Diſtance doth not ſo forcibly affect 'us, it might be of ſome Service to Mankind to 'be made thoroughly ſenſible, which I think 'they might be with very little ſerious Attention, 'that even the Bleſſings of this World are not to 'be purchaſed with Riches. A Doctrine, in my 'Opinion, not only metaphyſically, but, if I 'may ſo ſay, mathematically demonſtrable; and 'which I have been always ſo perfectly convin-'ced of, that I have a Contempt for nothing ſo 'much as for Gold.' *Adams* now began a long Diſcourſe;

Diſcourſe; but as moſt which he ſaid occurs among many Authors who have treated this Subject, I ſhall omit inſerting it. During its Continuance, *Joſeph* and *Fanny* retired to Reſt, and the Hoſt likewiſe left the Room. When the *Engliſh* Parſon had concluded, the *Romiſh* reſumed the Diſcourſe, which he continued with great Bitterneſs and Invective; and at laſt ended by deſiring *Adams* to lend him eighteen Pence to pay his Reckoning; promiſing, if he never paid him, he might be aſſured of his Prayers. The good Man anſwered, that eighteen Pence would be too little to carry him any very long Journey; that he had half a Guinea in his Pocket which he would divide with him. He then fell to ſearching his Pockets, but could find no Money: For indeed the Company with whom he dined, had paſt one Jeſt upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his Pocket of all that Treaſure which he had ſo oſtentatiouſly produced.

'Bleſs me,' cried *Adams*, 'I have certainly 'loſt it; I can never have ſpent it. Sir, as I 'am a Chriſtian, I had a whole half Guinea 'in my Pocket this Morning, and have not now 'a ſingle Halfpenny of it left. Sure the Devil 'muſt have taken it from me.' 'Sir,' anſwered the Prieſt ſmiling, 'you need make no Ex'cuſes; if you are not willing to lend me the 'Money, I am contented.' 'Sir,' cries *Adams*, 'if I had the greateſt Sum in the World; ay, 'if I had ten Pounds about me, I would beſtow 'it all to reſcue any Chriſtian from Diſtreſs. I 'am more vexed at my Loſs on your Account 'than my own. Was ever any Thing ſo un'lucky? becauſe I have no Money in my Poc'ket, I ſhall be ſuſpected to be no Chriſtian.'

'I am

'I am more unlucky,' quoth the other, 'if you 'are as generous as you ſay; For really a Crown 'would have made me happy, and conveyed me 'in Plenty to the Place I am going, which is not 'above twenty Miles off, and where I can arrive 'by to-morrow Night. I aſſure you I am not 'accuſtomed to travel Pennyleſs. I am but juſt 'arrived in *England*; and we were forced by a 'Storm in our Paſſage to throw all we had, over-'board. I do not ſuſpect but this Fellow will take 'my Word for the Trifle I owe him; but I 'hate to appear ſo mean as to confeſs myſelf 'without a Shilling to ſuch People: For theſe, 'and indeed too many others, know little Dif-'ference in their Eſtimation between a Beggar 'and a Thief.' However, he thought he ſhould deal better with the Hoſt that Evening than the next Morning; he therefore reſolved to ſet out immediately, notwithſtanding the Darkneſs; and accordingly, as ſoon as the Hoſt returned, he communicated to him the Situation of his Affairs; upon which the Hoſt ſcratching his Head, an-ſwered, 'Why, I do not know, Maſter, if it 'be ſo, and you have no Money, I muſt truſt, 'I think, tho' I had rather always have ready 'Money if I could; but, marry, you look like 'ſo honeſt a Gentleman, that I do not fear your 'paying me, if it was twenty times as much.' The Prieſt made no Reply, but taking Leave of him and *Adams* as faſt as he could, not without Confuſion, and perhaps with ſome Diſtruſt of *Adams*'s Sincerity, departed.

He was no ſooner gone than the Hoſt fell a ſhaking his Head, and declared, if he had ſuſ-pected the Fellow had no Money, he would not have drawn him a ſingle Drop of Drink; ſaying,

he deſpaired of ever ſeeing his Face again; for that he looked like a conſounded Rogue. 'Rabbit the Fellow,' cries he, 'I thought by his 'talking ſo much about Riches, that he had a 'hundred Pounds at leaſt in his Pockets.' *Adams* chid him for his Suſpicions, which he ſaid were not becoming a Chriſtian; and then, without reflecting on his Loſs, or conſidering how he himſelf ſhould depart in the Morning, he retired to a very homely Bed, as his Companions had before; however, Health and Fatigue gave them a ſweeter Repoſe than is often in the Power of Velvet and Down to beſtow.

CHAP. IX.

Containing as ſurprizing and bloody Adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps any other authentic Hiſtory.

IT was almoſt Morning, when *Joſeph Andrews*, whoſe Eyes the Thoughts of his dear *Fanny* had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely Creature, heard a violent Knocking at the Door over which he lay. He preſently jumped out of Bed, and opening the Window, was aſked if there were no Travellers in the Houſe; and preſently by another Voice, if two Men and a young Woman had not taken up their Lodgings there that Night. Tho' he knew not the Voices, he began to entertain a Suſpicion of the Truth; for indeed he had received ſome Information from one of the Servants of the Squire's Houſe, of his Deſign; and anſwered in the Negative. One of the Servants, who knew the Hoſt well,

well, called out to him by his Name, juſt as he had opened another Window, and aſked him the ſame Queſtion: to which he anſwered in the Affirmative. O ho! ſaid another; have we found you? and ordered the Hoſt to come down and open his Door. *Fanny*, who was as wakeful as *Joſeph*, no ſooner heard all this, than ſhe leap'd from her Bed, and haſtily putting on her Gown and Petticoats, ran as faſt as poſſible to *Joſeph*'s Room, who then was almoſt dreſt; he immediately let her in, and embracing her with the moſt paſſionate Tenderneſs, bid her fear nothing; for he would die in her Defence. 'Is that a Rea-'ſon why I ſhould not fear,' ſays ſhe, 'when 'I ſhould loſe what is dearer to me than the 'whole World?' *Joſeph* then kiſſing her Hand, ſaid he could almoſt thank the Occaſion which had extorted from her a Tenderneſs ſhe would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his Bedfellow *Adams*, who was yet faſt aſleep, notwithſtanding many Calls from *Joſeph*: But was no ſooner made ſenſible of their Danger than he leaped from his Bed, without conſidering the Preſence of *Fanny*, who haſtily turned her Face from him, and enjoyed a double Benefit from the Dark, which as it would have prevented any Offence to an Innocence leſs pure, or a Modeſty leſs delicate, ſo it concealed even thoſe Bluſhes which were raiſed in her.

Adams had ſoon put on all his Clothes but his Breeches, which in the Hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well ſupplied by the Length of his other Garments: And now the Houſe-Door being opened, the Captain, the Poet, the Player, and three Servants came in. The Captain told the Hoſt, that two Fellows who were in his Houſe,

Houſe, had run away with a young Woman; and deſired to know in which Room ſhe lay. The Hoſt, who preſently believed the Story, directed them, and inſtantly the Captain and Poet, joſtling one another, ran up. The Poet, who was the nimbleſt, entering the Chamber firſt, ſearched the Bed and every other Part, but to no Purpoſe; the Bird was flown, as the impatient Reader, who might otherwiſe have been in Pain for her, was before advertiſed. They then enquired where the Men lay, and were approaching the Chamber, when *Joſeph* roared out in a loud Voice, that he would ſhoot the firſt Man who offered to attack the Door. The Captain enquired what Fire-Arms they had; to which the Hoſt anſwered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almoſt convinced of it: for he had heard one aſk the other in the Evening, what they ſhould have done, if they had been overtaken when they had no Arms; to which the other anſwered, they would have defended themſelves with their Sticks as long as they were able, and God would aſſiſt a juſt Cauſe. This ſatisfied the Captain, but not the Poet, who prudently retreated down Stairs, ſaying, it was his Buſineſs to record great Actions, and not to do them. The Captain was no ſooner well ſatisfied that there were no Fire-Arms, than bidding Defiance to Gun-powder, and ſwearing he loved the Smell of it, he ordered the Servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the Door, which the Servants ſoon helped him to accompliſh. When it was opened, they diſcovered the Enemy drawn up three deep; *Adams* in the Front, and *Fanny* in the Rear. The Captain told *Adams*, that if they would go all back

back to the Houſe again, they ſhould be civilly treated: but unleſs they conſented, he had Orders to carry the young Lady with him, whom there was great Reaſon to believe they had ſtolen from her Parents; for notwithſtanding her Diſguiſe, her Air, which ſhe could not conceal, ſufficiently diſcovered her Birth to be infinitely ſuperior to theirs. *Fanny* burſting into Tears, ſolemnly aſſured him he was miſtaken; that ſhe was a poor helpleſs Foundling, and had no Relation in the World which ſhe knew of; and throwing herſelf on her Knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her Friends, who ſhe was convinced would die before they would loſe her; which *Adams* confirmed with Words not far from amounting to an Oath. The Captain ſwore he had no Leiſure to talk, and bidding them thank themſelves for what happened, he ordered the Servants to fall on, at the ſame time endeavouring to paſs by *Adams*, in Order to lay hold on *Fanny*; but the Parſon interrupting him, received a Blow from one of them, which, without conſidering whence it came, he returned to the Captain, and gave him ſo dextrous a Knock in that Part of the Stomach which is vulgarly called the Pit, that he ſtaggered ſome Paces backwards. The Captain, who was not accuſtomed to this kind of Play, and who wiſely apprehended the Conſequence of ſuch another Blow, two of them ſeeming to him equal to a Thruſt through the Body, drew forth his Hanger, as *Adams* approached him, and was levelling a Blow at his Head, which would probably have ſilenced the Preacher for ever, had not *Joſeph* in that Inſtant lifted up a certain huge Stone Pot of the Chamber with one Hand, which ſix Beaus could not

have lifted with both, and diſcharged it, together with the Contents, full in the Captain's Face. The uplifted Hanger dropped from his Hand, and he fell proſtrate on the Floor *with a lumpiſh Noiſe, and his Halfpence rattled in his Pocket*; the red Liquor which his Veins contained, and the white Liquor which the Pot contained, ran in one Stream down his Face and his Clothes. Nor had *Adams* quite eſcaped, ſome of the Water having in its Paſſage ſhed its Honours on his Head, and began to tickle down the Wrinkles or rather Furrows of his Cheeks, when one of the Servants ſnatching a Mop out of a Pail of Water which had already done its Duty in waſhing the Houſe, puſhed it in the Parſon's Face; yet could not he bear him down; for the Parſon wreſting the Mop from the Fellow with one Hand, with the other brought his Enemy as low as the Earth, having given him a Stroke over that Part of the Face, where, in ſome Men of Pleaſure, the natural and artificial Noſes are conjoined.

Hitherto Fortune ſeemed to incline the Victory on the Travellers Side, when, according to her Cuſtom, ſhe began to ſhew the Fickleneſs of her Diſpoſition: For now the Hoſt entering the Field, or rather Chamber of Battle, flew directly at *Joſeph*, and darting his Head into his Stomach (for he was a ſtout Fellow, and an expert Boxer) almoſt ſtaggered him; but *Joſeph* ſtepping one Leg back, did with his left Hand ſo chuck him under the Chin that he reeled. The Youth was purſuing his Blow with his right Hand, when he received from one of the Servants ſuch a Stroke with a Cudgel on his Temples, that it inſtantly deprived

deprived him of Senſe, and he meaſured his Length on the Ground.

Fanny rent the Air with her Cries, and *Adams* was coming to the Aſſiſtance of *Joſeph*: But the two Serving Men and the Hoſt now fell on him, and ſoon ſubdued him, tho' he fought like a Madman, and looked ſo black with the Impreſſions he had received from the Mop, that *Don Quixote* would certainly have taken him for an inchanted *Moor*. But now follows the moſt tragical Part; for the Captain was riſen again; and ſeeing *Joſeph* on the Floor, and *Adams* ſecured, he inſtantly laid hold on *Fanny*, and with the Aſſiſtance of the Poet and Player, who hearing the Battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her Hair, from the Sight of her *Joſeph*, and with a perfect Deafneſs to all her Entreaties, carried her down Stairs by Violence, and faſtened her on the Player's Horſe; and the Captain mounting his own, and leading that, on which this poor miſerable Wretch was, departed without any more Conſideration of her Cries than a Butcher hath of thoſe of a Lamb; for indeed his Thoughts were entertained only with the Degree of Favour which he promiſed himſelf from the Squire on the Succeſs of this Adventure.

The Servants, who were ordered to ſecure *Adams* and *Joſeph* as ſafe as poſſible, that the Squire might receive no Interruption to his Deſign on poor *Fanny*, immediately, by the Poet's Advice, tied *Adams* to one of the Bed-poſts, as they did *Joſeph* on the other Side, as ſoon as they could bring him to himſelf; and then leaving them together, back to back, and deſiring the Hoſt not to ſet them at Liberty, nor to go near them till

he had farther Orders, they departed towards their Maſter; but happened to take a different Road from that which the Captain had fallen into.

CHAP. X.

A Diſcourſe between the Poet and Player; of no other Uſe in this Hiſtory, but to divert the Reader.

BEfore we proceed any farther in this Tragedy, we ſhall leave Mr. *Joſeph* and Mr. *Adams* to themſelves, and imitate the wiſe Conductors of the Stage; who in the midſt of a grave Action entertain you with ſome excellent Piece of Satire or Humour called a Dance. Which Piece indeed is therefore danced, and not ſpoke, as it is delivered to the Audience by Perſons whoſe thinking Faculty is by moſt People held to lie in their Heels; and to whom, as well as Heroes, who think with their Hands, Nature hath only given Heads for the Sake of Conformity, and as they are of Uſe in Dancing, to hang their Hats on.

The Poet, addreſſing the Player, proceeded thus: 'As I was ſaying (for they had been at this Diſcourſe all the time of the Engagement above Stairs) 'the Reaſon you have no good new 'Plays is evident; it is from your Diſcouragement of Authors. Gentlemen will not write, 'Sir, they will not write without the Expectation of Fame or Profit, or perhaps both. Plays 'are like Trees which will not grow without 'Nouriſhment; but, like Muſhrooms, they 'ſhoot up ſpontaneouſly, as it were, in a rich 'Soil.

'Soil. The Muſes, like Vines, may be pruned, 'but not with a Hatchet. The Town, like a 'peeviſh Child, knows not what it deſires, and 'is always beſt pleaſed with a Rattle. A Farce-'Writer hath indeed ſome Chance for Succeſs; 'but they have loſt all Taſte for their Sublime. 'Tho' I believe one Reaſon of their Depravity 'is the Badneſs of the Actors. If a Man writes 'like an Angel, Sir, thoſe Fellows know not 'how to give a Sentiment Utterance.' 'Not 'ſo faſt,' ſays the Player; 'the modern Actors 'are as good at leaſt as their Authors, nay, they 'come nearer their illuſtrious Predeceſſors, and 'I expect a *Booth* on the Stage again, ſooner 'than a *Shakeſpeare* or an *Otway*; and indeed I 'may turn your Obſervation againſt you, and 'with Truth ſay, that the Reaſon no Authors 'are encouraged, is becauſe we have no good 'new Plays.' 'I have not affirmed the contra-'ry,' ſaid the Poet; 'but I am ſurprized you 'grow ſo warm; you cannot imagine yourſelf 'intereſted in this Diſpute; I hope you have a 'better Opinion of my Taſte, than to apprehend 'I ſquinted at yourſelf. No, Sir, if we had ſix 'ſuch Actors as you, we ſhould ſoon rival the '*Bettertons* and *Sandfords* of former Times; for 'without a Compliment to you, I think it im-'poſſible for any one to have excelled you in moſt 'of your Parts. Nay, it is ſolemn Truth, and 'I have heard many, and all great Judges, ex-'preſs as much; and you will pardon me if I 'tell you, I think every time I have ſeen you 'lately, you have conſtantly acquired ſome new 'Excellence, like a Snowball. You have de-'ceived me in my Eſtimation of Perfection, and 'have outdone what I thought inimitable.' 'You

'are as little intereſted,' anſwered the Player, 'in what I have ſaid of other Poets; for d——n 'me if there are not many Strokes, ay whole 'Scenes, in your laſt Tragedy, which at leaſt 'equal *Shakeſpear*. There is a Delicacy of Sen-'timent, a Dignity of Expreſſion in it, which I 'will own many of our Gentlemen did not do 'adequate Juſtice to. To confeſs the Truth, 'they are bad enough, and I pity an Author 'who is preſent at the Murder of his Works.'— 'Nay, it is but ſeldom that it can happen,' return-ed the Poet, 'the Works of moſt modern Au-'thors, like dead-born Children, cannot be mur-'dered. It is ſuch wretched, half-begotten, 'half-writ, lifeleſs, ſpiritleſs, low, groveling 'Stuff, that I almoſt pity the Actor who is 'obliged to get it by heart, which muſt be almoſt 'as difficult to remember as Words in a Lan-'guage you don't underſtand.' 'I am ſure,' ſaid the Player, 'if the Sentences have little Mean-'ing when they are writ, when they are ſpoken 'they have leſs. I know ſcarce one who ever 'lays an Emphaſis right, and much leſs adapts 'his Action to his Character. I have ſeen a ten-'der Lover in an Attitude of fighting with his 'Miſtreſs, and a brave Hero ſuing to his Enemy 'with his Sword in his Hand.—— I don't care 'to abuſe my Profeſſion, but rot me if in my 'Heart I am not inclined to the Poet's Side.' 'It is rather generous in you than juſt,' ſaid the Poet; 'and tho' I hate to ſpeak ill of any Per-'ſon's Production; nay, I never do it, nor 'will —— but yet, to do Juſtice to the Actors, 'what could *Booth* or *Betterton* have made of 'ſuch horrible Stuff as *Fenton*'s *Mariamne*, '*Frowd*'s *Philotas*, or *Mallet*'s *Eurydice*, or

'thoſe

'those low, dirty, last dying Speeches, which a 'Fellow in the City or *Wapping*, your *Dillo* or '*Lillo*, what was his Name, called Tragedies?' —'Very well,' says the Player, 'and pray what 'do you think of such Fellows as *Quin* and *De-*'*lane*, or that face-making Puppy young *Cibber*, 'that ill-looked Dog *Macklin*, or that saucy Slut 'Mrs. *Clive*? What Work would they make 'with your *Shakespears*, *Otways* and *Lees*? How 'would those harmonious Lines of the last come 'from their Tongues?

'——*No more; for I disdain*
'*All Pomp when thou art by—far be the Noise*
'*Of Kings and Crowns from us, whose gentle Souls*
'*Our kinder Fates have steer'd another Way.*
'*Free as the Forest Birds we'll pair together,*
'*Without rememb'ring who our Fathers were:*
'*Fly to the Arbors, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,*
'*There in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls,*
'*Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,*
'*Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields.*
'*And when the golden Evening calls us home,*
'*Wing to our downy Nests, and sleep till Morn.*

'Or how would this Disdain of *Otway*,

'*Who'd be that foolish, sordid thing, call'd Man?*

'Hold, hold, hold,' said the Poet: 'Do repeat 'that tender Speech in the third Act of my Play 'which you made such a Figure in.'—'I would 'willingly,' said the Player, 'but I have forgot 'it.'—'Ay, you was not quite perfect enough 'in it when you play'd it,' cries the Poet, 'or you 'would have had such an Applause as was never

'given on the Stage, an Applauſe I was ex-
'tremely concerned for your loſing.'——Sure,'
ſays the Player, 'if I remember, that was hiſs'd
'more than any Paſſage in the whole Play.'——
'Ay, your ſpeaking it was hiſs'd,' ſaid the
Poet. 'My ſpeaking it!' ſaid the Player.——
'I mean your not ſpeaking it,' ſaid the Poet.
'You was out, and then they hiſs'd.'—'They
'hiſs'd, and then I was out, if I remember,'
anſwered the Player; 'and I muſt ſay this for
'myſelf, that the whole Audience allowed I did
'your Part Juſtice: ſo don't lay the Damnation
'of your Play to my Account.' 'I don't know
'what you mean by Damnation,' replied the
Poet. 'Why, you know it was acted but one
'Night,' cried the Player. 'No,' ſaid the Poet,
'you and the whole Town were my Enemies;
'the Pit were all my Enemies, Fellows that
'would cut my Throat, if the Fear of hanging
'did not reſtrain them. All Taylors, Sir, all
'Taylors.'——'Why ſhould the Taylors be ſo
'angry with you?' cries the Player. 'I ſup-
'poſe you don't employ ſo many in making your
'Clothes.' 'I admit your Jeſt,' anſwered the
Poet; 'but you remember the Affair as well as
'myſelf; you know there was a Party in the Pit
'and Upper-Gallery that would not ſuffer it to be
'given out again; tho' much, ay infinitely, the
'Majority, all the Boxes in particular, were de-
'ſirous of it; nay, moſt of the Ladies ſwore
'they never would come to the Houſe till it was
'acted again.——Indeed I muſt own their Policy
'was good, in not letting it be given out a ſe-
'cond time; for the Raſcals knew if it had gone
'a ſecond Night, it would have run fifty: for
'if ever there was Diſtreſs in a Tragedy—I am
'not

'not fond of my own Performance; but if I 'ſhould tell you what the beſt Judges ſaid of 'it——Nor was it entirely owing to my Ene-'mies neither, that it did not ſucceed on the 'Stage as well as it hath ſince among the polite 'Readers; for you can't ſay it had Juſtice done 'by the Performers.'—— 'I think,' anſwered the Player, 'the Performers did the Diſtreſs of 'it Juſtice: for I am ſure we were in Diſtreſs 'enough, who were pelted with Oranges all the 'laſt Act; we all imagined it would have been 'the laſt Act of our Lives.'

The Poet, whoſe Fury was now raiſed, had juſt attempted to anſwer, when they were interrupted, and an end put to their Diſcourſe by an Accident; which, if the Reader is impatient to know, he muſt ſkip over the next Chapter, which is a ſort of Counterpart to this, and contains ſome of the beſt and graveſt Matters in the whole Book, being a Diſcourſe between Parſon *Abraham Adams* and Mr. *Joſeph Andrews*.

CHAP. XI.

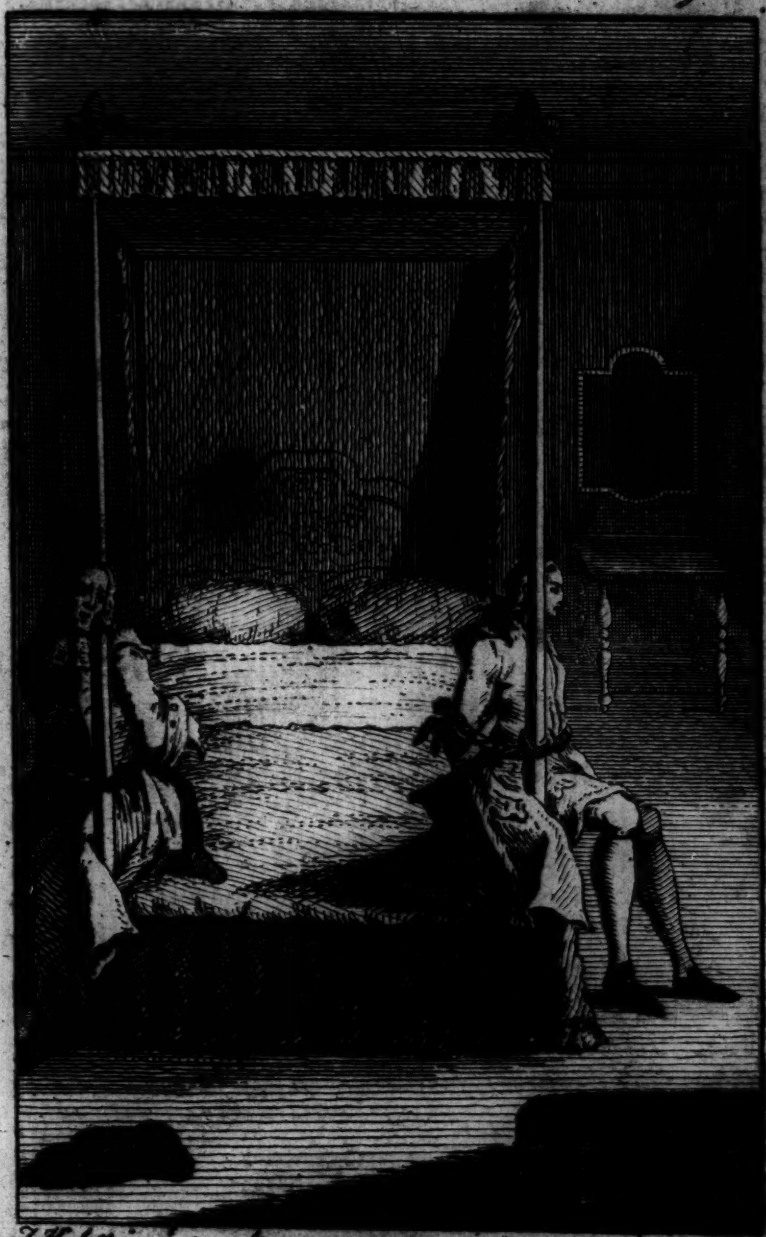
Containing the Exhortations of Parſon Adams *to his Friend in Affliction; calculated for the Inſtruction and Improvement of the Reader.*

JOSEPH no ſooner came perfectly to himſelf, than perceiving his Miſtreſs gone, he bewailed her Loſs with Groans, which would have pierced any Heart but thoſe which are poſſeſſed by ſome People, and are made of a certain Compoſition not unlike Flint in its Hardneſs and other

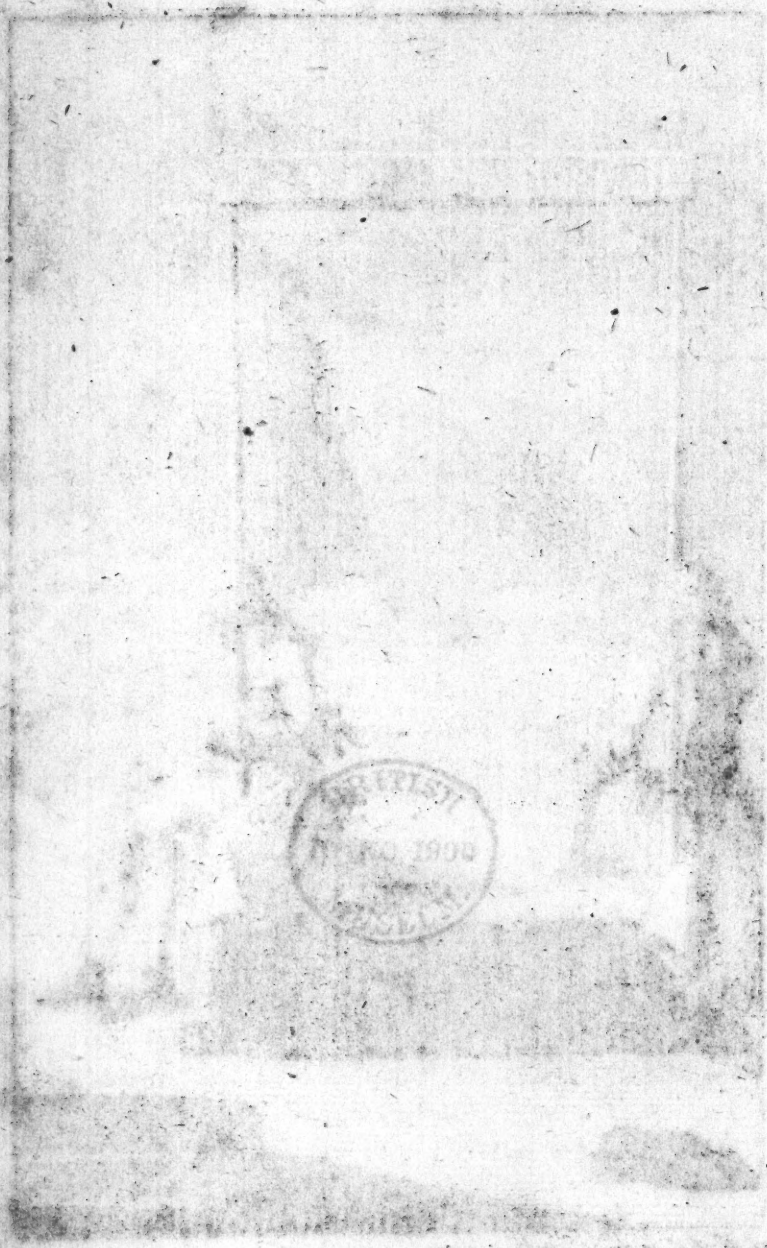
Properties; for you may ſtrike Fire from them which will dart through the Eyes, but they can never diſtil one Drop of Water the ſame Way. His own, poor Youth, was of a ſofter Compoſition; and at thoſe Words, *O my dear* Fanny! *O my Love! ſhall I never, never ſee thee more?* his Eyes overflowed with Tears, which would have become any but a Hero. In a Word, his Deſpair was more eaſy to be conceived than related.——

Mr. *Adams*, after many Groans, ſitting with his Back to *Joſeph*, began thus in a ſorrowful Tone: 'You cannot imagine, my good Child, 'that I entirely blame theſe firſt Agonies of your 'Grief; for when Misfortunes attack us by Sur-'prize, it muſt require infinitely more Learning 'than you are Maſter of to reſiſt them: but it 'is the Buſineſs of a Man and a Chriſtian, to 'ſummon Reaſon as quickly as he can to his 'Aid; and ſhe will preſently teach him Patience 'and Submiſſion. Be comforted, therefore, 'Child, I ſay be comforted. It is true you have 'loſt the prettieſt, kindeſt, lovelieſt, ſweeteſt 'young Woman, One with whom you might 'have expected to have lived in Happineſs, Vir-'tue and Innocence. By whom you might have 'promiſed yourſelf many little Darlings, who 'would have been the Delight of your Youth, 'and the Comfort of your Age. You have not 'only loſt her, but have Reaſon to fear the ut-'moſt Violence which Luſt and Power can in-'flict upon her. Now indeed you may eaſily 'raiſe Ideas of Horror, which might drive you 'to Deſpair.'— 'O I ſhall run mad,' cries *Joſeph*, 'O that I could but command my Hands 'to tear my Eyes out and my Fleſh off.'— 'If

'you



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'you would uſe them to ſuch Purpoſe, I am 'glad you can't,' anſwer'd *Adams*. 'I have 'ſtated your Misfortune as ſtrongly as I poſſibly 'can; but on the other ſide, you are to conſi-'der you are a Chriſtian; that no Accident hap-'pens to us without the divine Permiſſion, and 'that it is the Duty of a Man, much more of a 'Chriſtian, to ſubmit. We did not make ourſelves; 'but the ſame Power which made us, rules over 'us, and we are abſolutely at his Diſpoſal; he may 'do with us what he pleaſes, nor have we any 'Right to complain. A ſecond Reaſon againſt 'our Complaint is our Ignorance; for as we 'know not future Events, ſo neither can we tell 'to what Purpoſe any Accident tends; and that 'which at firſt threatens us with Evil, may in 'the End produce our Good. I ſhould indeed 'have ſaid our Ignorance is twofold (but I have 'not at preſent time to divide properly) for as we 'know not to what Purpoſe any Event is ulti-'mately directed; ſo neither can we affirm from 'what Cauſe it originally ſprung. You are a 'Man, and conſequently a Sinner; and this may 'be a Puniſhment to you for your Sins; indeed 'in this Senſe it may be eſteemed as a Good, 'yea, as the greateſt Good, which ſatisfies the 'Anger of Heaven, and averts that Wrath which 'cannot continue without our Deſtruction. 'Thirdly, Our Impotency of relieving ourſelves, 'demonſtrates the Folly and Abſurdity of our 'Complaints: For whom do we reſiſt? or 'againſt whom do we complain, but a Power 'from whoſe Shafts no Armour can guard us, 'no Speed can fly? A Power which leaves us 'no Hope but in Submiſſion.'— 'O Sir,' cried *Joſeph*, 'all this is very true, and very fine, and

'I could hear you all Day, if I was not ſo 'grieved at Heart as now I am.' 'Would you 'take Phyſic,' ſays *Adams*, 'when you are well, 'and refuſe it when you are ſick? Is not Com- 'fort to be adminiſtred to the Afflicted, and not 'to thoſe who rejoice, or thoſe who are at Eaſe?' —'O you have not ſpoken one Word of Com- 'fort to me yet,' returned *Joſeph*. 'No!' cries *Adams*, 'What am I then doing? what 'can I ſay to comfort you?'— 'O tell me,' cries *Joſeph*, 'that *Fanny* will eſcape back to my 'Arms, that they ſhall again incloſe that lovely 'Creature, with all her Sweetneſs, all her un- 'tainted Innocence about her.'— 'Why, per- 'haps you may,' cries *Adams*; 'but I can't pro- 'miſe you what's to come. You muſt with 'perfect Reſignation wait the Event; if ſhe be 'reſtored to you again, it is your Duty to be 'thankful, and ſo it is if ſhe be not: *Joſeph*, if 'you are wiſe, and truly know your own In- 'tereſt, you will peaceably and quietly ſubmit 'to all the Diſpenſations of Providence, being 'thoroughly aſſured, that all the Misfortunes, 'how great ſoever, which happen to the Righte- 'ous, happen to them for their own Good.— 'Nay, it is not your Intereſt only, but your 'Duty to abſtain from immoderate Grief; which 'if you indulge, you are not worthy the Name 'of a Chriſtian.'—He ſpoke theſe laſt Words with an Accent a little ſeverer than uſual; upon which *Joſeph* begged him not to be angry, ſay- ing, he miſtook him, if he thought he denied it was his Duty; for he had known that long ago. 'What ſignifies knowing your Duty, if you do 'not perform it?' anſwer'd *Adams*. 'Your 'Knowledge increaſes your Guilt— O *Joſeph*, I

'never

'never thought you had this Stubbornneſs in your 'Mind.' *Joſeph* replied, 'he fancied he miſun-'derſtood him, which I aſſure you,' ſays he, 'you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; 'upon my Soul I don't.' *Adams* rebuked him for ſwearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the Folly of Grief, telling him, all the wiſe Men and Philoſophers, even among the Heathens, had written againſt it, quoting ſeveral Paſſages from *Seneca*, and the *Conſolation*, which tho' it was not *Cicero*'s, was, he ſaid, as good almoſt as any of his Works, and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate Grief in this Caſe might incenſe that Power which alone could reſtore him his *Fanny*. This Reaſon, or indeed rather the Idea which it raiſed of the Reſtoration of his Miſtreſs, had more Effect than all which the Parſon had ſaid before, and for a Moment abated his Agonies: But when his Fears ſufficiently ſet before his Eyes the Danger that poor Creature was in, his Grief returned again with repeated Violence, nor could *Adams* in the leaſt aſſwage it; though it may be doubted in his Behalf, whether *Socrates* himſelf could have prevailed any better.

They remained ſome time in Silence; and Groans and Sighs iſſued from them both; at length *Joſeph* burſt out into the following Soliloquy.

Yes, I will bear my Sorrows like a Man,
But I muſt alſo feel them as a Man.
I cannot but remember ſuch Things were,
And were moſt dear to me.——

Adams aſked him what Stuff that was he repeated?— To which he anſwer'd they were ſome Lines

Lines he had gotten by Heart out of a Play— 'Aye there is nothing but Heatheniſm to be learn'd 'from Plays,' reply'd he— 'I never heard of any 'Plays fit for a Chriſtian to read, but *Cato* and 'the *Conſcious Lovers*; and I muſt own in the 'latter there are ſome Things almoſt ſolemn 'enough for a Sermon.' But we ſhall now leave them a little, and enquire after the Subject of their Converſation.

CHAP. XII.

More Adventures, which we hope will as much pleaſe as ſurprize the Reader.

NEither the facetious Dialogue which paſs'd between the Poet and the Player, nor the grave and truly ſolemn Diſcourſe of Mr. *Adams*, will, we conceive, make the Reader ſufficient Amends for the Anxiety which he muſt have felt on the Account of poor *Fanny*, whom we left in ſo deplorable a Condition. We ſhall therefore now proceed to the Relation of what happened to that beautiful and innocent Virgin, after ſhe fell into the wicked Hands of the Captain.

The Man of War having conveyed his charming Prize out of the Inn a little before Day, made the utmoſt Expedition in his Power towards the Squire's Houſe, where this delicate Creature was to be offered up a Sacrifice to the Luſt of a Raviſher. He was not only deaf to all her Bewailings and Entreaties on the Road, but accoſted her Ears with Impurities, which, having been never before accuſtomed to them, ſhe happily for herſelf very little underſtood. At laſt he changed his

his Note, and attempted to ſooth and mollify her, by ſetting forth the Splendor and Luxury which would be her Fortune with a Man who would have the Inclination, and Power too, to give her whatever her utmoſt Wiſhes could deſire; and told her he doubted not but ſhe would ſoon look kinder on him, as the Inſtrument of her Happineſs, and deſpiſe that pitiful Fellow, whom her Ignorance could only make her fond of. She anſwered, She knew not whom he meant; ſhe never was fond of any pitiful Fellow. 'Are you affronted, Madam,' ſays he, 'at my 'calling him ſo? but what better can be ſaid of 'one in a Livery, notwithſtanding your Fondneſs 'for him?' She returned, that ſhe did not underſtand him, that the Man had been her Fellow-Servant, and ſhe believed was as honeſt a Creature as any alive; but as for Fondneſs for Men— 'I warrant ye,' cries the Captain, 'we ſhall 'find Means to perſuade you to be fond; and I 'adviſe you to yield to gentle ones; for you may 'be aſſured that it is not in your Power, by 'any Struggles whatever, to preſerve your Virgi-'nity two Hours longer. It will be your Intereſt 'to conſent: for the Squire will be much kinder 'to you, if he enjoys you willingly than by 'Force.'——At which Words ſhe began to call aloud for Aſſiſtance (for it was now open Day) but finding none, ſhe lifted her Eyes to Heaven, and ſupplicated the Divine Aſſiſtance to preſerve her Innocence. The Captain told her, if ſhe perſiſted in her Vociferation, he would find a Means of ſtopping her Mouth. And now the poor Wretch perceiving no Hopes of Succour, abandoned herſelf to Deſpair, and ſighing out the Name of *Joſeph! Joſeph!* a River of Tears ran down

down her lovely Cheeks, and wet the Handkerchief which covered her Boſom. A Horſeman now appeared in the Road, upon which the Captain threatened her violently if ſhe complained: however, the Moment they approached each other, ſhe begged him with the utmoſt Earneſtneſs to relieve a diſtreſſed Creature who was in the Hands of a Raviſher. The Fellow ſtopt at thoſe Words; but the Captain aſſured him it was his Wife, and that he was carrying her home from her Adulterer: Which ſo ſatisfied the Fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too) that he wiſhed him a good Journey, and rode on. He was no ſooner paſt, than the Captain abuſed her violently for breaking his Commands, and threaten'd to gagg her, when two more Horſemen, armed with Piſtols, came into the Road juſt before them. She again ſolicited their Aſſiſtance, and the Captain told the ſame Story as before. Upon which one ſaid to the other— 'That's a charming Wench! 'Jack; I wiſh I had been in the Fellow's Place 'whoever he is.' But the other, inſtead of anſwering him, cried out eagerly, 'Zounds, I 'know her:' and then turning to her ſaid, 'Sure you are not *Fanny Goodwill.*'— 'Indeed, 'indeed I am,' ſhe cry'd— 'O *John*, I know 'you now— Heaven hath ſent you to my Aſſiſt-'ance, to deliver me from this wicked Man, 'who is carrying me away for his vile Purpoſes— 'O for God's Sake reſcue me from him.' A fierce Dialogue immediately enſued between the Captain and theſe two Men, who being both armed with Piſtols, and the Chariot which they attended being now arrived, the Captain ſaw both Force and Stratagem were vain, and endeavoured

to

to make his Eſcape; in which, however, he could not ſucceed. The Gentleman who rode in the Chariot, ordered it to ſtop, and with an Air of Authority examined into the Merits of the Cauſe; of which being advertiſed by *Fanny*, whoſe Credit was confirmed by the Fellow who knew her, he ordered the Captain, who was all bloody from his Encounter at the Inn, to be conveyed as a Priſoner behind the Chariot, and very gallantly took *Fanny* into it; for to ſay the Truth, this Gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr. *Peter Pounce*, and who preceded the Lady *Booby* only a few Miles, by ſetting out earlier in the Morning) was a very gallant Perſon, and loved a pretty Girl better than any Thing, beſides his own Money, or the Money of other People.

The Chariot now proceeded towards the Inn, which, as *Fanny* was informed, lay in their Way, and where it arrived at that very time while the Poet and Player were diſputing below Stairs, and *Adams* and *Joſeph* were diſcourſing back to back above: juſt at that Period to which we brought them both in the two preceding Chapters, the Chariot ſtopt at the Door, and in an Inſtant *Fanny* leaping from it, ran up to her *Joſeph*.—O Reader, conceive, if thou canſt, the Joy which fired the Breaſts of theſe Lovers on this Meeting; and if thy own Heart doth not ſympathetically aſſiſt thee in this Conception, I pity thee ſincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted Villain know this, that there is a Pleaſure in a tender Senſation beyond any which he is capable of taſting.

Peter being informed by *Fanny* of the Preſence of *Adams*, ſtopt to ſee him, and receive his Homage;

mage; for, as *Peter* was an Hypocrite, a ſort of People whom Mr. *Adams* never ſaw through, the one paid that Reſpect to his ſeeming Goodneſs which the other believed to be paid to his Riches; hence Mr. *Adams* was ſo much his Favourite, that he once lent him four Pounds thirteen Shillings and Sixpence, to prevent his going to Gaol, on no greater Security than a Bond and Judgment, which probably he would have made no uſe of, tho' the Money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps eaſy to deſcribe the Figure of *Adams*; he had riſen in ſuch violent Hurry, that he had on neither Breeches nor Stockings; nor had he taken from his Head a red ſpotted Handkerchief, which by Night bound his Wig, that was turned inſide out, around his Head. He had on his torn Caſſock, and his Great Coat; but as the Remainder of his Caſſock hung down below his Great Coat, ſo did a ſmall Stripe of white, or rather whitiſh Linen, appear below that; to which we may add the ſeveral Colours which appeared on his Face, where a long Piſsburnt Beard ſerved to retain the Liquor of the Stone-Pot, and that of a blacker Hue which diſtilled from the Mop.——This Figure, which *Fanny* had delivered from his Captivity, was no ſooner ſpied by *Peter*, than it diſordered the compoſed Gravity of his Muſcles; however, he adviſed him immediately to make himſelf clean, nor would accept his Homage in that Pickle.

The Poet and Player no ſooner ſaw the Captain in Captivity, than they began to conſider of their own Safety, of which Flight preſented itſelf as the only Means; they therefore both of them mounted

mounted the Poet's Horſe, and made the moſt expeditious Retreat in their Power.

The Hoſt, who well knew Mr. *Pounce*, and the Lady *Booby*'s Livery, was not a little ſurprized at this Change of the Scene, nor was his Confuſion much helped by his Wife, who was now juſt riſen, and having heard from him the Account of what had paſt, comforted him with a decent Number of Fools and Blockheads; aſked him why he did not conſult her: and told him, he would never leave following the nonſenſical Dictates of his own Numſcull, till ſhe and her Family were ruined.

Joſeph being informed of the Captain's Arrival, and ſeeing his *Fanny* now in Safety, quitted her a Moment, and, running down Stairs, went directly to him, and, ſtripping off his Coat, challenged him to fight; but the Captain refuſed, ſaying, he did not underſtand Boxing. He then graſped a Cudgel in one Hand, and catching the Captain by the Collar with the other, gave him a moſt ſevere Drubbing, and ended with telling him, he had now had ſome Revenge for what his dear *Fanny* had ſuffered.

When Mr. *Pounce* had a little regaled himſelf with ſome Proviſion which he had in his Chariot, and Mr. *Adams* had put on the beſt Appearance his Clothes would allow him, *Pounce* ordered the Captain into his Preſence; for he ſaid he was guilty of Felony, and the next Juſtice of Peace ſhould commit him: but the Servants (whoſe Appetite for Revenge is ſoon ſatisfied) being ſufficiently contented with the Drubbing which *Joſeph* had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had ſuffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a ſevere Revenge

venge againſt *Joſeph*, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The Miſtreſs of the Houſe made her voluntary Appearance before Mr. *Pounce*, and with a thouſand Curt'ſies told him, 'ſhe hoped his Honour 'would pardon her Huſband, who was a very '*nonſenſe* Man, for the ſake of his poor Fami'ly; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, 'ſhe ſhould be very willing of it; *for becauſe as* '*why*, his Worſhip very well knew he deſerved 'it: but ſhe had three poor ſmall Children, who 'were not capable to get their own Living; 'and if her Huſband was ſent to Gaol, they 'muſt all come to the Pariſh; for ſhe was a 'poor weak Woman, continually a breeding, 'and had no time to work for them. She there'fore hoped his Honour would take it into his 'Worſhip's Conſideration, and forgive her Huſ'band this time; for ſhe was ſure he never in'tended any Harm to Man, Woman, or Child; 'and if it was not for that Block-head of his 'own, the Man in ſome Things was well 'enough; for ſhe had had three Children by 'him in leſs than three Years, and was almoſt 'ready to cry out the fourth Time.' She would have proceeded in this manner, much longer, had not *Peter* ſtopt her Tongue, by telling her, he had nothing to ſay to her Huſband, nor her neither. So, as *Adams* and the reſt had aſſured her of Forgiveneſs, ſhe cried and curt'ſied out of the Room.

Mr. *Pounce* was deſirous that *Fanny* ſhould continue her Journey with him in the Chariot: but ſhe abſolutely refuſed, ſaying ſhe would ride behind *Joſeph*, on a Horſe which one of Lady *Booby*'s Servants had equipped him with. But alas! when

when the Horſe appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical Beaſt which Mr. *Adams* had left behind him at the Inn, and which theſe honeſt Fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed whatever Horſe they had provided for *Joſeph*, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no not even to ride before his beloved *Fanny*, till the Parſon was ſupplied; much leſs would he deprive his Friend of the Beaſt which belonged to him, and which he knew the Moment he ſaw, tho' *Adams* did not: however, when he was reminded of the Affair, and told that they had brought the Horſe with them which he had left behind, he anſwered—*Bleſs me! and ſo I did.*

Adams was very deſirous that *Joſeph* and *Fanny* ſhould mount his Horſe, and declared he could very eaſily walk home. 'If I walked a-'lone,' ſays he, 'I would wage a Shilling, that 'the *Pedeſtrian* out-ſtripped the *Equeſtrian* Tra-'vellers: but as I intend to take the Company 'of a Pipe, peradventure I may be an Hour 'later.' One of the Servants whiſpered *Joſeph* to take him at his Word, and ſuffer the old Put to walk if he would: This Propoſal was anſwered with an angry Look, and a peremptory Refuſal by *Joſeph*, who catching *Fanny* up in his Arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr. *Adams*'s Horſe, and permit him to walk on Foot.

Perhaps, Reader, thou haſt ſeen a Conteſt between two Gentlemen, or two Ladies quickly decided, tho' they have both aſſerted they would not eat ſuch a nice Morſel, and each inſiſted on the other's accepting it; but in reality both were very deſirous to ſwallow it themſelves. Do not therefore

therefore conclude hence, that this Diſpute would have come to a ſpeedy Deciſion: for here both Parties were heartily in earneſt, and it is very probable they would have remained in the Inn-yard to this Day, had not the good *Peter Pounce* put a Stop to it; for finding he had no longer Hopes of ſatisfying his old Appetite with *Fanny*, and being deſirous of having ſome one to whom he might communicate his Grandeur, he told the Parſon he would convey him home in his Chariot. This Favour was by *Adams*, with many Bows and Acknowledgments, accepted, tho' he afterwards ſaid, 'he aſcended the Chariot rather 'that he might not offend, than from any De-'ſire of riding in it, for that in his Heart he pre-'ferred the *Pedeſtrian* even to the *Vehicular* Ex-'pedition.' All Matters being now ſettled, the Chariot in which rode *Adams* and *Pounce*, moved forwards; and *Joſeph* having borrowed a Pillion from the Hoſt, *Fanny* had juſt ſeated herſelf thereon, and had laid hold of the Girdle which her Lover wore for that Purpoſe, when the wiſe Beaſt, who concluded that one at a Time was ſufficient, that two to one were Odds, *&c.* diſcovered much Uneaſineſs at his double Load, and began to conſider his hinder as his Fore-legs, moving the direct contrary Way to that which is called forwards. Nor could *Joſeph*, with all his Horſemanſhip, perſuade him to advance: but without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely Girl which was on his Back, he uſed ſuch Agitations, that had not one of the Men come immediately to her Aſſiſtance, ſhe had, in plain *Engliſh*, tumbled backwards on the Ground. This Inconvenience was preſently remedied by an Exchange of Horſes; and then *Fanny* being again

placed on her Pillion, on a better natured, and ſomewhat a better fed Beaſt, the Parſon's Horſe finding he had no longer Odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole Proceſſion ſet forwards for *Booby-Hall*, where they arrived in a few Hours without any thing remarkable happening on the Road, unleſs it was a curious Dialogue between the Parſon and the Steward; which, to uſe the Language of a late Apologiſt, a Pattern to all Biographers, *waits for the Reader in the next Chapter.*

CHAP. XIII.

A curious Dialogue which paſſed between Mr. Abraham Adams *and Mr.* Peter Pounce, *better worth reading than all the Works of* Colley Cibber *and many others.*

THE Chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. *Adams* obſerved it was a very fine Day. 'Ay, and a very fine Country too,' anſwered *Pounce*. 'I ſhould think ſo more,' returned *Adams*, 'if I had not lately travelled over 'the *Downs*, which I take to exceed this and 'all other Proſpects in the Univerſe.' 'A Fig 'for Proſpects,' anſwered *Pounce*, 'one Acre 'here is worth ten there; and, for my own 'part, I have no Delight in the Proſpect of any 'Land but my own.' 'Sir,' ſaid *Adams*, 'you 'can indulge yourſelf with many fine Proſpects 'of that kind.' 'I thank G— I have a little,' replied the other, 'with which I am content, 'and envy no Man: I have a little, Mr. *Adams*,

'with

'with which I do as much good as I can.' *Adams* anſwered, that Riches without Charity were nothing worth; for that they were a Bleſſing only to him who made them a Bleſſing to others. 'You and I,' ſaid *Peter*, 'have different No-'tions of Charity. I own, as it is generally 'uſed, I do not like the Word, nor do I think 'it becomes one of us Gentlemen; it is a mean 'Parſon-like Quality; though I would not infer 'many Parſons have it neither.' 'Sir,' ſaid *Adams*, 'my Definition of Charity is a generous Diſ-'poſition to relieve the Diſtreſſed.' 'There is 'ſomething in that Definition,' anſwered *Peter*, 'which I like well enough; it is, as you ſay, 'a Diſpoſition,——and does not ſo much con-'ſiſt in the Act as in the Diſpoſition to do it; 'but alas, Mr. *Adams*, who are meant by the 'Diſtreſſed? Believe me, the Diſtreſſes of Man-'kind are moſtly imaginary, and it would be 'rather Folly than Goodneſs to relieve them.' 'Sure, Sir,' replied *Adams*, 'Hunger and Thirſt, 'Cold and Nakedneſs, and other Diſtreſſes which 'attend the Poor, can never be ſaid to be ima-'ginary Evils.' 'How can any Man complain 'of Hunger,' ſaid *Peter*, 'in a Country where 'ſuch excellent Sallads are to be gathered in al-'moſt every Field? Or of Thirſt, where every 'River and Stream produce ſuch delicious Pota-'tions? And as for Cold and Nakedneſs, they 'are Evils introduced by Luxury and Cuſtom. 'A Man naturally wants Clothes no more than 'a Horſe or any other Animal; and there are 'whole Nations who go without them: but theſe 'are things perhaps which you, who do not know 'the World—— 'You will pardon me, Sir,' returned *Adams*; 'I have read of the *Gymnoſo-*

'*phiſts.*'

'*phiſts.*' 'A plague of your *Jephoſophats*,' cried *Peter*; 'the greateſt Fault in our Conſtitution is 'the Proviſion made for the Poor, except that 'perhaps made for ſome others. Sir, I have not 'an Eſtate which doth not contribute almoſt as 'much again to the Poor as to the Land Tax, and 'I do aſſure you I expect to come myſelf to the Pa-'riſh in the end.' To which *Adams* giving a diſ-ſenting Smile, *Peter* thus proceeded: 'I fancy, 'Mr. *Adams*, you are one of thoſe who imagine 'I am a Lump of Money; for there are many 'who, I fancy, believe that not only my Pockets, 'but my whole Clothes, are lined with Bank Bills; 'but I aſſure you, you are all miſtaken: I am 'not the Man the World eſteems me. If I 'can hold my Head above Water, it is all I can. 'I have injured myſelf by purchaſing. I have 'been too liberal of my Money. Indeed I fear 'my Heir will find my Affairs in a worſe Si-'tuation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he 'will have reaſon to wiſh I had loved Money 'more, and Land leſs. Pray, my good Neigh-'bour, where ſhould I have that Quantity of 'Riches the World is ſo liberal to beſtow on 'me? Where could I poſſibly, without I had 'ſtole it, acquire ſuch a Treaſure?' 'Why tru-'ly,' ſays *Adams*, 'I have been always of your 'Opinion; I have wondered as well as yourſelf 'with what Confidence they could report ſuch 'things of you, which have to me appeared as 'mere Impoſſibilities; for you know, Sir, and 'I have often heard you ſay it, that your Wealth 'is of your own Acquiſition; and can it be credible 'that in your ſhort time you ſhould have amaſ-'ſed ſuch a Heap of Treaſure as theſe People

'will have you worth? Indeed had you inherited 'an Eſtate like Sir *Thomas Booby*, which had de- 'ſcended in your Family for many Generations, 'they might have had a Colour for their Aſſer- 'tions.' 'Why, what do they ſay I am worth?' cries *Peter* with a malicious Sneer. 'Sir,' an- ſwered *Adams*, 'I have heard ſome aver you are 'not worth leſs than twenty thouſand Pounds.' At which *Peter* frowned. 'Nay, Sir,' ſaid *A- dams*, 'you aſk me only the Opinion of others, 'for my own part I have always denied it, nor 'did I ever believe you could poſſibly be worth 'half that Sum.' 'However, Mr. *Adams*,' ſaid he, ſqueezing him by the Hand, 'I would 'not ſell them all I am worth for double that 'Sum; and as to what you believe, or they be- 'lieve, I care not a Fig, no not a Fart. I am 'not poor, becauſe you think me ſo, nor be- 'cauſe you attempt to undervalue me in the 'Country. I know the Envy of Mankind very 'well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. 'It is true my Wealth is of my own Acquiſi- 'tion. I have not an Eſtate like Sir *Thomas* '*Booby*, that hath deſcended in my Family through 'many Generations; but I know Heirs of 'ſuch Eſtates who are forced to travel about the 'Country like ſome People in torn Caſſocks, 'and might be glad to accept of a pitiful Curacy 'for what I know. Yes, Sir, as ſhabby Fellows 'as yourſelf, whom no Man of my Figure, 'without that Vice of Good-nature about him, 'would ſuffer to ride in a Chariot with him.' 'Sir,' ſaid *Adams*, 'I value not your Chariot of 'a Ruſh; and if I had known you had intended 'to affront me, I would have walked to the 'World's

'World's End on foot, ere I would have ac-
'cepted a Place in it. However, Sir, I will ſoon
'rid you of that Inconvenience;' and ſo ſaying, he opened the Chariot-Door, without calling to the Coachman, and leapt out into the High-way, forgetting to take his Hat along with him; which however Mr. *Pounce* threw after him with great Violence. *Joſeph* and *Fanny* ſtopt to bear him Company the reſt of the Way, which was not above a Mile.

THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF *Joseph Andrews*, and his Friend Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The Arrival of Lady Booby *and the reſt at* Booby-Hall.

THE Coach and Six, in which Lady *Booby* rode, overtook the other Travellers as they entered the Pariſh. She no ſooner ſaw *Joſeph*, than her Cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her Surprize almoſt ſtopt her

her Coach; but recollected herſelf timely enough to prevent it. She entered the Pariſh amidſt the ringing of Bells, and the Acclamations of the Poor, who were rejoiced to ſee their Patroneſs returned after ſo long an Abſence, during which time all her Rents had been drafted to *London*, without a Shilling being ſpent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoveriſhing; for if the Court would be ſeverely miſſed in ſuch a City as *London*, how much more muſt the Abſence of a Perſon of great Fortune be felt in a little Country Village, for whoſe Inhabitants ſuch a Family finds a conſtant Employment and Supply; and with the Offals of whoſe Table the infirm, aged, and infant Poor, are abundantly fed, with a Generoſity which hath ſcarce a viſible Effect on their Benefactor's Pockets?

But if their Intereſt inſpired ſo publick a Joy into every Countenance, how much more forcibly did the Affection which they bore Parſon *Adams* operate upon all who beheld his Return? They flocked about him like dutiful Children round an indulgent Parent, and vyed with each other in Demonſtrations of Duty and Love. The Parſon on his ſide ſhook every one by the Hand, enquiring heartily after the Healths of all that were abſent, of their Children and Relations, and expreſt a Satisfaction in his Face, which nothing but Benevolence made happy by its Objects could infuſe.

Nor did *Joſeph* and *Fanny* want a hearty Welcome from all who ſaw them. In ſhort, no three Perſons could be more kindly received, as indeed none ever more deſerved to be univerſally beloved.

Adams carried his Fellow-Travellers home to his Houſe, where he inſiſted on their partaking whatever his Wife, whom, with his Children, he found in Health and Joy, could provide. Where we ſhall leave them enjoying perfect Happineſs over a homely Meal, to view Scenes of greater Splendor, but infinitely leſs Bliſs.

Our more intelligent Readers will doubtleſs ſuſpect by this ſecond Appearance of Lady *Booby* on the Stage, that all was not ended by the Diſmiſſion of *Joſeph*; and, to be honeſt with them, they are in the right; the Arrow had pierced deeper than ſhe imagined; nor was the Wound ſo eaſily to be cured. The Removal of the Object ſoon cooled her Rage, but it had a different Effect on her Love: that departed with his Perſon; but this remained lurking in her Mind with his Image. Reſtleſs, interrupted Slumbers, and confuſed horrible Dreams were her Portion the firſt Night. In the Morning, Fancy painted her a more delicious Scene; but to delude, not delight her: for before ſhe could reach the promiſed Happineſs, it vaniſhed, and left her to curſe, not bleſs the Viſion.

She ſtarted from her Sleep, her Imagination being all on fire with the Phantom, when her Eyes accidentally glancing towards the Spot where Yeſterday the real *Joſeph* had ſtood, that little Circumſtance raiſed his Idea in the livelieſt Colours in her Memory. Each Look, each Word, each Geſture ruſhed back on her Mind with Charms which all his Coldneſs could not abate. Nay, ſhe imputed that to his Youth, his Folly, his Awe, his Religion, to every thing, but what would inſtantly have produced Contempt, want of Paſſion

ſion for the Sex; or, that which would have rouſed her Hatred, want of Liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, ſhe muſt ſee this beautiful Youth no more; nay, ſuggeſted to her, that ſhe herſelf had diſmiſſed him for no other Fault than probably that of too violent an Awe and Reſpect for herſelf; and which ſhe ought rather to have eſteemed a Merit, the Effects of which were beſides ſo eaſily and ſurely to have been removed; ſhe then blamed, ſhe curſed the haſty Raſhneſs of her Temper; her Fury was vented all on herſelf; and *Joſeph* appeared innocent in her Eyes. Her Paſſion at length grew ſo violent, that it forced her on ſeeking Relief, and now ſhe thought of recalling him: but Pride forbad that, Pride which ſoon drove all ſofter Paſſions from her Soul, and repreſented to her the Meanneſs of him ſhe was fond of. That Thought ſoon began to obſcure his Beauties; Contempt ſucceeded next, and then Diſdain, which preſently introduced her Hatred of the Creature who had given her ſo much Uneaſineſs. Theſe Enemies of *Joſeph* had no ſooner taken Poſſeſſion of her Mind, than they inſinuated to her a thouſand Things in his Diſfavour; every thing but Diſlike of her Perſon; a Thought, which as it would have been intolerable to bear, ſhe checked the Moment it endeavoured to ariſe. Revenge came now to her Aſſiſtance; and ſhe conſidered her Diſmiſſion of him ſtript, and without a Character, with the utmoſt Pleaſure. She noted in the ſeveral kinds of Miſery, which her Imagination ſuggeſted to her, might be his Fate; and with a Smile compoſed of Anger, Mirth, and Scorn, viewed him in the Rags in which her Fancy had dreſt him.

Mrs. *Slipſlop* being ſummoned, attended her Miſtreſs, who had now in her own Opinion totally ſubdued this Paſſion. Whilſt ſhe was dreſſing, ſhe aſked if that Fellow had been turned away according to her Orders. *Slipſlop* anſwered, ſhe had told her Ladyſhip ſo, (as indeed ſhe had) '—And how did he behave?' replied the Lady. 'Truly, Madam,' cries *Slipſlop*, 'in ſuch a Manner that *infected* every body who ſaw him. The 'poor Lad had but little Wages to receive: for 'he conſtantly allowed his Father and Mother 'half his Income; ſo that when your Ladyſhip's 'Livery was ſtript off, he had not wherewithal 'to buy a Coat, and muſt have gone naked, if 'one of the Footmen had not *incommodated* him 'with one, and whilſt he was ſtanding in his 'Shirt, (and, to ſay Truth, he was an *amorous* 'Figure) being told your Ladyſhip would not 'give him a Character, he ſighed, and ſaid, he 'had done nothing willingly to offend; that for 'his part he ſhould always give your Ladyſhip a 'good Character wherever he went; and he 'prayed God to bleſs you; for you was the beſt 'of Ladies, tho' his Enemies had ſet you againſt 'him: I wiſh you had not turned him away; 'for I believe you have not a faithfuller Servant 'in the Houſe.'——'How came you then,' replied the Lady, 'to adviſe me to turn him away?' 'I, Madam,' ſaid *Slipſlop*, 'I am ſure you will 'do me the Juſtice to ſay, I did all in my Power 'to prevent it; but I ſaw your Ladyſhip was 'angry; and it is not the Buſineſs of us upper 'Servants to *hint or fear* on theſe Occaſions.'— 'And was it not you, audacious Wretch,' cried the Lady, 'who made me angry? Was it not 'your Tittle-tattle, in which I believe you be-

'lyed

'lyed the poor Fellow, which incenſed me a-
'gainſt him? He may thank you for all that
'hath happened; and ſo may I for the Loſs of a
'good Servant, and one who probably had more
'Merit than all of you. Poor Fellow! I am
'charmed with his Goodneſs to his Parents.
'Why did not you tell me of that, but ſuffer me
'to diſmiſs ſo good a Creature without a Cha-
'racter? I ſee the Reaſon of your whole Beha-
'viour now as well as of your Complaint; you
'was jealous of the Wenches.' 'I jealous!'
ſaid *Slipſlop*, 'I aſſure you I look upon myſelf
'as his Betters; I am not Meat for a Footman,
'I hope.' Theſe Words threw the Lady into a
violent Paſſion, and ſhe ſent *Slipſlop* from her Pre-
ſence, who departed toſſing her Noſe and cry-
ing, 'Marry come up! there are ſome People
'more jealous than I, I believe.' Her Lady af-
fected not to hear theſe Words, tho' in reality ſhe
did, and underſtood them too. Now enſued a
ſecond Conflict, ſo like the former, that it might
ſavour of Repetition to relate it minutely. It
may ſuffice to ſay, that Lady *Booby* found good
Reaſon to doubt whether ſhe had ſo abſolutely
conquered her Paſſion, as ſhe had flattered her-
ſelf; and, in order to accompliſh it quite, took a
Reſolution more common than wiſe, to retire im-
mediately into the Country. The Reader hath
long ago ſeen the Arrival of Mrs. *Slipſlop*, whom
no Pertneſs could make her Miſtreſs reſolve to
part with; lately, that of Mr. *Pounce*, her Fore-
runners; and laſtly, that of the Lady herſelf.

The Morning after her Arrival, being *Sunday*,
ſhe went to Church, to the great Surprize of eve-
ry Body, who wondered to ſee her Ladyſhip, be-
ing no very conſtant Church-woman, there ſo

ſuddenly upon her Journey. *Joſeph* was likewiſe there; and I have heard it was remarked, that ſhe fixed her Eyes on him much more than on the Parſon; but this I believed to be only a malicious Rumour. When the Prayers were ended, Mr. *Adams* ſtood up, and with a loud Voice pronounced: *I publiſh the Banns of Marriage between* Joſeph Andrews *and* Frances Goodwill, *both of this Pariſh*, &c. Whether this had any Effect on Lady *Booby* or no, who was then in her Pew, which the Congregation could not ſee into, I could never diſcover: but certain it is, that in about a Quarter of an Hour ſhe ſtood up, and directed her Eyes to that Part of the Church where the Women ſat, and perſiſted in looking that Way during the Remainder of the Sermon, in ſo ſcrutinizing a Manner, and with ſo angry a Countenance, that moſt of the Women were afraid ſhe was offended at them.

The Moment ſhe returned home, ſhe ſent for *Slipſlop* into her Chamber, and told her, ſhe wondered what that impudent Fellow *Joſeph* did in that Pariſh? Upon which *Slipſlop* gave her an Account of her meeting *Adams* with him on the Road, and likewiſe the Adventure with *Fanny*. At the Relation of which, the Lady often changed her Countenance; and when ſhe had heard all, ſhe ordered Mr. *Adams* into her Preſence, to whom ſhe behaved as the Reader will ſee in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams *and the Lady* Booby.

MR. *Adams* was not far off; for he was drinking her Ladyſhip's Health below in a Cup of her Ale. He no ſooner came before her, than ſhe began in the following Manner: 'I wonder, 'Sir, after the many great Obligations you have 'had to this Family,' (with all which the Reader hath, in the Courſe of this Hiſtory, been minutely acquainted) 'that you will ungratefully 'ſhew any Reſpect to a Fellow who hath been 'turned out of it for his Miſdeeds. Nor doth 'it, I can tell you, Sir, become a Man of your 'Character, to run about the Country with an 'idle Fellow and Wench. Indeed, as for the 'Girl, I know no Harm of her. *Slipſlop* tells 'me ſhe was formerly bred up in my Houſe, 'and behaved as ſhe ought, till ſhe hankered af-'ter this Fellow, and he ſpoiled her. Nay, ſhe 'may ſtill perhaps do very well, if he will let 'her alone. You are therefore doing a mon-'ſtrous Thing, in endeavouring to procure a 'Match between theſe two People, which will 'be to the Ruin of them both.'—'Madam,' ſaid *Adams*, 'if your Ladyſhip will but hear 'me ſpeak, I proteſt I never heard any Harm of 'Mr. *Joſeph Andrews*; if I had, I ſhould have 'corrected him for it: For I never have, nor 'will encourage the Faults of thoſe under my 'Cure. As for the young Woman, I aſſure your 'Ladyſhip I have as good an Opinion of her as

'your Ladyſhip yourſelf, or any other can have. 'She is the ſweeteſt-tempered, honeſteſt, wor-'thieſt, young Creature; indeed as to her Beau-'ty, I do not commend her on that Account, 'tho' all Men allow ſhe is the handſomeſt Wo-'man, Gentle or Simple, that ever appeared in 'the Pariſh.' 'You are very impertinent,' ſays ſhe, 'to talk ſuch fulſome Stuff to me. It is 'mighty becoming truly in a Clergyman to 'trouble himſelf about handſome Women, and 'you are a delicate Judge of Beauty, no doubt. 'A Man who hath lived all his Life in ſuch a 'Pariſh as this, is a rare Judge of Beauty. Ri-'diculous! Beauty indeed,— a Country Wench 'a Beauty!—I ſhall be ſick whenever I hear 'Beauty mentioned again.—And ſo this Wench 'is to ſtock the Pariſh with Beauties, I hope.— 'But, Sir, our Poor are numerous enough alrea-'dy; I will have no more Vagabonds ſettled 'here.' 'Madam,' ſays *Adams*, 'your Lady-'ſhip is offended with me, I proteſt, without 'any Reaſon. This Couple were deſirous to 'conſummate long ago, and I diſſuaded them 'from it; nay, I may venture to ſay, I believe, 'I was the ſole Cauſe of their delaying it.' 'Well,' ſays ſhe, 'and you did very wiſely and 'honeſtly too, notwithſtanding ſhe is the great-'eſt Beauty in the Pariſh.'—'And now, Ma-'dam,' continued he, 'I only perform my Of-'fice to Mr. *Joſeph*.'—'Pray, don't Miſter ſuch 'Fellows to me,' cries the Lady. 'He,' ſaid the Parſon, 'with the Conſent of *Fanny*, before 'my Face, put in the Banns.'—'Yes,' anſwer-ed the Lady, 'I ſuppoſe the Slut is forward 'enough; *Slipſlop* tells me how her Head runs 'on Fellows; that is one of her Beauties, I ſup-

'poſe.

'poſe. But if they have put in the Banns, I de-
'ſire you will publiſh them no more without
'my Orders.' 'Madam,' cries *Adams*, 'if
'any one puts in a ſufficient Caution, and aſſigns
'a proper Reaſon againſt them, I am willing to
'ſurceaſe.'—'I tell you a Reaſon,' ſays ſhe,
'he is a Vagabond, and he ſhall not ſettle here,
'and bring a Neſt of Beggars into the Pariſh; it
'will make us but little Amends that they will
'be Beauties.' 'Madam,' anſwered *Adams*,
'with the utmoſt Submiſſion to your Ladyſhip,
'I have been informed by Lawyer *Scout*, that
'any Perſon who ſerves a Year, gains a Settle-
'ment in the Pariſh where he ſerves.' 'Lawyer
'*Scout*,' replied the Lady, 'is an impudent
'Coxcomb; I will have no Lawyer *Scout* inter-
'fere with me. I repeat to you again, I will
'have no more Incumbrances brought on us;
'ſo I deſire you will proceed no farther.' 'Ma-
'dam,' returned *Adams*, 'I would obey your
'Ladyſhip in every thing that is lawful; but
'ſurely the Parties being poor is no Reaſon
'againſt their marrying. God forbid there ſhould
'be any ſuch Law. The Poor have little Share
'enough of this World already; it would be bar-
'barous indeed to deny them the common Pri-
'vileges, and innocent Enjoyments which Na-
'ture indulges to the animal Creation.' 'Since
'you underſtand yourſelf no better,' cries the
Lady, 'nor the Reſpect due from ſuch as you
'to a Woman of my Diſtinction, than to af-
'front my Ears by ſuch looſe Diſcourſe, I ſhall
'mention but one ſhort Word; it is my Orders
'to you, that you publiſh theſe Banns no more;
'and if you dare, I will recommend it to your
'Maſter the Doctor, to diſcard you from his
'Service.

'Service. I will, Sir, notwithſtanding your poor 'Family; and then you and the greateſt Beau-'ty in the Pariſh may go and beg together.' 'Madam,' anſwered *Adams*, 'I know not what 'your Ladyſhip means by the Term *Maſter* and '*Service*. I am in the Service of a Maſter 'who will never diſcard me for doing my Duty: 'And if the Doctor (for indeed I have never 'been able to pay for a Licence) thinks proper 'to turn me out from my Cure, God will provide 'me, I hope, another. At leaſt, my Family, 'as well as myſelf, have Hands; and he will 'proſper, I doubt not, our Endeavours to get 'our Bread honeſtly with them. Whilſt my 'Conſcience is pure, I ſhall never fear what 'Man can do unto me.' 'I condemn my Hu-'mility,' ſaid the Lady, 'for demeaning myſelf 'to converſe with you ſo long. I ſhall take 'other Meaſures; for I ſee you are a Confede-'rate with them. But the ſooner you leave 'me, the better; and I ſhall give Orders that 'my Doors may no longer be open to you. I 'will ſuffer no Parſons who run about the Coun-'try with Beauties, to be entertained here.'—— 'Madam,' ſaid *Adams*, 'I ſhall enter into no 'Perſon's Doors againſt their Will: But I am 'aſſured, when you have enquired farther into 'this Matter, you will applaud, not blame my 'proceeding; and ſo I humbly take my Leave:' Which he did with many Bows, or at leaſt many Attempts at a Bow.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

What paſt between the Lady and Lawyer Scout.

IN the Afternoon the Lady ſent for Mr. *Scout*, whom ſhe attacked moſt violently for intermeddling with her Servants; which he denied, and indeed with Truth; for he had only aſſerted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a Year's Service gained a Settlement; and ſo far he owned he might have formerly informed the Parſon, and believed it was Law. 'I am reſolved,' ſaid the Lady, 'to have no diſcarded Servants 'of mine ſettled here; and ſo, if this be your 'Law, I ſhall ſend to another Lawyer.' *Scout* ſaid, 'If ſhe ſent to a hundred Lawyers, not 'one or all of them could alter the Law. The 'utmoſt that was in the Power of a Lawyer, 'was to prevent the Law's taking Effect; and 'that he himſelf could do for her Ladyſhip as 'well as any other: And I believe,' ſays he, 'Madam, your Ladyſhip not being converſant 'in theſe Matters, hath miſtaken a Difference: 'For I aſſerted only, that a Man who ſerved a 'Year was ſettled. Now there is a material 'Difference between being ſettled in Law and 'ſettled in Fact; and as I affirmed generally he 'was ſettled, and Law is preferable to Fact, my 'Settlement muſt be underſtood in Law, and 'not in Fact. And ſuppoſe, Madam, we admit he was ſettled in Law, what Uſe will they 'make of it, how doth that relate to Fact? He 'is not ſettled in Fact; and if he be not ſettled 'in Fact, he is not an Inhabitant; and if he is

'not

'not an Inhabitant, he is not of this Pariſh; 'and then undoubtedly he ought not to be pub-'liſhed here; for Mr. *Adams* hath told me your 'Ladyſhip's Pleaſure, and the Reaſon, which is 'a very good one, to prevent burdening us with 'the Poor; we have too many already; and I 'think we ought to have an Act to hang or 'tranſport half of them. If we can prove in 'Evidence, that he is not ſettled in Fact, it is 'another Matter. What I ſaid to Mr. *Adams*, 'was on a Suppoſition that he was ſettled in 'Fact; and indeed if that was the Caſe, I ſhould 'doubt'— 'Don't tell me your *Facts* and your '*ifs*,' ſaid the Lady, 'I don't underſtand your 'Gibberiſh: You take too much upon you, and 'are very impertinent in pretending to direct in 'this Pariſh, and you ſhall be taught better, I 'aſſure you, you ſhall. But as to the Wench, 'I am reſolved ſhe ſhall not ſettle here; I will 'not ſuffer ſuch Beauties as theſe to produce 'Children for us to keep.'—'Beauties indeed! 'your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to be merry,'— an-ſwered *Scout*.—'Mr. *Adams* deſcribed her ſo to 'me,' ſaid the Lady— 'Pray what ſort of Dow-'dy is it, Mr. *Scout*?'— 'The ugliеſt Creature 'almoſt I ever beheld, a poor dirty Drab, your 'Ladyſhip never ſaw ſuch a Wretch.'—'Well 'but, dear Mr. *Scout*, let her be what ſhe will, '—theſe ugly Women will bring Children, you 'know; ſo that we muſt prevent the Marriage.' —'True, Madam,' replied *Scout*, 'for the 'ſubſequent Marriage co-operating with the Law, 'will carry Law into Fact. When a Man is 'married, he is ſettled in Fact; and then he is 'not removeable. I will ſee Mr. *Adams*, and' 'I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His'

'only

'only Objection is, doubtleſs, that he ſhall loſe 'his Fee: but that being once made eaſy, as it 'ſhall be, I am confident no farther Objection 'will remain. No, no, it is impoſſible: But 'your Ladyſhip can't diſcommend his Unwil-'lingneſs to depart from his Fee. Every Man 'ought to have a proper Value for his Fee. As 'to the Matter in queſtion, if your Ladyſhip 'pleaſes to employ me in it, I will venture to 'promiſe you Succeſs. The Laws of this Land 'are not ſo vulgar, to permit a mean Fellow to 'contend with one of your Ladyſhip's Fortune. 'We have one ſure Card, which is to carry him 'before Juſtice *Frolick*, who, upon hearing your 'Ladyſhip's Name, will commit him without 'any farther Queſtions. As for the dirty Slut, 'we ſhall have nothing to do with her: for if 'we get rid of the Fellow, the ugly Jade will—' 'Take what Meaſures you pleaſe, good Mr. '*Scout*,' anſwered the Lady, 'but I wiſh you 'could rid the Pariſh of both; for *Slipſlop* tells 'me ſuch Stories of this Wench, that I abhor 'the Thoughts of her; and tho' you ſay ſhe is 'ſuch an ugly Slut, yet you know, dear Mr. '*Scout*, theſe forward Creatures, who run after 'Men, will always find ſome as forward as 'themſelves: ſo that, to prevent the Increaſe of 'Beggars, we muſt get rid of her.'—'Your 'Ladyſhip is very much in the right,' anſwered *Scout*, 'but I am afraid the Law is a little defici-'ent in giving us any ſuch Power of Prevention; 'however the Juſtice will ſtretch it as far as 'he is able, to oblige your Ladyſhip. To ſay 'Truth, it is a great Bleſſing to the Country 'that he is in the Commiſſion: for he hath 'taken ſeveral Poor off our Hands that the Law

'would

'would never have lain hold on. I know ſome 'Juſtices who make as much of committing a 'Man to *Bridewell*, as his Lordſhip at *Size* would 'of hanging him: But it would do a Man good 'to ſee his Worſhip, our Juſtice, commit a Fel-'low to *Bridewell*; he takes ſo much Pleaſure 'in it: And when once we ha' un there, we 'ſeldom hear any more o' un. He's either ſtar-'ved or eat up by Vermin in a Month's Time.' —Here the Arrival of a Viſitor put an End to the Converſation, and Mr. *Scout*, having undertaken the Cauſe, and promiſed it Succeſs, departed.

This *Scout* was one of thoſe Fellows who, without any Knowledge of the Law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in Defiance of an Act of Parliament, to act as Lawyers in the Country, and are called ſo. They are the Peſts of Society, and a Scandal to a Profeſſion to which indeed they do not belong; and which owes to ſuch kind of Raſcallions the Ill-will which weak Perſons bear towards it. With this Fellow, to whom a little before ſhe would not have condeſcended to have ſpoken, did a certain Paſſion for *Joſeph*, and the Jealouſy and Diſdain of poor innocent *Fanny*, betray the Lady *Booby* into a familiar Diſcourſe, in which ſhe inadvertently confirmed many Hints, with which *Slipſlop*, whoſe Gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an Opportunity to aſſert thoſe ſevere Falſhoods of little *Fanny*, which poſſibly the Reader might not have been well able to account for, if we had not thought proper to give him this Information.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A ſhort Chapter, but very full of Matter; particularly the Arrival of Mr. Booby *and his Lady.*

ALL that Night, and the next Day, the Lady *Booby* paſt with the utmoſt Anxiety; her Mind was diſtracted, and her Soul toſſed up and down with many turbulent and oppoſite Paſſions. She loved, hated, pitied, ſcorned, admired, deſpiſed the ſame Perſon by Fits, which changed in a very ſhort Interval. On *Tueſday* Morning, which happened to be a Holiday, ſhe went to Church, where, to her Surprize, Mr. *Adams* publiſhed the Banns again with as audible a Voice as before. It was lucky for her, that as there was no Sermon, ſhe had an immediate Opportunity of returning home to vent her Rage, which ſhe could not have concealed from the Congregation five Minutes; indeed it was not then very numerous, the Aſſembly conſiſting of no more than *Adams*, his Clerk, his Wife, the Lady and one of her Servants. At her Return ſhe met *Slipſlop*, who accoſted her in theſe Words:—'O 'Meam, what doth your Ladyſhip think? To 'be ſure Lawyer *Scout* hath carried *Joſeph* and '*Fanny* both before the Juſtice. All the Pariſh 'are in Tears, and ſay they will certainly be 'hanged: For nobody knows what it is for.'—'I ſuppoſe they deſerve it,' ſays the Lady. 'What doſt thou mention ſuch Wretches to 'me?'——'O dear Madam,' anſwered *Slipſlop*, 'is it not a pity ſuch a *graceleſs* young Man 'ſhould

'ſhould die a *virulent* Death? I hope the Judge 'will take *Commenſuration* on his Youth. As 'for *Fanny*, I don't think it ſignifies much what 'becomes of her; and if poor *Joſeph* hath done 'any thing, I could venture to ſwear ſhe *traduced* 'him to it: Few Men ever come to a *fragrant* 'Puniſhment, but by thoſe naſty Creatures who 'are a Scandal to our *Sect*.' The Lady was no more pleaſed at this News, after a Moment's Reflection, than *Slipſlop* herſelf: For tho' ſhe wiſhed *Fanny* far enough, ſhe did not deſire the Removal of *Joſeph*, eſpecially with her. She was puzzled how to act, or what to ſay on this Occaſion, when a Coach and Six drove into the Court, and a Servant acquainted her with the Arrival of her Nephew *Booby* and his Lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a Drawing-Room, whither ſhe preſently repaired, having compoſed her Countenance as well as ſhe could; being a little ſatisfied that the Wedding would by theſe Means be at leaſt interrupted, and that ſhe ſhould have an Opportunity to execute any Reſolution ſhe might take, for which ſhe ſaw herſelf provided with an excellent Inſtrument in *Scout*.

The Lady *Booby* apprehended her Servant had made a Miſtake, when he mentioned Mr. *Booby*'s Lady; for ſhe had never heard of his Marriage; but how great was her Surprize, when at her entering the Room, her Nephew preſented his Wife to her! ſaying, 'Madam, this is that 'charming *Pamela*, of whom I am convinced 'you have heard ſo much.' The Lady received her with more Civility than he expected; indeed with the utmoſt: For ſhe was perfectly polite, nor had any Vice inconſiſtent with Good breeding.

ing. They paſt ſome little time in ordinary Diſcourſe, when a Servant came and whiſpered Mr. *Booby*, who preſently told the Ladies he muſt deſert them a little on ſome Buſineſs of Conſequence; and as their Diſcourſe during his Abſence would afford little Improvement or Entertainment to the Reader, we will leave them for a little while to attend Mr. *Booby*.

CHAP. V.

Containing Juſtice Buſineſs: Curious Precedents of Depoſitions, and other Matters neceſſary to be peruſed by all Juſtices of the Peace and their Clerks.

THE young Squire and his Lady were no ſooner alighted from their Coach, than the Servants began to enquire after Mr. *Joſeph*, from whom they ſaid their Lady had not heard a Word, to her great Surprize, ſince he had left Lady *Booby*'s. Upon this they were inſtantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they haſtily acquainted their Maſter, who took an immediate Reſolution to go himſelf, and endeavour to reſtore his *Pamela* her Brother, before ſhe even knew ſhe had loſt him.

The Juſtice, before whom the Criminals were carried, and who lived within a ſhort Mile of the Lady's Houſe, was luckily Mr. *Booby*'s Acquaintance, by his having an Eſtate in his Neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his Horſes to his Coach, he ſet out for the Judgment Seat, and arrived when the Juſtice had almoſt finiſhed his Buſineſs.

Buſineſs. He was conducted into a Hall, where he was acquainted that his Worſhip would wait on him in a Moment; for he had only a Man and a Woman to commit to *Bridewell* firſt. As he was now convinced he had not a Minute to loſe, he inſiſted on the Servants introducing him directly into the Room where the Juſtice was then executing his Office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the firſt Compliments being paſt between the Squire and his Worſhip, the former aſked the latter what Crime thoſe two young People had been guilty of. 'No great 'Crime,' anſwered the Juſtice, 'I have only 'ordered them to *Bridewell* for a Month.' 'But 'what is their Crime?' repeated the Squire. 'Larceny, an't pleaſe your Honour,' ſaid *Scout*. 'Aye,' ſays the Juſtice, 'a kind of felonious 'larcenous Thing. I believe I muſt order them 'a little Correction too, a little Stripping and 'Whipping.' (Poor *Fanny*, who had hitherto ſupported all with the Thoughts of *Joſeph*'s Company, trembled at that Sound; but indeed without Reaſon, for none but the Devil himſelf would have executed ſuch a Sentence on her.) 'Still,' ſaid the Squire, 'I am ignorant of the Crime, 'the Fact I mean.' 'Why, there it is in Pea-'per,' anſwered the Juſtice, ſhewing him a Depoſition, which in the Abſence of his Clerk, he had writ himſelf, of which we have with great Difficulty procured an authentic Copy; and here it follows *verbatim & literatim*.



J. Hulett inv.t et sculp. Publish'd March 1.st 1742/3 by A Millar. 10



The Depuſition of James Scout, *Layer, and* Thomas Trotter, *Yeoman, taken before mee, on of his Mageſty's Juſtaſſes of the Piece for* Zumerſetſhire.

'THESE Deponants ſaith, and firſt *Thomas Trotter* for himſelf ſaith, that on the 'of this Inſtant *October*, being Sabbath-Day, 'betwin the Ours of 2 and 4 in the Afternoon, 'he zeed *Joſeph Andrews* and *Francis Goodwill* 'walk akroſs a certane Felde belunging to Layer '*Scout*, and out of the Path which ledes thru 'the ſaid Felde, and there he zede *Joſeph An-* 'drews with a Nife cut one Haſſel-Twig, of the 'Value, as he believes, of 3 half pence, or 'thereabouts; and he ſaith, that the ſaid *Fran-* 'cis *Goodwill* was likewiſe walking on the Graſs 'out of the ſaid Path in the ſaid Felde, and 'did receive and karry in her Hand the ſaid 'Twig, and ſo was cumfarting eading and abat- 'ting to the ſaid *Joſeph* therein. And the ſaid '*James Scout* for himſelf ſays, that he verily be- 'lieves the ſaid Twig to be his own proper 'Twig, *&c.*'

'*Jeſu!*' ſaid the Squire, 'would you com- 'mit two Perſons to *Bridewell* for a Twig?' 'Yes,' ſaid the Lawyer, 'and with great 'Lenity too; for if he had called it a young Tree 'they would have been both hanged.'—'Harkee,' (ſays the Juſtice, taking aſide the Squire) 'I 'ſhould not have been ſo ſevere on this Occa- 'ſion, but Lady *Booby* deſires to get them out of 'the Pariſh; ſo Lawyer *Scout* will give the Con- 'ſtable Orders to let them run away, if they 'pleaſe;

'pleaſe; but it ſeems they intend to marry to-'gether, and the Lady hath no other Means, as 'they are legally ſettled there, to prevent their 'bringing an Incumbrance on her own Pariſh.' 'Well,' ſaid the Squire, 'I will take care my 'Aunt, ſhall be ſatisfied in this Point; and like-'wiſe I promiſe you, *Joſeph* here ſhall never be 'any Incumbrance on her. I ſhall be obliged 'to you therefore, if, inſtead of *Bridewell*, you 'will commit them to my Cuſtody.'—'O to 'be ſure, Sir, if you deſire it,' anſwered the Juſtice; and without more ado, *Joſeph* and *Fanny* were delivered over to Squire *Booby*, whom *Joſeph* very well knew; but little gueſs'd how nearly he was related to him. The Juſtice burnt his Mittimus: The Conſtable was ſent about his Buſineſs: The Lawyer made no Complaint for Want of Juſtice; and the Priſoners, with exulting Hearts, gave a thouſand Thanks to his Honour Mr. *Booby*, who did not intend their Obligations to him ſhould ceaſe there; for ordering his Man to produce a Cloak-bag, which he had cauſed to be brought from Lady *Booby*'s on purpoſe, he deſired the Juſtice that he might have *Joſeph* with him into a Room; where ordering his Servant to take out a Suit of his own Clothes, with Linen and other Neceſſaries, he left *Joſeph* to dreſs himſelf, who not yet knowing the Cauſe of all this Civility, excuſed his accepting ſuch a Favour, as long as decently he could. Whilſt *Joſeph* was dreſſing, the Squire repaired to the Juſtice, whom he found talking with *Fanny*; for during the Examination, ſhe had looped her Hat over her Eyes, which were alſo bathed in Tears, and had by that Means concealed from his Worſhip what might perhaps have

have rendered the Arrival of Mr. *Booby* unneceſſary at leaſt for herſelf. The Juſtice no ſooner ſaw her Countenance cleared up, and her bright Eyes ſhining through her Tears, than he ſecretly curſed himſelf for having once thought of *Bridewell* for her. He would willingly have ſent his own Wife thither, to have had *Fanny* in her Place. And conceiving almoſt at the ſame Inſtant Deſires, and Schemes to accompliſh them, he employed the Minutes whilſt the Squire was abſent with *Joſeph*, in aſſuring her how ſorry he was for having treated her ſo roughly before he knew her Merit; and told her that ſince Lady *Booby* was unwilling that ſhe ſhould ſettle in her Pariſh, ſhe was heartily welcome to his, where he promiſed her his Protection, adding, that he would take *Joſeph* and her into his own Family, if ſhe liked it; which Aſſurance he confirmed with a Squeeze by the Hand. She thanked him very kindly, and ſaid, 'She would acquaint *Joſeph* 'with the Offer, which he would certainly be 'glad to accept; for that Lady *Booby* was angry 'with them both; tho' ſhe did now know either 'had done any thing to offend her: but imputed 'it to Madam *Slipſlop*, who had always been her 'Enemy.'

The Squire now returned, and prevented any farther Continuance of this Converſation; and the Juſtice, out of a pretended Reſpect to his Gueſt, but in reality from an Apprehenſion of a Rival, (for he knew nothing of his Marriage) ordered *Fanny* into the Kitchin, whither ſhe gladly retired; nor did the Squire, who declined the Trouble of explaining the whole Matter, oppoſe it.

It would be unneceſſary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the Converſation between theſe two Gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the Subject of Horſe-racing. *Joſeph* was ſoon dreſt in the plaineſt Dreſs he could find, which was a blue Coat and Breeches, with a Gold Edging and a red Waiſtcoat with the ſame; and as this Suit, which was rather too large for the Squire, exactly fitted him; ſo he became it ſo well, and looked ſo genteel, that no Perſon would have doubted its being as well adapted to his Quality as his Shape; nor have ſuſpected, as one might, when my Lord ——, or Sir ——, or Mr. ——, appear in Lace or Embroidery, that the Taylor's Man wore thoſe Clothes home on his Back, which he ſhould have carried under his Arm.

The Squire now took leave of the Juſtice, and calling for *Fanny*, made her and *Joſeph*, againſt their Wills, get into the Coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady *Booby*'s.—It had moved a few Yards only, when the Squire aſked *Joſeph*, if he knew who that Man was croſſing the Field; for, added he, I never ſaw one take ſuch Strides before. *Joſeph* anſwered eagerly, 'O, Sir, it is Parſon *Adams*.'—'O la, 'indeed, and ſo it is,' ſaid *Fanny*; 'poor Man, 'he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, 'he is the worthieſt beſt natur'd Creature'—'Ay,' ſaid *Joſeph*, 'God bleſs him; for there 'is not ſuch another in the Univerſe.'—'The 'beſt Creature living ſure,' cries *Fanny*. 'Is 'he?' ſays the Squire, 'then I am reſolved to 'have the beſt Creature living in my Coach;' and ſo ſaying he ordered it to ſtop, whilſt *Joſeph*, at his Requeſt, hallooed to the Parſon, who

who well knowing his Voice, made all the haſte imaginable, and ſoon came up with them. He was deſired by the Maſter, who could ſcarce refrain from Laughter at his Figure, to mount into the Coach, which he with many Thanks refuſed, ſaying he could walk by its Side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevail'd on. The Squire now acquainted *Joſeph* with his Marriage; but he might have ſpared himſelf that Labour; for his Servant, whilſt *Joſeph* was dreſſing, had performed that Office before. He continued to expreſs the vaſt Happineſs he enjoyed in his Siſter, and the Value he had for all who belonged to her. *Joſeph* made many Bows, and expreſt as many Acknowledgments; and Parſon *Adams*, who now firſt perceived *Joſeph*'s new Apparel, burſt into Tears with Joy, and fell to rubbing his Hands and ſnapping his Fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady *Booby*'s, and the Squire deſiring them to wait a Moment in the Court, walked in to his Aunt, and calling her out from his Wife, acquainted her with *Joſeph*'s Arrival; ſaying, 'Madam, as I have 'married a virtuous and worthy Woman, I am 'reſolved to own her Relations, and ſhew them 'all a proper Reſpect; I ſhall think myſelf 'therefore infinitely obliged to all mine, who 'will do the ſame. It is true her Brother hath 'been your Servant, but he is now become my 'Brother; and I have one Happineſs, that nei'ther his Character, his Behaviour, or Appear'ance, give me any Reaſon to be aſhamed of 'calling him ſo. In ſhort, he is now below, 'dreſs'd like a Gentleman, in which Light I 'intend he ſhall hereafter be ſeen; and you will

'oblige me beyond Expreſſion, if you will admit 'him to be of our Party; for I know it will 'give great Pleaſure to my Wife, tho' ſhe will 'not mention it.'

This was a Stroke of Fortune beyond the Lady *Booby*'s Hopes or Expectation; ſhe anſwered him eagerly, 'Nephew, you know how eaſily I 'am prevailed on to do any Thing which *Joſeph Andrews* deſires—Phoo', I mean which you 'deſire me; and as he is now your Relation, 'I cannot refuſe to entertain him as ſuch.' The Squire told her, he knew his Obligation to her for her Compliance; and going three Steps, returned and told her — he had one more Favour, which he believed ſhe would eaſily grant, as ſhe had accorded him the former. 'There is a 'young Woman—' 'Nephew,' ſays ſhe, 'don't 'let my Good-nature make you deſire, as is too 'commonly the Caſe, to impoſe on me. Nor 'think, becauſe I have with ſo much Condeſcenſion agreed to ſuffer your Brother in-law 'to come to my Table, that I will ſubmit to 'the Company of all my own Servants, and all 'the dirty Trollops in the Country.' 'Madam,' anſwer'd the Squire, 'I believe you ne'ver ſaw this young Creature. I never beheld 'ſuch Sweetneſs and Innocence, joined with 'ſuch Beauty, and withal ſo genteel.' 'Upon my Soul I won't admit her,' reply'd the Lady in a Paſſion; 'the whole World ſhan't 'prevail on me: I reſent even the Deſire as an 'Affront, and'— The Squire, who knew her Inflexibility, interrupted her, by aſking Pardon, and promiſing not to mention it more. He then returned to *Joſeph*, and ſhe to *Pamela*. He took *Joſeph* aſide and told him, he would carry him to

to his Sister; but could not prevail as yet for *Fanny*. *Joseph* begged that he might see his Sister alone, and then be with his *Fanny*; but the Squire knowing the Pleasure his Wife would have in her Brother's Company, would not admit it, telling *Joseph* there would be nothing in so short an Absence from *Fanny*, whilst he was assured of her Safety; adding, he hoped he could not so easily quit a Sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him.— *Joseph* immediately complied; for indeed no Brother could love a Sister more; and recommending *Fanny*, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady *Booby*, to the Care of Mr. *Adams*, he attended the Squire up Stairs, whilst *Fanny* repaired with the Parson to his House, where she thought herself secure of a kind Reception.

CHAP. VI.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

THE Meeting between *Joseph* and *Pamela* was not without Tears of Joy on both Sides; and their Embraces were full of Tenderness and Affection. They were however regarded with much more Pleasure by the Nephew than by the Aunt, to whose Flame they were Fuel only; and this was increased by the Addition of Dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively Colours in which Nature had drawn Health, Strength, Comelineſs, and Youth. In the Afternoon *Joseph*, at their Request, entertained them with the Account of his Adventures;

nor could Lady *Booby* conceal her Diſſatisfaction at thoſe Parts in which *Fanny* was concerned, eſpecially when Mr. *Booby* launched forth into ſuch rapturous Praiſes of her Beauty. She ſaid, applying to her Niece, that ſhe wondered her Nephew, who had pretended to marry for Love, ſhould think ſuch a Subject proper to amuſe his Wife with; adding, that for her Part, ſhe ſhould be jealous of a Huſband who ſpoke ſo warmly in Praiſe of another Woman. *Pamela* anſwer'd, indeed ſhe thought ſhe had Cauſe; but it was an Inſtance of Mr. *Booby*'s Aptneſs to ſee more Beauty in Women than they were Miſtreſſes of. At which Words both the Women fixed their Eyes on two Looking Glaſſes; and Lady *Booby* replied, that Men were, in the general, very ill Judges of Beauty; and then, whilſt both contemplated only their own Faces, they paid a croſs Compliment to each other's Charms. When the Hour of Reſt approached, which the Lady of the Houſe deferred as long as decently ſhe could, ſhe informed *Joſeph* (whom for the future we ſhall call Mr. *Joſeph*, he having as good a Title to that Appellation as many others, I mean that inconteſted one of good Clothes) that ſhe had ordered a Bed to be provided for him. He declined this Favour to his utmoſt; for his Heart had long been with his *Fanny*; but ſhe inſiſted on his accepting it, alledging that the Pariſh had no proper Accommodation for ſuch a Perſon as he was now to eſteem himſelf. The Squire and his Lady both joining with her, Mr. *Joſeph* was at laſt forced to give over his Deſign of viſiting *Fanny* that Evening, who, on her Side, as impatiently expected him till Midnight, when in Complacence to Mr. *Adams*'s Family, who had

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ſat up two Hours out of Reſpect to her, ſhe retired to Bed, but not to ſleep; the Thoughts of her Love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his Promiſe filled her with Uneaſineſs; of which, however, ſhe could not aſſign any other Cauſe than merely that of being abſent from him.

Mr. *Joſeph* roſe early in the Morning, and viſited her in whom his Soul delighted. She no ſooner heard his Voice in the Parſon's Parlour, than ſhe leapt from her Bed, and dreſſing herſelf in a few Minutes, went down to him. They paſt two Hours with inexpreſſible Happineſs together; and then having appointed *Monday*, by Mr. *Adams*'s Permiſſion, for their Marriage, Mr. *Joſeph* returned, according to his Promiſe, to Breakfaſt at the Lady *Booby*'s, with whoſe Behaviour ſince the Evening we ſhall now acquaint the Reader.

She was no ſooner retired to her Chamber than ſhe aſked *Slipſlop* what ſhe thought of this wonderful Creature her Nephew had married. 'Ma-'dam!' ſaid *Slipſlop*, not yet ſufficiently underſtanding what Anſwer ſhe was to make. 'I aſk 'you,' anſwered the Lady, 'what you think 'of the Dowdy, my Niece I think I am to call 'her?' *Slipſlop* wanting no further Hint, began to pull her to Pieces, and ſo miſerably defaced her, that it would have been impoſſible for any one to have known the Perſon. The Lady gave her all the Aſſiſtance ſhe could, and ended with ſaying,——'I think, *Slipſlop*, you have 'done her Juſtice; but yet, bad as ſhe is, ſhe 'is an Angel compared to this *Fanny*.' *Slipſlop* then fell on *Fanny*, whom ſhe hacked and hewed in the like barbarous Manner, concluding with

an Obſervation, that there was always ſomething in thoſe low life Creatures which muſt eternally diſtinguiſh them from their Betters. 'Really,' ſaid the Lady, 'I think there is one Exception 'to your Rule; I am certain you may gueſs who 'I mean.'——'Not I, upon my Word, Ma-'dam,' ſaid *Slipſlop*.——'I mean a young Fel-'low; ſure you are the dulleſt Wretch,' ſaid the Lady.——'O la, I am indeed.——Yes tru-'ly, Madam, he is an *Acceſſion*,' anſwered *Slip-ſlop*.——'Ay, is he not, *Slipſlop?*' returned the Lady. 'Is he not ſo genteel that a Prince 'might without a Bluſh acknowledge him for 'his Son. His Behaviour is ſuch that would not 'ſhame the beſt Education. He borrows from 'his Station a Condeſcenſion in every thing to 'his Superiors, yet unattended by that mean Ser-'vility which is called Good-Behaviour in ſuch 'Perſons. Every thing he doth, hath no Mark 'of the baſe Motive of Fear, but viſibly ſhews 'ſome Reſpect and Gratitude, and carries with 'it the Perſuaſion of Love.——And then for his 'Virtues; ſuch Piety to his Parents, ſuch tender 'Affection to his Siſter, ſuch Integrity in his 'Friendſhip, ſuch Bravery, ſuch Goodneſs, that 'if he had been born a Gentleman, his Wife 'would have poſſeſſed the moſt invaluable Bleſ-'ſing.'——'To be ſure, Ma'am,' ſays *Slip-ſlop*.——'But as he is,' anſwered the Lady, 'if 'he had a thouſand more good Qualities, it muſt 'render a Woman of Faſhion contemptible even 'to be ſuſpected of thinking of him, yes I ſhould 'deſpiſe myſelf for ſuch a Thought.' 'To be 'ſure, Ma'am,' ſaid *Slipſlop*. 'And why to be 'ſure?' replied the Lady; 'thou art always 'one's Echo. Is he not more worthy of Affec-

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'tion than a dirty Country Clown, tho' born of 'a Family as old as the Flood, or an idle worth-'leſs Rake, or little puiſny Beau of Quality? 'And yet theſe we muſt condemn ourſelves to, 'in order to avoid the Cenſure of the World; 'to ſhun the Contempt of others, we muſt ally 'ourſelves to thoſe we deſpiſe; we muſt prefer 'Birth, Title, and Fortune, to real Merit. It 'is a Tyranny of Cuſtom, a Tyranny we muſt 'comply with: for we People of Faſhion are 'the Slaves of Cuſtom.'——'Marry come up!' ſaid *Slipſlop*, who now well knew which Patty to take, 'if I was a Woman of your Ladyſhip's 'Fortune and Quality, I would be a Slave to no 'body.'—'Me,' ſaid the Lady, 'I am ſpeak-'ing, if a young Woman of Faſhion, who had 'ſeen nothing of the World, ſhould happen to 'like ſuch a Fellow.——Me indeed! I hope 'thou didſt not imagine'——'No, Ma'am, to 'be ſure,' cries *Slipſlop*.——'No! what no?' cried the Lady. 'Thou art always ready to an-'ſwer, before thou haſt heard one. So far I 'muſt allow he is a charming Fellow. Me in-'deed! No; *Slipſlop*, all Thoughts of Men are 'over with me.——I have loſt a Huſband, 'who —— but if I ſhould reflect, I ſhould run 'mad.——My future Eaſe muſt depend upon 'Forgetfulneſs. *Slipſlop*, let me hear ſome of 'thy Nonſenſe to turn my Thoughts another 'Way. What doſt thou think of Mr. *An-'drews*?' 'Why I think,' ſays *Slipſlop*, 'he is 'the handſomeſt, moſt propereſt Man I ever 'ſaw; and if I was a Lady of the greateſt De-'gree, it would be well for ſome Folks. Your 'Ladyſhip may talk of Cuſtom, if you pleaſe; 'but I am *conſidous* there is no more Compariſon

'between young Mr. *Andrews*, and moſt of the 'young Gentlemen who come to your Lady-'ſhip's Houſe in *London*; a Parcel of *Whipper-'ſnapper* Sparks: I would ſooner marry our old 'Parſon *Adams*. Never tell me what People ſay, 'whilſt I am happy in the Arms of him I love. 'Some Folks rail againſt other Folks, becauſe 'other Folks have what ſome Folks would be 'glad of.'——'And ſo,' anſwered the Lady, 'if you was a Woman of Condition, you would 'really marry Mr. *Andrews?*'—— 'Yes, I aſſure 'your Ladyſhip,' replied *Slipſlop*, 'if he would 'have me.'——'Fool, Idiot,' cries the Lady, 'if he would have a Woman of Faſhion! Is 'that a Queſtion?' 'No truly, Madam,' ſaid *Slipſlop*, 'I believe it would be none if *Fanny* 'was out of the way; and I am *confidous* if I 'was in your Ladyſhip's Place, and liked Mr. '*Joſeph Andrews*, ſhe ſhould not ſtay in the Pa-'riſh a Moment. I am ſure Lawyer *Scout* would 'ſend her packing, if your Ladyſhip would but 'ſay the Word.' This laſt Speech of *Slipſlop* raiſed a Tempeſt in the Mind of her Miſtreſs. She feared *Scout* had betrayed her, or rather that ſhe had betrayed herſelf. After ſome Silence, and a double Change of her Complexion, firſt to pale, and then to red, ſhe thus ſpoke: 'I 'am aſtoniſhed at the Liberty you give your 'Tongue. Would you inſinuate, that I em-'ployed *Scout* againſt this Wench, on the Ac-'count of the Fellow?' 'La, Ma'am,' ſaid *Slipſlop*, frighted out of her Wits, 'I *aſſaſſinate* 'ſuch a Thing!' 'I think you dare not,' an-ſwered the Lady. 'I believe my Conduct may 'defy Malice itſelf to aſſert ſo curſed a Slander. 'If I had ever diſcovered any Wantonneſs, any

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'Lightneſs in my Behaviour: if I had followed 'the Example of ſome whom thou haſt, I be- 'lieve, ſeen, in allowing myſelf indecent Liber- 'ties, even with a Huſband: But the dear Man 'who is gone,' *(here ſhe began to ſob)* 'was he 'alive again,' *(then ſhe produced Tears)* 'could 'not upbraid me with any one Act of Tender- 'neſs or Paſſion. No; *Slipſlop*, all the time I 'cohabited with him, he never obtained even a 'Kiſs from me, without my expreſſing Reluc- 'tance in the granting it. I am ſure he himſelf 'never ſuſpected how much I loved him.—— 'Since his Death, thou knoweſt, tho' it is al- 'moſt ſix Weeks (it wants but a Day) ago, I 'have not admitted one Viſitor, till this Fool 'my Nephew arrived. I have confined myſelf 'quite to one Party of Friends.——And can 'ſuch a Conduct as this fear to be arraigned? 'To be accuſed not only of a Paſſion which I 'have always deſpiſed, but of fixing it on ſuch 'an Object, a Creature ſo much beneath my 'Notice.'——'Upon my Word, Ma'am,' ſays *Slipſlop*, 'I do not underſtand your Ladyſhip, 'nor know I any thing of the Matter.'——'I 'believe indeed thou doſt not underſtand me.— 'Theſe are Delicacies which exiſt only in ſupe- 'rior Minds; thy coarſe Ideas cannot compre- 'hend them. Thou art a low Creature, of the 'Andrews Breed, a Reptile of a lower Order, a 'Weed that grows in the common Garden of 'the Creation.'——'I aſſure your Ladyſhip,' ſays *Slipſlop*, whoſe Paſſions were almoſt of as high an Order as her Lady's, 'I have no more 'to do with *Common Garden* than other Folks. 'Really, your Ladyſhip talks of Servants as if

'they were not born of the Chriſtian *Species*. 'Servants have Fleſh and Blood as well as Quality; and Mr. *Andrews* himſelf is a Proof that 'they have as good, if not better. And for my 'own Part, I can't perceive my *Dears* * are 'coarſer than other People's; and I am ſure, if 'Mr. *Andrews* was a *Dear* of mine, I ſhould 'not be aſhamed of him in Company with 'Gentlemen; for whoever hath ſeen him in his 'new Clothes, muſt confeſs he looks as much like 'a Gentleman as any body. Coarſe, quotha! I 'can't bear to hear the poor young Fellow run 'down neither; for I will ſay this, I never heard 'him ſay an ill Word of any body in his Life. 'I am ſure his Coarſeneſs doth not lie in his 'Heart; for he is the beſt natured Man in the 'World; and as for his Skin, it is no coarſer 'than other People's, I am ſure. His Boſom, 'when a Boy, was as white as driven Snow; and 'where it is not covered with Hairs, is ſo ſtill. 'Ifaukins! if I was Mrs. *Andrews*, with a hundred a Year, I ſhould not envy the beſt She 'who wears a Head. A Woman that could not 'be happy with ſuch a Man, ought never to be 'ſo: For if he can't make a Woman happy I 'never yet beheld the Man who could. I ſay 'again, I wiſh I was a great Lady for his Sake. 'I believe when I made a Gentleman of him, 'he'd behave ſo, that no body ſhould *deprecate* 'what I had done; and I fancy few would venture to tell him he was no Gentleman to his 'Face, nor to mine neither.' At which Words, taking up the Candles, ſhe aſked her Miſtreſs, who had been ſome time in her Bed, if ſhe had

* Meaning perhaps Ideas.

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any farther Commands; who mildly anſwered ſhe had none; and telling her, ſhe was a comical Creature, bid her Good night.

CHAP. VII.

Philoſophical Reflections, the like not to be found in any light French *Romance. Mr.* Booby's *grave Advice to* Joſeph, *and* Fanny's *Encounter with a Beau.*

HABIT, my good Reader, hath ſo vaſt a Prevalence over the human Mind, that there is ſcarce any thing too ſtrange or too ſtrong to be aſſerted of it. The Story of the Miſer, who, from long accuſtoming to cheat others, came at laſt to cheat himſelf, and with great Delight and Triumph picked his own Pocket of a Guinea to convey to his Hoard, is not impoſſible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the Practiſers of Deceit, who, from having long deceived their Acquaintance, gain at laſt a Power of deceiving themſelves, and acquire that very Opinion (however falſe) of their own Abilities, Excellencies and Virtues, into which they have for Years perhaps endeavoured to betray their Neighbours. Now, Reader, to apply this Obſervation to my preſent Purpoſe, thou muſt know, that as the Paſſion, generally called Love, exerciſes moſt of the Talents of the Female or fair World; ſo in this they now and then diſcover a ſmall Inclination to Deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful Creatures, when thou haſt conſidered, that at the Age of ſeven, or ſome-

ſomething earlier, Miſs is inſtructed by her Mother, that Maſter is a very monſtrous kind of Animal, who will, if ſhe ſuffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to Pieces. That ſo far from kiſſing or toying with him of her own Accord, ſhe muſt not admit him to kiſs or toy with her. And laſtly, that ſhe muſt never have any Affection towards him; for if ſhe ſhould, all her Friends in Petticoats would eſteem her a Traitreſs, point at her, and hunt her out of their Society. Theſe Impreſſions being firſt received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their School-miſtreſſes and Companions; ſo that by the Age of ten they have contracted ſuch a Dread and Abhorrence of the above-named Monſter, that, whenever they ſee him, they fly from him as the innocent Hare doth from the Greyhound. Hence, to the Age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty Antipathy to Maſter; they reſolve, and frequently profeſs, that they will never have any Commerce with him, and entertain fond Hopes of paſſing their Lives out of his Reach, of the Poſſibility of which they have ſo viſible an Example in their good Maiden Aunt. But when they arrive at this Period, and have now paſt their ſecond Climacteric, when their Wiſdom, grown riper, begins to ſee a little farther, and from almoſt daily falling in Maſter's Way, to apprehend the great Difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they obſerve him look often at them, and ſometimes very eagerly and earneſtly too, (for the Monſter ſeldom takes any notice of them till at this Age) they then begin to think of their Danger; and as they perceive they cannot eaſily avoid him, the wiſer Part bethink themſelves of providing by other Means for

for their Security. They endeavour by all the Methods they can invent to render themſelves ſo amiable in his Eyes, that he may have no Inclination to hurt them; in which they generally ſucceed ſo well, that his Eyes, by frequent languiſhing, ſoon leſſen their Idea of his Fierceneſs, and ſo far abate their Fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him ſo different from what he hath been deſcribed, all Gentleneſs, Softneſs, Kindneſs, Tenderneſs, Fondneſs, their dreadful Apprehenſions vaniſh in a Moment: and now (it being uſual with the human Mind to ſkip from one Extreme to its Oppoſite, as eaſily, and almoſt as ſuddenly, as a Bird from one Bough to another;) Love inſtantly ſucceeds to Fear: But as it happens to Perſons who have in their Infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain No-Perſons called Ghoſts, that they retain their Dread of thoſe Beings, after they are convinced that there are no ſuch things; ſo theſe young Ladies, tho' they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot ſo entirely ſhake off all that hath been inſtilled into them; they ſtill entertain the Idea of that Cenſure which was ſo ſtrongly imprinted on their tender Minds, to which the Declarations of Abhorrence they every Day hear from their Companions greatly contribute. To avoid this Cenſure therefore, is now their only Care; for which Purpoſe they ſtill pretend the ſame Averſion to the Monſter: And the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the Antipathy. By the continual and conſtant Practice of which Deceit on others, they at length impoſe on themſelves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed it happened to Lady *Booby*, who loved *Joſeph* long

before ſhe knew it; and now loved him much more than ſhe ſuſpected. She had indeed, from the Time of his Siſter's Arrival in the Quality of her Niece, and from the Inſtant ſhe viewed him in the Dreſs and Character of a Gentleman, began to conceive ſecretly a Deſign which Love had concealed from herſelf, till a Dream betrayed it to her.

She had no ſooner riſen than ſhe ſent for her Nephew; when he came to her, after many Compliments on his Choice, ſhe told him, 'He 'might perceive in her Condeſcenſion to admit 'her own Servant to her Table, that ſhe looked 'on the Family of *Andrews* as his Relations, and 'indeed hers; that as he had married into ſuch 'a Family, it became him to endeavour by all 'Methods to raiſe it as much as poſſible. At 'length ſhe adviſed him to uſe all his Art to diſ-'ſuade *Joſeph* from his intended Match, which 'would ſtill enlarge their Relation to Meanneſs 'and Poverty; concluding, that by a Commiſ-'ſion in the Army, or ſome other genteel Em-'ployment, he might ſoon put young Mr. *An-'drews* on the foot of a Gentleman; and that 'being once done, his Accompliſhments might 'quickly gain him an Alliance, which would not 'be to their Diſcredit.'

Her Nephew heartily embraced this Propoſal; and finding Mr. *Joſeph* with his Wife, at his Return to her Chamber, he immediately began thus: 'My Love to my dear *Pamela*, Brother, 'will extend to all her Relations; nor ſhall I 'ſhew them leſs Reſpect than if I had married 'into the Family of a Duke. I hope I have 'given you ſome early Teſtimonies of this, and 'ſhall continue to give you daily more. You

'will

'will excuſe me therefore, Brother, if my Con-
'cern for your Intereſt makes me mention what
'may be, perhaps, diſagreeable to you to hear:
'But I muſt inſiſt upon it, that if you have any
'Value for my Alliance or my Friendſhip, you
'will decline any Thoughts of engaging farther
'with a Girl, who is, as you are a Relation
'of mine, ſo much beneath you. I know there
'may be at firſt ſome Difficulty in your Com-
'pliance, but that will daily diminiſh; and you
'will in the End ſincerely thank me for my Ad-
'vice. I own, indeed, the Girl is handſome:
'but Beauty alone is a poor Ingredient, and will
'make but an uncomfortable Marriage.' 'Sir,'
ſaid *Joſeph*, 'I aſſure you her Beauty is her leaſt
'Perfection; nor do I know a Virtue which
'that young Creature is not poſſeſt of.' 'As
'to her Virtues,' anſwered Mr. *Booby*, 'you
'can be yet but a ſlender Judge of them: But
'if ſhe had never ſo many, you will find her
'Equal in theſe among her Superiors in Birth
'and Fortune, which now you are to eſteem on
'a Footing with yourſelf; at leaſt I will take
'care they ſhall ſhortly be ſo, unleſs you pre-
'vent me by degrading yourſelf with ſuch a
'Match, a Match I have hardly Patience to
'think of; and which would break the Hearts
'of your Parents, who now rejoice in the Ex-
'pectation of ſeeing you make a Figure in the
'World.' 'I know not,' replied *Joſeph*, 'that
'my Parents have any Power over my Inclina-
'tions; nor am I obliged to ſacrifice my Hap-
'pineſs to their Whim or Ambition: Beſides,
'I ſhall be very ſorry to ſee, that the unexpected
'Advancement of my Siſter ſhould ſo ſuddenly
'inſpire them with this wicked Pride, and make
'them

'them deſpiſe their Equals. I am reſolved on 'no Account to quit my dear *Fanny*, no, tho' 'I could raiſe her as high above her preſent Sta- 'tion as you have raiſed my Siſter.' 'Your Si- 'ſter, as well as myſelf,' ſaid *Booby*, 'are great- 'ly obliged to you for the Compariſon: But, 'Sir, ſhe is not worthy to be compared in Beau- 'ty to my *Pamela*; nor hath ſhe half her Me- 'rit. And beſides, Sir, as you civilly throw 'my Marriage with your Siſter in my Teeth, I 'muſt teach you the wide Difference between 'us; my Fortune enabled me to pleaſe myſelf; 'and it would have been as overgrown a Folly 'in me to have omitted it, as in you to do it.' 'My Fortune enables me to pleaſe myſelf like- 'wiſe,' ſaid *Joſeph*; 'for all my Pleaſure is cen- 'tred in *Fanny*; and whilſt I have Health, I 'ſhall be able to ſupport her with my Labour 'in that Station to which ſhe was born, and with 'which ſhe is content.' 'Brother,' ſaid *Pa- mela*, 'Mr. *Booby* adviſes you as a Friend; and, 'no doubt, my Papa and Mamma will be of his 'Opinion, and will have great Reaſon to be 'angry with you for deſtroying what his Good- 'neſs hath done, and throwing down our Fa- 'mily again, after he hath raiſed it. It would 'become you better, Brother, to pray for the 'Aſſiſtance of Grace againſt ſuch a Paſſion, than 'to indulge it.'—'Sure, Siſter, you are not in 'earneſt; I am ſure ſhe is your Equal at leaſt.' ———'She was my Equal, anſwered *Pamela*, 'but I am no longer *Pamela Andrews*, I am now 'this Gentleman's Lady, and as ſuch am above 'her— I hope I ſhall never behave with an un- 'becoming Pride; but at the ſame time, I ſhall 'always endeavour to know myſelf, and queſtion

'not

'not the Aſſiſtance of Grace to that Purpoſe.' They were now ſummoned to Breakfaſt, and thus ended their Diſcourſe for the preſent, very little to the Satisfaction of any of the Parties.

Fanny was now walking in an Avenue at ſome Diſtance from the Houſe, when *Joſeph* had promiſed to take the firſt Opportunity of coming to her. She had not a Shilling in the World, and had ſubſiſted ever ſince her Return, entirely on the Charity of Parſon *Adams*. A young Gentleman, attended by many Servants, came up to her, and aſked her if that was not the Lady *Booby*'s Houſe before him? This indeed he well knew, but had framed the Queſtion for no other Reaſon than to make her look up, and diſcover if her Face was equal to the Delicacy of her Shape. He no ſooner ſaw it, than he was ſtruck with Amazement. He ſtopt his Horſe, and ſwore ſhe was the moſt beautiful Creature he ever beheld. Then inſtantly alighting, and delivering his Horſe to his Servant, he rapt out half a dozen Oaths that he would kiſs her; to which ſhe at firſt ſubmitted, begging he would not be rude: but he was not ſatisfied with the Civility of a Salute, nor even with the rudeſt Attack he could make on her Lips, but caught her in his Arms, and endeavoured to kiſs her Breaſts, which with all her Strength ſhe reſiſted, and, as our Spark was not of the *Herculean* Race, with ſome Difficulty prevented. The young Gentleman being ſoon out of Breath in the Struggle, quitted her, and remounting his Horſe, called one of his Servants to him, whom he ordered to ſtay behind with her, and make her any Offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the Evening; and to aſſure her he would take her into

into Keeping. He then rode on with his other Servants, and arrived at the Lady's Houſe, to whom he was a diſtant Relation, and was come to pay a Viſit.

The truſty Fellow, who was employed in an Office he had been long accuſtomed to, diſcharged his Part with all the Fidelity and Dexterity imaginable; but to no Purpoſe. She was entirely deaf to his Offers, and rejected them with the utmoſt Diſdain. At laſt the Pimp, who had perhaps more warm Blood about him than his Maſter, began to ſollicit for himſelf; he told her, tho' he was a Servant, he was a Man of ſome Fortune, which he would make her Miſtreſs of ——and this without any Inſult to her Virtue, for that he would marry her. She anſwer'd, if his Maſter himſelf, or the greateſt Lord in the Land would marry her, ſhe would refuſe him. At laſt, being weary with Perſuaſions, and on Fire with Charms, which would have almoſt kindled a Flame in the Boſom of an ancient Philoſopher, or modern Divine, he faſtened his Horſe to the Ground, and attacked her with much more Force than the Gentleman had exerted. Poor *Fanny* would not have been able to reſiſt his Rudeneſs any long time, but the Deity, who preſides over chaſte Love, ſent her *Joſeph* to her Aſſiſtance. He no ſooner came within Sight, and perceived her ſtruggling with a Man, than like a Cannon Ball, or like Lightning, or any thing that is ſwifter, if any thing be, he ran towards her, and coming up juſt as the Raviſher had torn her Handkerchief from her Breaſt, before his Lips had touched that Seat of Innocence and Bliſs, he dealt him ſo luſty a Blow in that Part of the Neck which a Rope would have

have become with the utmoſt Propriety, that the Fellow ſtaggered backwards, and perceiving he had to do with ſomething rougher than the little, tender trembling Hand of *Fanny*, he quitted her, and turning about ſaw his Rival, with Fire flaſhing from his Eyes, again ready to aſſail him; and indeed before he could well defend himſelf, or return the firſt Blow, he received a ſecond, which, had it fallen on that Part of the Stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the laſt he would have had any Occaſion for; but the Raviſher lifting up his Hand, drove the Blow upwards to his Mouth, whence it diſlodged three of his Teeth; and now not conceiving any extraordinary Affection for the Beauty of *Joſeph*'s Perſon, nor being extremely pleaſed with this Method of Salutation, he collected all his Force, and aimed a Blow at *Joſeph*'s Breaſt, which he artfully parry'd with one Fiſt, ſo that it loſt its Force entirely in Air; and ſtepping one Foot backward, he darted his Fiſt ſo fiercely at his Enemy, that had he not caught it in his Hand (for he was a Boxer of no inferior Fame) it muſt have tumbled him on the Ground. And now the Raviſher meditated another Blow, which he aimed at that Part of the Breaſt where the Heart is lodged; *Joſeph* did not catch it as before, yet ſo prevented its Aim, that it fell directly on his Noſe, but with abated Force. *Joſeph* then moving both Fiſt and Foot forwards at the ſame time, threw his Head ſo dextrouſly into the Stomach of the Raviſher, that he fell a lifeleſs Lump on the Field, where he lay many Minutes breathleſs and motionleſs.

When

When *Fanny* ſaw her *Joſeph* receive a Blow in his Face, and Blood running in a Stream from him, ſhe began to tear her Hair, and invoke all human and divine Power to his Aſſiſtance. She was not, however, long under this Affliction, before *Joſeph*, having conquered his Enemy, ran to her, and aſſured her he was not hurt; ſhe then inſtantly fell on her Knees, and thanked God that he had made *Joſeph* the Means of her Reſcue, and at the ſame time preſerved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her Handkerchief to wipe his Blood from his Face; but he ſeeing his Rival attempting to recover his Legs, turned to him, and aſked him, if he had enough; to which the other anſwered he had; for he believed he had fought with the Devil, inſtead of a Man; and looſening his Horſe, ſaid he ſhould not have attempted the Wench if he had known ſhe had been ſo well provided for.

Fanny now begged *Joſeph* to return with her to Parſon *Adams*, and to promiſe that he would leave her no more; theſe were Propoſitions ſo agreeable to *Joſeph*, that had he heard them he would have given an immediate Aſſent: but indeed his Eyes were now his only Senſe; for you may remember, Reader, that the Raviſher had tore her Handkerchief from *Fanny*'s Neck, by which he had diſcovered ſuch a Sight, that *Joſeph* hath declared all the Statues he ever beheld, were ſo much inferior to it in Beauty, that it was more capable of converting a Man into a Statue, than of being imitated by the greateſt Maſter of that Art. This modeſt Creature, whom no Warmth in Summer could ever induce to expoſe her Charms to the wanton Sun, a Modeſty

to

to which perhaps they owed their inconceivable Whiteneſs, had ſtood many Minutes bare-necked in the Preſence of *Joſeph*, before her Apprehenſion of his Danger, and the Horror of ſeeing his Blood, would ſuffer her once to reflect on what concerned herſelf; till at laſt, when the Cauſe of her Concern had vaniſhed, an Admiration at his Silence, together with obſerving the fixed Poſition of his Eyes, produced an Idea in the lovely Maid, which brought more Blood into her Face than had flowed from *Joſeph*'s Noſtrils. The ſnowy Hue of her Boſom was likewiſe exchanged to Vermilion at the Inſtant when ſhe clapped her Handkerchief round her Neck. *Joſeph* ſaw the Uneaſineſs ſhe ſuffered, and immediately removed his Eyes from an Object, in ſurveying which he had felt the greateſt Delight which the Organs of Sight were capable of conveying to his Soul. So great was his Fear of offending her, and ſo truly did his Paſſion for her deſerve the noble Name of Love.

Fanny, being recovered from her Confuſion, which was almoſt equalled by what *Joſeph* had felt from obſerving it, again mentioned her Requeſt; this was inſtantly and gladly complied with, and together they croſſed two or three Fields, which brought them to the Habitation of Mr. *Adams*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A Diſcourſe which happened between Mr. Adams, *Mrs.* Adams, Joſeph *and* Fanny; *with ſome Behaviour of Mr.* Adams, *which will be called by ſome few Readers very low, abſurd, and unnatural.*

THE Parſon and his Wife had juſt ended a long Diſpute when the Lovers came to the Door. Indeed this young Couple had been the Subject of the Diſpute; for Mrs. *Adams* was one of thoſe prudent People who never do any thing to injure their Families, or perhaps one of thoſe good Mothers who would even ſtretch their Conſcience to ſerve their Children. She had long entertained Hope of ſeeing her eldeſt Daughter ſucceed Mrs. *Slipſlop*, and of making her ſecond Son an Exciſeman by Lady *Booby*'s Intereſt. Theſe were Expectations ſhe could not endure the Thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneaſy to ſee her Huſband ſo reſolute to oppoſe the Lady's Intention in *Fanny*'s Affair. She told him, 'it behoved every Man to take the 'firſt Care of his Family; that he had a Wife 'and ſix Children, the maintaining and provid-'ing for whom would be Buſineſs enough for 'him without intermeddling in other Folks Af-'fairs; that he had always preached up Submiſ-'ſion to Superiors, and would do ill to give an 'Example of the contrary Behaviour in his own 'Conduct; that if Lady *Booby* did wrong, ſhe 'muſt anſwer for it herſelf, and the Sin would 'not

'not lie at their Door; that *Fanny* had been a 'Servant, and bred up in the Lady's own Fa-'mily, and conſequently ſhe muſt have known 'more of her than they did, and it was very 'improbable, if ſhe had behaved herſelf well, 'that the Lady would have been ſo bitterly her 'Enemy; that perhaps he was too much in-'clined to think well of her, becauſe ſhe was 'handſome; but handſome Women were often 'no better than they ſhould be; that G— made 'ugly Women as well as handſome ones, and 'that if a Woman had Virtue, it ſignified no-'thing whether ſhe had Beauty or no.' For all which Reaſons ſhe concluded he ſhould oblige the Lady, and ſtop the future Publication of the Banns. But all theſe excellent Arguments had no Effect on the Parſon, who perſiſted in doing his Duty without regarding the Conſequence it might have on his worldly Intereſt; he endea-voured to anſwer her as well as he could, to which ſhe had juſt finiſhed her Reply, (for ſhe had al-ways the laſt Word every where but at Church) when *Joſeph* and *Fanny* entered their Kitchin, where the Parſon and his Wife then ſat at Break-faſt over ſome Bacon and Cabbage. There was a Coldneſs in the Civility of Mrs. *Adams*, which Perſons of accurate Speculation might have obſerved, but eſcaped her preſent Gueſts; indeed it was a good deal covered by the Hear-tineſs of *Adams*, who no ſooner heard that *Fanny* had neither eat nor drank that Morning, then he preſented her a Bone of Bacon he had juſt been gnawing, being the only Remains of his Proviſion, and then ran nimbly to the Tap, and produced a Mug of ſmall Beer, which he

called Ale; however, it was the beſt in his Houſe. *Joſeph*, addreſſing himſelf to the Parſon, told him the Diſcourſe which had paſt between Squire *Booby*, his Siſter and himſelf, concerning *Fanny*: he then acquainted him with the Dangers whence he had reſcued her, and communicated ſome Apprehenſions on her Account. He concluded, that he ſhould never have an eaſy Moment till *Fanny* was abſolutely his, and begged that he might be ſuffered to fetch a Licence, ſaying, he could eaſily borrow the Money. The Parſon anſwered, that he had already given his Sentiments concerning a Licence, and that a very few Days would make it unneceſſary. 'Joſeph,' ſays he, 'I 'wiſh this Haſte doth not ariſe rather from your 'Impatience than your Fear; but as it certainly 'ſprings from one of theſe Cauſes, I will exa-'mine both. Of each of theſe therefore in their 'Turn; and firſt, for the firſt of theſe, name-'ly Impatience. Now, Child, I muſt inform 'you, that if in your purpoſed Marriage with 'this young Woman, you have no Intention but 'the Indulgence of carnal Appetites, you are 'guilty of a very heinous Sin. Marriage was 'ordained for nobler Purpoſes, as you will learn 'when you hear the Service provided on that 'Occaſion read to you. Nay perhaps, if you 'are a good Lad, I ſhall give you a Sermon *gra-'tis*, wherein I ſhall demonſtrate how little Re-'gard ought to be had to the Fleſh on ſuch Oc-'caſions. The Text will be, Child, *Mathew* 'the 5th, and Part of the 28th Verſe, *Whoſo-'ever looketh on a Woman ſo as to luſt after her.* 'The latter Part I ſhall omit, as foreign to my 'Purpoſe. Indeed all ſuch brutal Luſts and Af-

'fections

'ſections are to be greatly ſubdued, if not to-
'tally eradicated, before the Veſſel can be ſaid to
'be conſecrated to Hônour. To marry with a
'View of gratifying thoſe Inclinations is a Pro-
'ſtitution of that holy Ceremony, and muſt en-
'tail a Curſe on all who ſo lightly undertake it.
'If therefore, this Haſte ariſes from Impatience,
'you are to correct, and not give Way to it.
'Now as to the ſecond Head which I propoſed to
'ſpeak to, namely, Fear: It argues a Diffi-
'dence highly criminal of that Power in which
'alone we ſhould put our Truſt, ſeeing we may
'be well aſſured that he is able not only to de-
'feat the Deſigns of our Enemies, but even to
'turn their Hearts. Inſtead of taking therefore
'any unjuſtifiable or deſperate Means to rid our-
'ſelves of Fear, we ſhould reſort to Prayer only
'on theſe Occaſions; and we may be then cer-
'tain of obtaining what is beſt for us. When
'any Accident threatens us, we are not to de-
'ſpair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve;
'we muſt ſubmit in all things to the Will of
'Providence, and not ſet our Affections ſo much
'on any thing here, as not to be able to quit it
'without Reluctance. You are a young Man,
'and can know but little of this World; I am
'older, and have ſeen a great deal. All Paſſions
'are criminal in their Exceſs; and even Love it-
'ſelf, if it is not ſubſervient to our Duty, may
'render us blind to it. Had *Abraham* ſo loved his
'Son *Iſaac*, as to refuſe the Sacrifice required,
'is there any of us who would not condemn
'him? *Joſeph*, I know your many good Quali-
'ties, and value you for them: but as I am to
'render an Account of your Soul, which is

'committed to my Cure, I cannot ſee any Fault 'without reminding you of it. You are too 'much inclined to Paſſion, Child, and have ſet 'your Affections ſo abſolutely on this young 'Woman, that if G— required her at your 'Hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with 'her. Now, believe me, no Chriſtian ought 'ſo to ſet his Heart on any Perſon or Thing in 'this World, but that whenever it ſhall be re-'quired or taken from him in any manner by 'Divine Providence, he may be able, peace-'ably, quietly, and contentedly to reſign it.' At which Words one came haſtily in and acquainted Mr. *Adams* that his youngeſt Son was drowned. He ſtood ſilent a Moment, and ſoon began to ſtamp about the Room and deplore his Loſs with the bittereſt Agony. *Joſeph*, who was overwhelmed with Concern likewiſe, recovered himſelf ſufficiently to endeavour to comfort the Parſon; in which Attempt he uſed many Arguments that he had at ſeveral times remembered out of his own Diſcourſes both in private and public, (for he was a great Enemy to the Paſſions, and preached nothing more than the Conqueſt of them by Reaſon and Grace) but he was not at Leiſure now to hearken to his Advice. 'Child, 'Child,' ſaid he, 'do not go about Impoſſibili-'ties. Had it been any other of my Children, I 'could have borne it with Patience; but my 'little Prattler, the Darling and Comfort of my 'old Age,——the little Wretch to be ſnatched 'out of Life juſt at his Entrance into it; the 'ſweeteſt, beſt-tempered Boy, who never did a 'thing to offend me. It was but this Morning 'I gave him his firſt Leſſon in *Quæ Genus*. This

'was

'was the very Book he learnt; poor Child! it 'is of no further Uſe to thee now. He would 'have made the beſt Scholar, and have been an 'Ornament to the Church;——ſuch Parts, and 'ſuch Goodneſs, never met in one ſo young.' 'And the handſomeſt Lad too,' ſays Mrs. *Adams*, recovering from a Swoon in *Fanny*'s Arms.—'My poor *Jacky*, ſhall I never ſee thee more?' cries the Parſon.——'Yes, ſurely, ſays *Joſeph*, 'and in a better Place, you will meet again 'never to part more.'——I believe the Parſon did not hear theſe Words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting whilſt the Tears trickled down into his Boſom. At laſt he cry'd out, 'Where is my little Darling?' and was ſallying out, when, to his great Surprize and Joy, in which I hope the Reader will ſympathize, he met his Son in a wet Condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The Perſon who brought the News of his Misfortune, had been a little too eager, as People ſometimes are, from, I believe, no very good Principle, to relate ill News; and having ſeen him fall into the River, inſtead of running to his Aſſiſtance, directly ran to acquaint his Father of a Fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the Child was relieved by the ſame poor Pedlar who had relieved his Father before from a leſs Diſtreſs. The Parſon's Joy was now as extravagant as his Grief had been before; he kiſſed and embraced his Son a thouſand times, and danced about the Room like one frantic; but as ſoon as he diſcovered the Face of his old Friend the Pedlar, and heard the freſh Obligation he had to him, what were his Senſations? not thoſe which two Cour-

tiers feel in one another's Embraces; not those with which a great Man receives the vile, treacherous Engines of his wicked Purposes; not those with which a worthless younger Brother wishes his elder Joy of a Son, or a Man congratulates his Rival on his obtaining a Mistress, a Place, or an Honour.——No, Reader, he felt the Ebullition, the Overflowings of a full, honest, open Heart towards the Person who had conferred a real Obligation, and of which if thou canst not conceive an Idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these Tumults were over, the Parson, taking *Joseph* aside, proceeded thus——'No, 'Joseph, do not give too much way to thy Pas'sions, if thou dost expect Happiness.'—The Patience of *Joseph*, nor perhaps of *Job*, could bear no longer; he interrupted the Parson, saying, 'it was easier to give Advice than to take it; 'nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer 'himself, when he apprehended he had lost his 'Son, or when he found him recovered.'——— 'Boy,' replied *Adams*, raising his Voice, 'it 'doth not become green Heads to advise grey 'Hairs.——Thou art ignorant of the Tender'ness of fatherly Affection; when thou art a Fa'ther, thou wilt be capable then only of know'ing what a Father can feel. No Man is obliged 'to Impossibilities; and the Loss of a Child is 'one of those great Trials, where our Grief may 'be allowed to become immoderate.' 'Well, 'Sir,' cries *Joseph*, 'and if I love a Mistress as 'well as you your Child, surely her Loss would 'grieve me equally.' 'Yes, but such Love is 'Foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to

'be

'be conquered,' answered *Adams*; 'it savours 'too much of the Flesh.' 'Sure, Sir,' says *Joseph*, 'it is not sinful to love my Wife, no 'not even to doat on her to Distraction!' 'Indeed but it is,' says *Adams*. 'Every Man 'ought to love his Wife, no doubt; we are 'commanded so to do; but we ought to love 'her with Moderation and Discretion.'——'I 'am afraid I shall be guilty of some Sin, in spite 'of all my Endeavours, says *Joseph*; for I shall 'love without any Moderation, I am sure.'—— 'You talk foolishly and childishly,' cries *Adams*. 'Indeed,' says Mrs. *Adams*, who had listened to the latter Part of their Conversation, 'you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my 'Dear, you will never preach any such Doctrine 'as that Husbands can love their Wives too well. 'If I knew you had such a Sermon in the House, 'I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I 'had not been convinced you had loved me as 'well as you could, I can answer for myself I 'should have hated and despised you. Marry 'come up! Fine Doctrine indeed! A Wife hath 'a Right to insist on her Husband's loving her 'as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful Villain who doth not. Doth he not promise to 'love her, and to comfort her, and to cherish 'her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all, 'as well as if I had repeated it over but Yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am 'certain you do not preach as you practise; for 'you have been a loving and a cherishing Husband to me, that's the Truth on't; and why 'you should endeavour to put such wicked Nonsense into this young Man's Head, I cannot de-

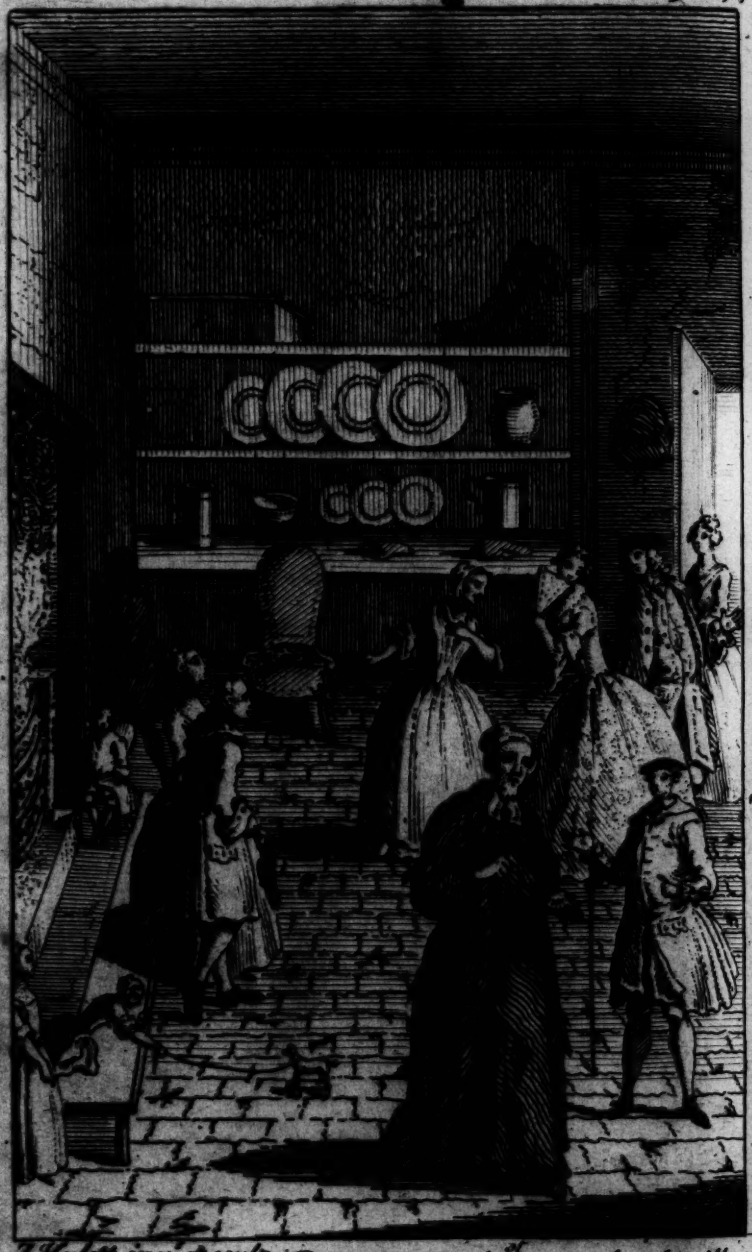
'vise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. *Joseph*, be 'as good a Husband as you are able, and love 'your Wife with all your Body and Soul too.' Here a violent Rap at the Door put an End to their Discourse, and produced a Scene which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

CHAP. IX.

A Visit which the good Lady Booby *and her polite Friend paid to the Parson.*

THE Lady *Booby* had no sooner had an Account from the Gentleman of his meeting a wonderful Beauty near her House, and perceived the Raptures with which he spoke of her, then immediately concluding it must be *Fanny*, she began to meditate a Design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain Hopes that the fine Clothes, Presents and Promises of this Youth, would prevail on her to abandon *Joseph*: She therefore proposed to her Company a Walk in the Fields before Dinner, when she led them towards Mr. *Adams*'s House; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous Sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish Parson, who, she said laughing, kept a Wife and six Brats on a Salary of about 20 Pounds a Year; adding, that there was not such another ragged Family in the Parish. They all readily agreed to this Visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. *Adams* was declaiming, as in the last Chapter.

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ter. Beau *Didapper*, which was the Name of the young Gentleman we have ſeen riding towards Lady *Booby*'s, with his Cane mimicked the Rap of a *London* Footman at the Door. The People within, namely, *Adams*, his Wife, and three Children, *Joſeph*, *Fanny*, and the Pedlar, were all thrown into Confuſion by this Knock; but *Adams* went directly to the Door, which being opened, the Lady *Booby* and her Company walked in, and were received by the Parſon with about two hundred Bows; and by his Wife with as many Curt'ſies, the latter telling the Lady, 'She was aſhamed to be ſeen in ſuch a Pickle, 'and that her Houſe was in ſuch a Litter: But 'that if ſhe had expected ſuch an Honour from 'her Ladyſhip, ſhe ſhould have found her in a 'better Manner.' The Parſon made no Apologies, tho' he was in his Half-Caſſock, and a Flannel Night-Cap. He ſaid, 'they were heartily welcome to his poor Cottage,' and, turning to Mr. *Didapper*, cried out, *Non mea renidet in domo Lacunar*. The Beau anſwered, 'He did 'not underſtand *Welch*;' at which the Parſon ſtared, and made no Reply.

Mr. *Didapper*, or Beau *Didapper*, was a young Gentleman of about four Foot five Inches in Height. He wore his own Hair, tho' the Scarcity of it might have given him ſufficient Excuſe for a Periwig. His Face was thin and pale: The Shape of his Body and Legs none of the beſt; for he had very narrow Shoulders, and no Calf; and his Gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The Qualifications of his Mind were well adapted to his Perſon. We ſhall handle them firſt negatively. He was

not entirely ignorant: For he could talk a little *French*, and ſing two or three *Italian* Songs: He had lived too much in the World to be baſhful, and too much at Court to be proud: He ſeemed not much inclined to Avarice; for he was profuſe in his Expences: Nor had he all the Features of Prodigality; for he never gave a Shilling:—No Hater of Women; for he always dangled after them; yet ſo little ſubject to Luſt, that he had, among thoſe who knew him beſt, the Character of great Moderation in his Pleaſures. No Drinker of Wine; nor ſo addicted to Paſſion, but that a hot Word or two from an Adverſary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a Daſh or two on the affirmative Side: 'Tho' he was born to an 'immenſe Fortune, he choſe, for the pitiful and 'dirty Conſideration of a Place of little Conſe-'quence, to depend entirely on the Will of a 'Fellow, whom they call a Great Man; who 'treated him with the utmoſt Diſreſpect, and 'exacted of him a plenary Obedience to his 'Commands; which he implicitly ſubmitted to, 'at the Expence of his Conſcience, his Honour, 'and of his Country, in which he had himſelf 'ſo very large a Share. And to finiſh his Cha-'racter; as he was entirely well ſatisfied with 'his own Perſon and Parts, ſo he was very apt 'to ridicule and laugh at any Imperfection in 'another.' Such was the little Perſon or rather Thing that hopped after Lady *Booby* into Mr. *Adams*'s Kitchin.

The Parſon and his Company retreated from the Chimney ſide, where they had been ſeated, to give Room to the Lady and hers. Inſtead of returning

returning any of the Curt'sies or extraordinary Civility of Mrs. *Adams*, the Lady turning to Mr. *Booby*, cried out, 'Quelle Bête! Quel Animal!' And presently after discovering *Fanny* (for she did not need the Circumstance of her standing by *Joseph* to assure the Identity of her Person) she asked the Beau, 'Whether he did not think her a 'pretty Girl?'—'Begad, Madam,' answered he, 'tis the very same I met.' 'I did not imagine,' replied the Lady, 'you had so good a Taste.' 'Because I never liked you, I warrant,' cries the Beau. 'Ridiculous!' said she, 'you know 'you was always my Aversion.' 'I would never 'mention Aversion,' answered the Beau, 'with 'that Face*; dear Lady *Booby*, wash your Face 'before you mention Aversion, I beseech you.' He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with *Fanny*.

Mrs. *Adams* had been all this time begging and praying the Ladies to sit down, a Favour which she at last obtained. The little Boy to whom the Accident had happened, still keeping his Place by the Fire, was chid by his Mother for not being more mannerly: But Lady *Booby* took his Part, and commending his Beauty, told the Parson he was his very Picture. She then seeing a Book in his Hand, asked, 'if he could read?' 'Yes,' cried *Adams*, 'a little *Latin*, Madam, 'he is just got into *Quæ Genus*.' 'A Fig for 'quere genius,' answered she, 'let me hear him 'read a little *English*.'——'*Lege, Dick, Lege*,' said *Adams*: But the Boy made no Answer, 'till

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some Readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken *verbatim* from very polite Conversation.

he ſaw the Parſon knit his Brows; and then cried, 'I don't underſtand you, Father.' 'How, 'Boy!' ſays *Adams*, 'What doth *Lego* make 'in the Imperative Mood? *Legito*, doth it not?' 'Yes,' anſwered *Dick*.——'And what be-'ſides?' ſays the Father. '*Lege*,' quoth the Son, after ſome Heſitation. 'A good Boy,' ſays the Father: 'And now, Child, what is 'the *Engliſh* of *Lego*?'—To which the Boy, after long puzzling, anſwered, he could not tell. 'How,' cries *Adams*, in a Paſſion,—— 'What, hath the Water waſhed away your 'Learning? Why, what is *Latin* for the *Engliſh* 'Verb *read*? Conſider before you ſpeak.'—The Child conſidered ſome time, and then the Parſon cried twice or thrice, '*Le*—, *Le*—,' *Dick* anſwered, '*Lego*.'——'Very well;—and then, 'what is the *Engliſh*,' ſays the Parſon, 'of the Verb '*Lego*.'—'*To read*,' cried *Dick*—'Very well,' ſaid the Parſon, 'a good Boy, you can do well, 'if you will take Pains.—I aſſure your Ladyſhip 'he is not much above eight Years old, and is out 'of his *Propria quæ Maribus* already.—Come, '*Dick*, read to her Ladyſhip;'—which ſhe again deſiring, in Order to give the Beau Time and Opportunity with *Fanny*, *Dick* began as in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The History of two Friends, which may afford an useful Lesson to all those Persons, who happen to take up their Residence in married Families.

'LEONARD and *Paul* were two Friends,' ——'pronounce it *Lennard*, Child,' cried the Parson.——'Pray, Mr. *Adams*,' says Lady *Booby*, 'let your Son read without Interruption.' *Dick* then proceeded. 'LEONARD and 'PAUL were two Friends, who, having been educated together at the same School, commenced 'a Friendship which they preserved a long time 'for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both 'their Minds, that a long Absence, during which 'they had maintained no Correspondence, did 'not eradicate nor lessen it: But it revived in 'all its Force at their first Meeting, which was 'not till after fifteen Years Absence, most of 'which Time *Lennard* had spent in the *East-Indies*'——'Pronounce it short *Indies*,' says *Adams*.——'Pray, Sir, be quiet,' says the Lady.——The Boy repeated——'in the *East-Indies*, whilst *Paul* had served his King and 'Country in the Army. In which different Services, they had found such different Success, 'that *Lennard* was now married, and retired 'with a Fortune of thirty thousand Pound; and 'PAUL was arrived to the Degree of a Lieutenant of Foot; and was not worth a single Shilling.

'The

'The Regiment in which *Paul* was ſtationed, 'happened to be ordered into Quarters, within a 'ſmall Diſtance from the Eſtate which *Lennard* 'had purchaſed; and where he was ſettled. This 'latter, who was now become a Country Gen-'tleman, and a Juſtice of Peace, came to attend 'the Quarter-Seſſions, in the Town where his 'old Friend was quartered, ſoon after his Arri-'val. Some Affair in which a Soldier was con-'cerned, occaſioned *Paul* to attend the Juſtices. 'Manhood, and Time, and the Change of Cli-'mate, had ſo much altered *Lennard*, that *Paul* 'did not immediately recollect the Features of 'his old Acquaintance: But it was otherwiſe 'with *Lennard*. He knew *Paul* the Moment he 'ſaw him; nor could he contain himſelf from 'quitting the Bench, and running haſtily to em-'brace him. *Paul* ſtood at firſt a little ſurpriz'd; 'but had ſoon ſufficient Information from his 'Friend, whom he no ſooner remembered, than 'he returned his Embrace with a Paſſion which 'made many of the Spectators laugh, and gave 'to ſome few a much higher and more agreeable 'Senſation.

'Not to detain the Reader with minute Cir-'cumſtances, *Lennard* inſiſted on his Friend's re-'turning with him to his Houſe that Evening; 'which Requeſt was complied with, and Leave 'for a Month's Abſence for *Paul* obtained of the 'commanding Officer.

'If it was poſſible for any Circumſtance to 'give any Addition to the Happineſs which *Paul* 'propoſed in this Viſit, he received that addi-'tional Pleaſure, by finding on his Arrival at his 'Friend's Houſe, that his Lady was an old Ac-

'quaintance

'quaintance which he had formerly contracted at 'his Quarters; and who had always appeared to 'be of a moſt agreeable Temper. A Character 'ſhe had ever maintained among her Intimates, 'being of that Number, every Individual of 'which is called quite the beſt ſort of Woman in 'the World.

'But as good as this Lady was, ſhe was ſtill a 'Woman; that is to ſay, an Angel, and not 'an Angel.'——'You muſt miſtake, Child,' cries the Parſon, 'for you read Nonſenſe.' 'It 'is ſo in the Book,' anſwered the Son. Mr. *Adams* was then ſilenced by Authority, and *Dick* proceeded.——'For tho' her Perſon was of that 'kind to which Men attribute the Name of 'Angel, yet in her Mind ſhe was perfectly Wo-'man. Of which a great Degree of Obſtinacy 'gave the moſt remarkable, and perhaps moſt 'pernicious Inſtance.

'A Day or two paſt after *Paul*'s Arrival, be-'fore any Inſtances of this appeared; but it was 'impoſſible to conceal it long. Both ſhe and her 'Huſband ſoon loſt all Apprehenſion from their 'Friend's Preſence, and fell to their Diſputes 'with as much Vigour as ever. Theſe were ſtill 'purſued with the utmoſt Ardour and Eagerneſs, 'however trifling the Cauſes were whence they 'firſt aroſe. Nay, however incredible it may 'ſeem, the little Conſequence of the Matter in 'Debate was frequently given as a Reaſon for 'the Fierceneſs of the Contention, as thus: *If 'you loved me, ſure you would never diſpute with 'me ſuch a Triſle as this.* The anſwer to which 'is very obvious; for the Argument would hold 'equally on both Sides, and was conſtantly re-

'torted

'torted with ſome Additions, as—*I am ſure I have much more Reaſon to ſay ſo, who am in the right.* During all theſe Diſputes, *Paul* always 'kept ſtrict Silence, and preſerved an even Countenance without ſhewing the leaſt viſible Inclination to either Party. One Day, however, 'when Madam had left the Room in a violent 'Fury, *Lennard* could not refrain from referring his Cauſe to his Friend. Was ever any 'thing ſo unreaſonable, ſays he, as this Woman? 'What ſhall I do with her? I doat on her to 'Diſtraction; nor have I any Cauſe to complain of more than this Obſtinacy in her Temper; whatever ſhe aſſerts ſhe will maintain 'againſt all the Reaſon and Conviction in the 'World. Pray give me your Advice.—Firſt, ſays *Paul*, I will give my Opinion, which is 'flatly that you are in the wrong; for ſuppoſing 'ſhe is in the wrong, was the Subject of your 'Contention any ways material? What ſignified 'it whether you was married in a red or a yellow 'Waiſtcoat? for that was your Diſpute. Now 'ſuppoſe ſhe was miſtaken, as you love her 'you ſay ſo tenderly, and I believe ſhe deſerves 'it, would it not have been wiſer to have yielded, tho' you certainly knew yourſelf in the 'right, than to give either her or yourſelf any 'Uneaſineſs? For my own Part, if ever I marry, I am reſolved to enter into an Agreement 'with my Wife, that in all Diſputes (eſpecially 'about Trifles) that Party who is moſt convinced 'they are right, ſhall always ſurrender the Victory: By which means we ſhall both be forward to give up the Cauſe. I own, ſaid *Lennard*, my dear Friend, ſhaking him by the

'Hand,

'Hand, there is great Truth and Reaſon in what 'you ſay; and I will for the future endeavour to 'follow your Advice. They ſoon after broke 'up the Converſation, and *Lennard* going to his 'Wife aſked her Pardon, and told her his Friend 'had convinced him he had been in the wrong. 'She immediately began a vaſt Encomium on '*Paul*, in which he ſeconded her, and both a-'greed he was the worthieſt and wiſeſt Man up-'on Earth. When next they met, which was 'at Supper, tho' ſhe had promiſed not to mention 'what her Huſband told her, ſhe could not for-'bear caſting the kindeſt and moſt affectionate 'looks on *Paul*, and aſked him with the ſweet-'eſt Voice, whether ſhe ſhould help him to 'ſome potted Woodcock?——Potted Partridge, 'my Dear, you mean, ſays the Huſband. My 'Dear, ſays ſhe, I aſk your Friend if he will 'eat any potted Woodcock; and I am ſure 'I muſt know, who potted it. I think I ſhould 'know too, who ſhot them, replied the Huſband, 'and I am convinced that I have not ſeen a 'Woodcock this Year; however, tho' I know 'I am in the right I ſubmit, and the potted 'Partridge is potted Woodcock, if you deſire 'to have it ſo. It is equal to me, ſays ſhe, 'whether it is one or the other; but you would 'perſwade one out of one's Senſes; to be ſure 'you are always in the right in your own Opi-'nion; but your Friend, I believe, knows 'which he is eating. *Paul* anſwered nothing; 'and the Diſpute continued, as uſual, the great-'eſt Part of the Evening. The next Morning 'the Lady accidentally meeting *Paul*, and being 'convinced he was her Friend, and of her Side,

'accoſted

'accoſted him thus: I am certain, Sir, you 'have long ſince wondered at the Unreaſonable-'neſs of my Husband. He is indeed, in other 'reſpects, a good ſort of Man; but ſo poſitive, 'that no Woman but one of my complying 'Temper could poſſibly live with him. Why, 'laſt Night now, was ever any Creature ſo un-'reaſonable?—I am certain you muſt condemn 'him.—Pray, anſwer me, was he not in the 'wrong? *Paul*, after a ſhort Silence, ſpoke as 'follows: I am ſorry, Madam, that as Good-'manners obliges me to anſwer againſt my Will, 'ſo an Adherence to Truth forces me to declare 'myſelf of a different Opinion. To be plain 'and honeſt, you was entirely in the Wrong; 'the Cauſe I own not worth diſputing, but the 'Bird was undoubtedly a Partridge. O Sir, 'replied the Lady, I cannot poſſibly help your 'Taſte.—Madam, returned *Paul*, that is very 'little material; for had it been otherwiſe, a 'Husband might have expected Submiſſion—— 'Indeed! Sir, ſays ſhe, I aſſure you!—Yes, 'Madam, cried he, he might, from a Perſon of 'your excellent Underſtanding; and pardon me 'for ſaying ſuch a Condeſcenſion would have 'ſhewn ſuch a Superiority of Senſe even to your 'Husband himſelf—But, dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, why 'ſhould I ſubmit, when I am in the right?—— 'For that very Reaſon, anſwered he; it would 'be the greateſt Inſtance of Affection imaginable: 'For can any thing be a greater Object of our 'Compaſſion than the Perſon we love, in the 'wrong? Ay, but I ſhould endeavour, ſaid ſhe, 'to ſet him right. Pardon me, Madam, an-'ſwered *Paul*, I will apply to your own Experi-

'ence,

'ence, if you ever found your Arguments had 'that Effect. The more our Judgments err, 'the leſs we are willing to own it: for my 'own Part, I have always obſerved the Perſons 'who maintain the worſt Side in any Conteſt, 'are the warmeſt. Why, ſays ſhe, I muſt 'confeſs there is Truth in what you ſay, and I 'will endeavour to practiſe it. The Husband 'then coming in, *Paul* departed. And *Lennard* 'approaching his Wife with the Air of Good-'humour, told her he was ſorry for their fooliſh 'Diſpute the laſt Night: but he was now con-'vinced of his Error. She anſwered ſmiling, 'ſhe believed ſhe owed his Condeſcenſion to his 'Complacence; that ſhe was aſhamed to think 'a Word had paſſed on ſo ſilly an Occaſion, eſ-'pecially as ſhe was ſatisfied ſhe had been miſ-'taken. A little Contention followed, but with 'the utmoſt Good-will to each other, and was 'concluded by her aſſerting that *Paul* had tho-'roughly convinced her ſhe had been in the 'wrong. Upon which they both united in the 'Praiſes of their common Friend.

'*Paul* now paſt his Time with great Satiſ-'faction; theſe Diſputes being much leſs fre-'quent, as well as ſhorter than uſual: but the 'Devil, or ſome unlucky Accident, in which 'perhaps the Devil had no Hand, ſhortly put an 'End to his Happineſs. He was now eternally 'the private Referee of every Difference; in 'which, after having perfectly, as he thought, 'eſtabliſhed the Doctrine of Submiſſion, he ne-'ver ſcrupled to aſſure both privately, that they 'were in the right in every Argument, as be-'fore he had followed the contrary Method.

'One

'One Day a violent Litigation happened in his 'Abſence, and both Parties agreed to refer it 'to his Deciſion. The Huſband profeſſing him-'ſelf ſure the Deciſion would be in his Favour; 'the Wife anſwered, he might be miſtaken; 'for ſhe believed his Friend was convinced how 'ſeldom ſhe was to blame—and that if he knew 'all—The Huſband replied—My Dear, I have 'no Deſire of any Retroſpect; but I believe, if 'you knew all too, you would not imagine my 'Friend ſo entirely on your Side. Nay, ſays 'ſhe, ſince you provoke me, I will mention 'one Inſtance. You may remember our Diſ-'pute about ſending *Jackey* to School in cold 'Weather, which Point I gave up to you from 'mere Compaſſion, knowing myſelf to be in the 'right; and *Paul* himſelf told me afterwards, he 'thought me ſo. My Dear, replied the Huſ-'band, I will not ſcruple your Veracity; but I 'aſſure you ſolemnly, on my applying to him, 'he gave it abſolutely on my Side, and ſaid he 'would have acted in the ſame Manner. They 'then proceeded to produce numberleſs other In-'ſtances, in all which *Paul* had, on Vows of 'Secrecy, given his Opinion on both Sides. In 'the Concluſion, both believing each other, they 'fell ſeverely on the Treachery of *Paul*, and a-'greed that he had been the Occaſion of almoſt 'every Diſpute which had fallen out between 'them. They then became extremely loving, 'and ſo full of Condeſcenſion on both Sides, 'that they vyed with each other in cenſuring 'their own Conduct, and jointly vented their 'Indignation on *Paul*, whom the Wife, fearing 'a bloody Conſequence, earneſtly entreated her

'Huſband

'Husband to suffer quietly to depart the next 'Day, which was the Time fixed for his Re-'turn to Quarters, and then drop his Acquaint-'ance.

'However ungenerous this Behaviour in *Len-'nard* may be esteemed, his Wife obtained a 'Promise from him (tho' with Difficulty) to fol-'low her Advice; but they both expressed such 'unusual Coldness that Day to *Paul*, that he, 'who was quick of Apprehension, taking *Len-'nard* aside, pressed him so home, that he at 'last discovered the Secret. *Paul* acknowledged 'the Truth, but told him the Design with which 'he had done it—To which the other answer-'ed, he would have acted more friendly to have 'let him into the whole Design; for that he 'might have assured himself of his Secrecy. '*Paul* reply'd, with some Indignation, he had 'given him a sufficient Proof how capable he 'was of concealing a Secret from his Wife. '*Lennard* returned with some Warmth—He 'had more Reason to upbraid him, for that he 'had caused most of the Quarrels between them 'by his strange Conduct, and might (if they 'had not discovered the Affair to each other) 'have been the Occasion of their Separation. '*Paul* then said'—But something now happened which put a Stop to *Dick*'s Reading, and of which we shall treat in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

In which the History is continued.

JOSEPH ANDREWS had borne with great Uneaſineſs the Impertinence of Beau *Didapper* to *Fanny*, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her Settlements; but the Reſpect to the Company had reſtrained him from interfering, whilſt the Beau confined himſelf to the Uſe of his Tongue only; but the ſaid Beau, watching an Opportunity whilſt the Ladies Eyes were diſpoſed another Way, offered a Rudeneſs to her with his Hands; which *Joſeph* no ſooner perceived, than he preſented him with ſo ſound a Box on the Ear, that it conveyed him ſeveral Paces from where he ſtood. The Ladies immediately ſcreamed out, roſe from their Chairs, and the Beau, as ſoon as he recovered himſelf, drew his Hanger, which *Adams* obſerving, ſnatched up the Lid of a Pot in his left Hand, and covering himſelf with it as with a Shield, without any Weapon of Offence in his other Hand, ſtept in before *Joſeph*, and expoſed himſelf to the enraged Beau, who threatned ſuch Perdition and Deſtruction, that it frightened the Women, who were all got in a Huddle together, out of their Wits, even to hear his Denunciations of Vengeance. *Joſeph* was of a different Complexion, and begged *Adams* to let his Rival come on; for he had a good Cudgel in his Hand, and did not fear him. *Fanny* now fainted into Mrs. *Adams*'s Arms, and the whole Room was in Confuſion, when Mr.

Booby passing by *Adams*, who lay snug under the Pot-Lid, came up to *Didapper*, and insisted on his sheathing his Hanger, promising he should have Satisfaction; which *Joseph* declared he would give him, and fight him at any Weapon whatever. The Beau now sheathed his Hanger, and taking out a Pocket-Glass, and vowing Vengeance all the Time, re-adjusted his Hair; the Parson deposited his Shield, and *Joseph* running to *Fanny*, soon brought her back to Life. Lady *Booby* chid *Joseph* for his Insult on *Didapper*; but he answered he would have attacked an Army in the same Cause. 'What Cause?' said the Lady. 'Madam,' answered *Joseph*, 'he 'was rude to that young Woman.'——'What,' says the Lady, 'I suppose he would have kissed 'the Wench; and is a Gentleman to be struck 'for such an Offer? I must tell you, *Joseph*, 'these Airs do not become you.'——'Madam,' said Mr. *Booby*, 'I saw the whole Affair, and I 'do not commend my Brother; for I cannot 'perceive why he should take upon him to be 'this Girl's Champion.'——'I can commend 'him,' says *Adams*, 'he is a brave Lad; and it 'becomes any Man to be the Champion of the 'Innocent; and he must be the basest Coward, 'who would not vindicate a Woman with whom 'he is on the Brink of Marriage.'——'Sir,' says Mr. *Booby*, 'my Brother is not a proper 'Match for such a young Woman as this.'—— 'No,' says Lady *Booby*, 'nor do you, Mr. '*Adams*, act in your proper Character, by en- 'couraging any such Doings; and I am very 'much surprized you should concern yourself in 'it. I think your Wife and Family your pro-

'perer

'perer Care.'——'Indeed, Madam, your La-'dyſhip ſays very true,' anſwered Mrs. *Adams*, 'he talks a Pack of Nonſenſe, that the whole 'Pariſh are his Children. I am ſure I don't un-'derſtand what he means by it; it would make 'ſome Women ſuſpect he had gone aſtray: but 'I acquit him of that; I can read Scripture as 'well as he; and I never found that the Parſon 'was obliged to provide for other Folks Chil-'dren; and beſides, he is but a poor Curate, 'and hath little enough, as your Ladyſhip knows, 'for me and mine.'——'You ſay very well, 'Mrs. *Adams*,' quoth the Lady *Booby*, who had not ſpoke a Word to her before, 'you ſeem to 'be a very ſenſible Woman; and I aſſure you, 'your Huſband is acting a very fooliſh Part, and 'oppoſing his own Intereſt; ſeeing my Nephew 'is violently ſet againſt this Match: and indeed 'I can't blame him; it is by no means one ſuit-'able to our Family.' In this manner the Lady proceeded with Mrs. *Adams*, whilſt the Beau hopped about the Room, ſhaking his Head, partly from Pain, and partly from Anger; and *Pamela* was chiding *Fanny* for her Aſſurance, in aiming at ſuch a Match as her Brother.——Poor *Fanny* anſwered only with her Tears, which had long ſince begun to wet her Handkerchief; which *Joſeph* perceiving, took her by the Arm, and, wrapping it in his, carried her off, ſwearing he would own no Relation to any one who was an Enemy to her he loved more than all the World. He went out with *Fanny* under his left Arm, brandiſhing a Cudgel in his right, and neither Mr. *Booby* nor the Beau thought proper to oppoſe him. Lady *Booby* and her Company made

made a very ſhort ſtay behind him; for the Lady's Bell now ſummoned them to dreſs; for which they had juſt time before Dinner.

Adams ſeemed now very much dejected, which his Wife perceiving, began to apply ſome matrimonial Balſam. She told him he had Reaſon to be concerned; for that he had probably ruined his Family with his fooliſh Tricks: But perhaps he was grieved for the Loſs of his two Children *Joſeph* and *Fanny*. His eldeſt Daughter went on:——'Indeed, Father, it is very hard 'to bring Strangers here to eat your Childrens 'Bread out of their Mouths.——You have kept 'them ever ſince they came home; and for any 'thing I ſee to the contrary may keep them a 'Month longer: Are you obliged to give her 'Meat, tho'ſ ſhe was never ſo handſome? But 'I don't ſee ſhe is ſo much handſomer than other 'People. If People were to be kept for their 'Beauty, ſhe would ſcarce fare better than her 'Neighbours, I believe.——As for Mr. *Joſeph*, 'I have nothing to ſay, he is a young Man of 'honeſt Principles, and will pay ſome time or 'other for what he hath: But for the Girl,—'Why doth ſhe not return to her Place ſhe ran 'away from; I would not give ſuch a Vagabond 'Slut a Halfpenny, tho' I had a Million of Money; no, tho' ſhe was ſtarving.' 'Indeed 'but I would,' cries little *Dick*; 'and, Father, 'rather than poor *Fanny* ſhall be ſtarved, I will 'give her all this Bread and Cheeſe.'——*(Offering what he held in his Hand.)* *Adams* ſmiled on the Boy, and told him, he rejoiced to ſee he was a Chriſtian; and that if he had a Halfpenny in his Pocket, he would have given it him; tell-

ing him, it was his Duty to look upon all his Neighbours as his Brothers and Sisters, and love them accordingly. 'Yes, Papa,' says he, 'I 'love her better than my Sisters: for she is 'handsomer than any of them.' 'Is she so, 'Saucebox?' says the Sister, giving him a Box on the Ear, which the Father would probably have resented, had not *Joseph*, *Fanny*, and the Pedlar, at that Instant returned together.——— *Adams* bid his Wife prepare some Food for their Dinner; she said, 'truly she could not, she had 'something else to do.' *Adams* rebuked her for disputing his Commands, and quoted many Texts of Scripture to prove, *That the Husband is the Head of the Wife, and she is to submit and obey.* The Wife answered, 'it was Blasphemy to talk 'Scripture out of Church; that such things were 'very proper to be said in the Pulpit: but that 'it was prophane to talk them in common Dis-'course.' *Joseph* told Mr. *Adams* 'he was not 'come with any Design to give him or Mrs. '*Adams* any Trouble; but to desire the Favour 'of all their Company to the *George* (an Ale-'house in the Parish) where he had bespoke a 'Piece of Bacon and Greens for their Dinner.' Mrs. *Adams*, who was a very good sort of Woman, only rather too strict in Œconomics, readily accepted this Invitation, as did the Parson himself by her Example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little *Dick*, to whom *Joseph* gave a Shilling, when he heard of his intended Liberality to *Fanny*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Where the good-natured Reader will ſee ſomething which will give him no great Pleaſure.

THE Pedlar had been very inquiſitive from the time he had firſt heard that the great Houſe in this Pariſh belonged to the Lady *Booby*; and had learnt that ſhe was the Widow of Sir *Thomas*, and that Sir *Thomas* had bought *Fanny*, at about the Age of three or four Years, of a travelling Woman; and now their homely but hearty Meal was ended, he told *Fanny*, he believed he could acquaint her with her Parents. The whole Company, eſpecially ſhe herſelf, ſtarted at this Offer of the Pedlar's.——He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their ſtricteſt Attention: 'Tho' I am now contented with this humble way 'of getting my Livelihood, I was formerly a 'Gentleman; for ſo all thoſe of my Profeſſion 'are called. In a Word, I was a Drummer in 'an *Iriſh* Regiment of Foot. Whilſt I was in 'this honourable Station, I attended an Officer 'of our Regiment into *England* a recruiting. In 'our March from *Briſtol* to *Froome* (for ſince 'the Decay of the Woollen Trade, the clothing 'Towns have furniſhed the Army with a great 'Number of Recruits) we overtook on the Road 'a Woman who ſeemed to be about thirty Years 'old, or thereabouts, not very handſome; but 'well enough for a Soldier. As we came up to 'her, ſhe mended her Pace, and falling into Diſ-

'courſe with our Ladies, (for every Man of the 'Party, namely, a Serjeant, two private Men, 'and a Drum, were provided with their Wo-'man, except myſelf) ſhe continued to travel 'on with us. I, perceiving ſhe muſt fall to my 'Lot, advanced preſently to her, made Love to 'her in our military Way, and quickly ſucceed-'ed to my Wiſhes. We ſtruck a Bargain within 'a Mile, and lived together as Man and Wife 'to her dying Day.'——'I ſuppoſe,' ſays *Adams*, interrupting him, 'you were married 'with a Licence: For I don't ſee how you could 'contrive to have the Banns publiſhed while you 'were marching from Place to Place.'—'No, 'Sir,' ſaid the Pedlar, 'we took a Licence to 'go to Bed together without any Banns.'—— 'Ay, ay,' ſaid the Parſon, '*ex Neceſſitate*, a 'Licence may be allowable enough; but ſurely, 'ſurely, the other is the more regular and eligi-'ble Way.'——The Pedlar proceeded thus: 'She returned with me to our Regiment, and 'removed with us from Quarters to Quarters, 'till at laſt, whilſt we lay at *Galloway*, ſhe fell 'ill of a Fever, and died. When ſhe was on 'her Death-bed ſhe called me to her, and, cry-'ing bitterly, declared ſhe could not depart this 'World without diſcovering a Secret to me, 'which ſhe ſaid was the only Sin which ſat heavy 'on her Heart. She ſaid ſhe had formerly tra-'velled in a Company of Gypſies, who had made 'a Practice of ſtealing away Children; that for 'her own Part, ſhe had been only once guilty 'of the Crime; which ſhe ſaid ſhe lamented 'more than all the reſt of her Sins, ſince proba-'bly it might have occaſioned the Death of the 'Parents:

'Parents: For, added ſhe, it is almoſt impoſſi-
'ble to deſcribe the Beauty of the young Crea-
'ture, which was about a Year and a Half old
'when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for ſhe
'was a Girl) above two Years in our Company,
'when I ſold her myſelf for three Guineas to Sir
'*Thomas Booby* in *Somerſetſhire*. Now, you know
'whether there are any more of that Name in
'this County.'——'Yes,' ſays *Adams*, 'there
'are ſeveral *Boobys* who are Squires, but I be-
'lieve no Baronet now alive; beſides it anſwers
'ſo exactly in every Point, there is no room for
'Doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the Pa-
'rents from whom the Child was ſtolen.'——
'Their Name,' anſwered the Pedlar, 'was *An-*
'*drews*. They lived about thirty Miles from the
'Squire; and ſhe told me, that I might be ſure
'to find them out by one Circumſtance; for that
'they had a Daughter of a very ſtrange Name,
'*Pamĕla*, or *Pamēla*; ſome pronounced it one
'way, and ſome the other.' *Fanny*, who had changed Colour at the firſt mention of the Name, now fainted away; *Joſeph* turned pale, and poor *Dicky* began to roar; the Parſon fell on his Knees, and ejaculated many Thankſgivings, that this Diſcovery had been made before the dreadful Sin of Inceſt was committed; and the Pedlar was ſtruck with Amazement, not being able to account for all this Confuſion, the Cauſe of which was preſently opened by the Parſon's Daughter, who was the only unconcerned Perſon; (for the Mother was chafing *Fanny*'s Temples, and taking the utmoſt Care of her) and indeed *Fanny* was the only Creature whom the Daughter would not have pitied in her Situation; wherein, tho' we

compaſſionate her ourſelves, we ſhall leave her for a little while, and pay a ſhort Viſit to Lady *Booby*.

CHAP. XIII.

The Hiſtory returning to the Lady Booby, *gives ſome Account of the terrible Conflict in her Breaſt between Love and Pride; with what happened on the preſent Diſcovery.*

THE Lady ſat down with her Company to Dinner; but eat nothing. As ſoon as her Cloth was removed, ſhe whiſpered *Pamela*, that ſhe was taken a little ill, and deſired her to entertain her Huſband and Beau *Didapper*. She then went up into her Chamber, ſent for *Slipſlop*, threw herſelf on the Bed, in the Agonies of Love, Rage, and Deſpair; nor could ſhe conceal theſe boiling Paſſions longer, without burſting. *Slipſlop* now approached her Bed, and aſked how her Ladyſhip did; but inſtead of revealing her Diſorder, as ſhe intended, ſhe entered into a long Encomium on the Beauty and Virtues of *Joſeph Andrews*; ending at laſt with expreſſing her Concern, that ſo much Tenderneſs ſhould be thrown away on ſo deſpicable an Object as *Fanny*. *Slipſlop* well knowing how to humour her Miſtreſs's Frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with Exaggeration, if poſſible, all her Miſtreſs had ſaid, and concluded with a Wiſh, that *Joſeph* had been a Gentleman, and that ſhe could ſee her Lady in the Arms of ſuch a Huſband. The Lady then ſtarted

ſtarted from the Bed, and taking a Turn or two croſs the Room, cried out with a deep Sigh,—*Sure he would make any Woman happy.*—'Your 'Ladyſhip,' ſays ſhe, 'would be the happieſt 'Woman in the World with him.—A Fig for 'Cuſtom and Nonſenſe. What *vails* what Peo-'ple ſay? Shall I be afraid of eating Sweatmeats, 'becauſe People may ſay I have a ſweet Tooth? 'If I had a Mind to marry a Man, all the World 'ſhould not hinder me. Your Ladyſhip hath no 'Parents to *tutelar* your *Infections*; beſides, he 'is of your Ladyſhip's Family now, and as good 'a Gentleman as any in the Country; and 'why ſhould not a Woman follow her Mind as 'well as a Man? Why ſhould not your Lady-'ſhip marry the Brother, as well as your Ne-'phew the Siſter? I am ſure, if it was a *fra-'grant* Crime, I would not perſuade your Lady-'ſhip to it.'—'But, dear *Slipſlop*,' anſwered the Lady, 'if I could prevail on myſelf to com-'mit ſuch a Weakneſs, there is that curſed '*Fanny* in the Way, whom the Idiot,—O how I 'hate and deſpiſe him!'—'She, a little ugly 'Mynx,' cries *Slipſlop*, 'leave her to me.—I 'ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip hath heard of *Joſeph*'s '*fitting* with one of Mr. *Didapper*'s Servants 'about her; and his Maſter hath ordered them 'to carry her away by Force this Evening. I'll 'take care they ſhall not want Aſſiſtance. I 'was talking with his Gentleman, who was be-'low juſt when your Ladyſhip ſent for me.'—'Go back,' ſays the Lady *Booby*, 'this Inſtant; 'for I expect Mr. *Didapper* will ſoon be going. 'Do all you can; for I am reſolved this Wench 'ſhall not be in our Family; I will endeavour

'to return to the Company; but let me know 'as ſoon as ſhe is carried off.' *Slipſlop* went away; and her Miſtreſs began to arraign her own Conduct in the following Manner:

'What am I doing? How do I ſuffer this 'Paſſion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How 'many Days are paſt ſince I could have ſubmit-'ted to aſk myſelf the Queſtion?—Marry a 'Footman! Diſtraction! Can I afterwards bear 'the Eyes of my Acquaintance? But I can re-'tire from them; retire with one in whom I 'propoſe more Happineſs than the World with-'out him can give me! Retire—to feed conti-'nually on Beauties, which my inflamed Ima-'gination ſickens with eagerly gazing on; to ſa-'tisfy every Appetite, every Deſire, with their 'utmoſt Wiſh—Ha! and do I doat thus on a 'Footman! I deſpiſe, I deteſt my Paſſion.——. 'Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind? '—Kind to whom? to the meaneſt Wretch, a 'Creature below my Conſideration. Doth he 'not?——Yes, he doth prefer her; curſe his 'Beauties, and the little low Heart that poſ-'ſeſſes them; which can baſely deſcend to this 'deſpicable Wench, and be ungratefully deaf to 'all the Honours I do him.—And can I then 'love this Monſter? No, I will tear his Image 'from my Boſom, tread on him, ſpurn him. 'I will have thoſe pitiful Charms, which now 'I deſpiſe, mangled in my Sight; for I will not 'ſuffer the little Jade I hate to riot in the Beau-'ties I contemn. No, tho' I deſpiſe him my-'ſelf; tho' I would ſpurn him from my Feet, 'was he to languiſh at them, no other ſhould 'taſte the Happineſs I ſcorn. Why do I ſay

'Happi-

'Happineſs! To me it would be Miſery.—To 'ſacrifice my Reputation, my Character, my Rank 'in Life, to the Indulgence of a mean and a vile 'Appetite.—How I deteſt the Thought! How 'much more exquiſite is the Pleaſure reſulting from 'the Reflexion of Virtue and Prudence, than that 'faint Reliſh of what flows from Vice and Fol-'ly! Whither did I ſuffer this improper, this 'mad Paſſion to hurry me, only by neglecting 'to ſummon the Aids of Reaſon to my Aſſiſt-'ance? Reaſon, which hath now ſet before me 'my Deſires in their proper Colours, and im-'mediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I 'thank Heaven and my Pride, I have now per-'fectly conquered this unworthy Paſſion; and 'if there was no Obſtacle in its Way, my Pride 'would diſdain any Pleaſures which could be the 'Conſequence of ſo baſe, ſo mean, ſo vulgar'—*Slipſlop* returned at this Inſtant in a violent Hur-ry, and with the utmoſt Eagerneſs, cry'd out, —'O, Madam, I have ſtrange News. *Tom* 'the Footman is juſt come from the *George*; 'where it ſeems *Joſeph* and the reſt of them are 'a *jinketting*; and he ſays, there is a ſtrange 'Man who hath diſcovered that *Fanny* and *Jo-'ſeph* are Brother and Siſter.'—'How, *Slipſlop*!' cries the Lady in a Surprize.—'I had not time, 'Madam,' cries *Slipſlop*, 'to enquire about *Par-'ticles*, but *Tom* ſays, it is moſt certainly true.'

This unexpected Account entirely obliterated all thoſe admirable Reflections which the ſupreme Power of Reaſon had ſo wiſely made juſt before. In ſhort, when Deſpair, which had more Share in producing the Reſolutions of Hatred we have ſeen taken, began to retreat, the Lady heſitated

a Moment, and then forgetting all the Purport of her Soliloquy, diſmiſſed her Woman again, with Orders to bid *Tom* attend her in the Parlour, where ſhe now haſtened to acquaint *Pamela* with the News. *Pamela* ſaid, ſhe could not believe it: For ſhe had never heard that her Mother had loſt any Child, or that ſhe had ever any more than *Joſeph* and herſelf. The Lady flew into a violent Rage with her, and talked of Upſtarts and diſowning Relations, who had ſo lately been on a Level with her. *Pamela* made no Anſwer: But her Huſband taking up her Cauſe, ſeverely reprimanded his Aunt for her Behaviour to his Wife; he told her, if it had been earlier in the Evening ſhe ſhould not have ſtaid a Moment longer in her Houſe; that he was convinced if this young Woman could be proved her Siſter, ſhe would readily embrace her as ſuch; and he himſelf would do the ſame: He then deſired the Fellow might be ſent for, and the young Woman with him; which Lady *Booby* immediately ordered, and thinking proper to make ſome Apology to *Pamela* for what ſhe had ſaid, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The Pedlar now attended, as did *Fanny* and *Joſeph*, who would not quit her; the Parſon likewiſe was induced, not only by Curioſity, of which he had no ſmall Portion, but by his Duty, as he apprehended, to follow them: for he continued all the Way to exhort them, who were now breaking their Hearts, to offer up Thankſgivings, and be joyful for ſo miraculous an Eſcape.

When they arrived at *Booby-Hall*, they were preſently called into the Parlour, where the Pedlar repeated the ſame Story he had told before, and inſiſted on the Truth of every Circumſtance; ſo that all who heard him were extremely well ſatisfied of the Truth, except *Pamela*, who imagined, as ſhe had never heard either of her Parents mention ſuch an Accident, that it muſt be certainly falſe; and except the Lady *Booby*, who ſuſpected the Falſhood of the Story, from her ardent Deſire that it ſhould be true; and *Joſeph*, who feared its Truth, from his earneſt Wiſhes that it might prove falſe.

Mr. *Booby* now deſired them all to ſuſpend their Curioſity and abſolute Belief or Diſbelief, till the next Morning, when he expected old Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife to fetch himſelf and *Pamela* home in his Coach, and then they might be certain of perfectly knowing the Truth or Falſhood of this Relation; in which he ſaid, as there were many ſtrong Circumſtances to induce their Credit, ſo he could not perceive any Intereſt the Pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impoſe ſuch a Falſhood on them.

The Lady *Booby*, who was very little uſed to ſuch Company, entertained them all, *viz.* Her Nephew, his Wife, her Brother and Siſter, the Beau and the Parſon, with great Good-humour at her own Table. As to the Pedlar, ſhe ordered him to be made as welcome as poſſible by her Servants. All the Company in the Parlour, except the diſappointed Lovers, who ſat ſullen and ſilent, were full of Mirth: For Mr. *Booby* had prevailed on *Joſeph* to aſk Mr. *Didapper*'s Pardon; with which he was perfectly ſatisfied.

Many Jokes paſſed between the Beau and the Parſon, chiefly on each other's Dreſs; theſe afforded much Diverſion to the Company. *Pamela* chid her Brother *Joſeph* for the Concern which he expreſt at diſcovering a new Siſter. She ſaid, if he loved *Fanny* as he ought, with a pure Affection, he had no Reaſon to lament being related to her.——Upon which *Adams* began to diſcourſe on *Platonic* Love; whence he made a quick Tranſition to the Joys in the next World, and concluded with ſtrongly aſſerting that there was no ſuch thing as Pleaſure in this. At which *Pamela* and her Huſband ſmiled on one another.

This happy Pair propoſing to retire, (for no other Perſon gave the leaſt Symptom of deſiring Reſt) they all repaired to ſeveral Beds provided for them in the ſame Houſe; nor was *Adams* himſelf ſuffered to go home, it being a ſtormy Night. *Fanny* indeed often begged ſhe might go home with the Parſon; but her Stay was ſo ſtrongly inſiſted on, that ſhe at laſt, by *Joſeph*'s Advice, conſented.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Containing ſeveral curious Night-Adventures, in which Mr. Adams *fell into many Hair-breadth Scapes, partly owing to his Goodneſs, and partly to his Inadvertency.*

ABOUT an Hour after they had all ſeparated (it being now paſt three in the Morning) Beau *Didapper*, whoſe Paſſion for *Fanny* permitted him not to cloſe his Eyes, but had employed his Imagination in Contrivances how to ſatisfy his Deſires, at laſt hit on a Method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his Servant to bring him word where *Fanny* lay, and had received his Information; he therefore aroſe, put on his Breeches and Night-gown, and ſtole ſoftly along the Gallery which led to her Apartment; and being come to the Door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the leaſt Noiſe poſſible, and entered the Chamber. A Savour now invaded his Noſtrils which he did not expect in the Room of ſo ſweet a young Creature, and which might have probably had no good Effect on a cooler Lover. However, he groped out the Bed with Difficulty; for there was not a Glimpſe of Light, and opening the Curtains, he whiſpered in *Joſeph*'s Voice (for he was an excellent Mimic) '*Fanny*, my Angel, I am come to inform 'thee that I have diſcovered the Falſhood of the 'Story we laſt Night heard. I am no longer 'thy Brother, but thy Lover; nor will I be de-

'layed

'layed the Enjoyment of thee one Moment long-
'er. You have ſufficient Aſſurances of my Con-
'ſtancy not to doubt of marrying you, and it
'would be want of Love to deny me the Poſſeſ-
'ſion of thy Charms.'——So ſaying, he diſen-cumbered himſelf from the little Clothes he had on, and, leaping into Bed, embraced his Angel, as he conceived her, with great Rapture. If he was ſurprized at receiving no Anſwer, he was no leſs pleaſed to find his Hug returned with equal Ardour. He remained not long in this ſweet Confuſion; for both he and his Paramour preſently diſcovered their Error. Indeed it was no other than the accompliſhed *Slipſlop* whom he had engaged; but tho' ſhe immediately knew the Perſon whom ſhe had miſtaken for *Joſeph*, he was at a loſs to gueſs at the Repreſentative of *Fanny*. He had ſo little ſeen or taken notice of this Gentlewoman, that Light itſelf would have afforded him no Aſſiſtance in his Conjecture. Beau *Didapper* no ſooner had perceived his Miſtake, than he attempted to eſcape from the Bed with much greater Haſte than he had made to it; but the watchful *Slipſlop* prevented him. For that prudent Woman being diſappointed of thoſe delicious Offerings which her Fancy had promiſed her Pleaſure, reſolved to make an immediate Sacrifice to her Virtue. Indeed ſhe wanted an Opportunity to heal ſome Wounds which her late Conduct had, ſhe feared, given her Reputation; and as ſhe had a wonderful Preſence of Mind, ſhe conceived the Perſon of the unfortunate Beau to be luckily thrown in her way to reſtore her Lady's Opinion of her impregnable Chaſtity. At

that

that Inſtant therefore, when he offered to leap from the Bed, ſhe caught faſt hold of his Shirt, at the ſame time roaring out, 'O thou Villain! 'who haſt attacked my Chaſtity, and, I believe, 'ruined me in my Sleep; I will ſwear a Rape 'againſt thee, I will proſecute thee with the ut-'moſt Vengeance.' The Beau attempted to get looſe, but ſhe held him faſt, and when he ſtruggled, ſhe cried out, 'Murther! Murther! 'Rape! Robbery! Ruin!' At which Words Parſon *Adams*, who lay in the next Chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the Pedlar's Diſcovery, jumped out of Bed, and, without ſtaying to put a Rag of Clothes on, haſtened into the Apartment whence the Cries proceeded. He made directly to the Bed in the dark, where laying hold of the Beau's Skin (for *Slipſlop* had tore his Shirt almoſt off) and finding his Skin extremely ſoft, and hearing him in a low Voice begging *Slipſlop* to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young Woman in danger of raviſhing, and immediately falling on the Bed, and laying hold on *Slipſlop*'s Chin, where he found a rough Beard, his Belief was confirmed; he therefore reſcued the Beau, who preſently made his Eſcape, and then turning towards *Slipſlop* received ſuch a Cuff on his Chops, that his Wrath kindling inſtantly, he offered to return the Favour ſo ſtoutly, that had poor *Slipſlop* received the Fiſt, which in the dark paſt by her, and fell on the Pillow, ſhe would moſt probably have given up the Ghoſt. *Adams* miſſing his Blow, fell directly on *Slipſlop*, who cuffed and ſcratched as well as ſhe could; nor was he behind hand with her in his Endeavours, but happily the

the Darkneſs of the Night befriended her.—— She then cried ſhe was a Woman; but *Adams* anſwered ſhe was rather the Devil, and if ſhe was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another Stroke on his Chops, he gave her ſuch a Remembrance in the Guts, that ſhe began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the Houſe. *Adams* then ſeizing her by the Hair (for her Double-clout had fallen off in the Scuffle) pinned her Head down to the Bolſter, and then both called for Lights together. The Lady *Booby*, who was as wakeful as any of her Gueſts, had been alarmed from the beginning; and, being a Woman of a bold Spirit, ſhe ſlipt on a Night-gown, Petticoat and Slippers, and taking a Candle, which always burnt in her Chamber, in her Hand, ſhe walked undauntedly to *Slipſlop*'s Room; where ſhe entered juſt at the inſtant as *Adams* had diſcovered, by the two Mountains which *Slipſlop* carried before her, that he was concerned with a Female. He then concluded her to be a Witch, and ſaid, he fancied thoſe Breaſts gave Suck to a Legion of Devils. *Slipſlop* ſeeing Lady *Booby* enter the Room, cried, *Help! or I am raviſhed*, with a moſt audible Voice; and *Adams* perceiving the Light, turned haſtily, and ſaw the Lady (as ſhe did him) juſt as ſhe came to the Feet of the Bed; nor did her Modeſty, when ſhe found the naked Condition of *Adams*, ſuffer her to approach farther.——She then began to revile the Parſon as the wickedeſt of all Men, and particularly railed at his Impudence in chuſing her Houſe for the Scene of his Debaucheries, and her own Woman for the Object of his Beſtiality. Poor *Adams* had before

diſcovered

diſcovered the Countenance of his Bedfellow, and now firſt recollecting he was naked, he was no leſs confounded than Lady *Booby* herſelf, and immediately whipt under the Bed-clothes, whence the chaſte *Slipſlop* endeavoured in vain to ſhut him out. Then putting forth his Head, on which, by way of Ornament, he wore a Flannel Nightcap, he proteſted his Innocence, and aſked ten thouſand Pardons of Mrs. *Slipſlop* for the Blows he had ſtruck her, vowing he had miſtaken her for a Witch. Lady *Booby* then, caſting her Eyes on the Ground, obſerved ſomething ſparkle with great Luſtre, which, when ſhe had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine Pair of Diamond Buttons for the Sleeves. A little farther ſhe ſaw lie the Sleeve itſelf of a Shirt with laced Ruffles. 'Hey day!' ſays ſhe, 'what 'is the meaning of this?'——'O, Madam,' ſays *Slipſlop*, 'I don't know what hath happened, 'I have been ſo terrified. Here may have been 'a dozen Men in the Room.' 'To whom be-'longs this laced Shirt and Jewels?' ſays the Lady.——'Undoubtedly,' cries the Parſon, 'to the young Gentleman whom I miſtook for 'a Woman on coming into the Room, whence 'proceeded all the ſubſequent Miſtakes; for if I 'had ſuſpected him for a Man, I would have 'ſeized him had he been another *Hercules*, tho' 'indeed he ſeems rather to reſemble *Hylas*.' He then gave an account of the Reaſon of his riſing from Bed, and the reſt, till the Lady came into the Room; at which, and the Figures of *Slipſlop* and her Gallant, whoſe Heads only were viſible at the oppoſite Corners of the Bed, ſhe could not refrain from Laughter, nor did *Slipſlop* perſiſt

perſiſt in accuſing the Parſon of any Motions towards a Rape. The Lady therefore deſired him to return to his Bed as ſoon as ſhe was departed, and then ordering *Slipſlop* to riſe and attend her in her own Room, ſhe returned herſelf thither. When ſhe was gone, *Adams* renewed his Petitions for Pardon to Mrs. *Slipſlop*, who, with a moſt Chriſtian Temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much Courteſy towards him, which he taking as a Hint to be gone, immediately quitted the Bed, and made the beſt of his way towards his own; but unluckily, inſtead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the Apartment where *Fanny* lay, who (as the Reader may remember) had not ſlept a Wink the preceding Night, and who was ſo hagged out with what had happened to her in the Day, that notwithſtanding all Thoughts of her *Joſeph*, ſhe was fallen into ſo profound a Sleep, that all the Noiſe in the adjoining Room had not been able to diſturb her. *Adams* groped out the Bed, and turning the Clothes down ſoftly, a Cuſtom Mrs. *Adams* had long accuſtomed him to, crept in, and depoſited his Carcaſe on the Bedpoſt, a Place which that good Woman had always aſſigned him.

As the Cat or Lapdog of ſome lovely Nymph for whom ten thouſand Lovers languiſh, lies quietly by the Side of the charming Maid, and, ignorant of the Scene of Delight on which they repoſe, meditates the future Capture of a Mouſe, or Surprizal of a Plate of Bread and Butter: ſo *Adams* lay by the Side of *Fanny*, ignorant of the Paradiſe to which he was ſo near; nor could the Emanation of Sweets which flowed from her Breath,

Breath, overpower the Fumes of Tobacco which played in the Parſon's Noſtrils. And now Sleep had not overtaken the good Man, when *Joſeph*, who had ſecretly appointed *Fanny* to come to her at the break of Day, rapped ſoftly at the Chamber-door, which when he had repeated twice, *Adams* cry'd, *Come in whoever you are.* *Joſeph* thought he had miſtaken the Door, tho' ſhe had given him the moſt exact Directions; however, knowing his Friend's Voice, he opened it, and ſaw ſome female Veſtments laying on a Chair. *Fanny* waking at the ſame inſtant, and ſtretching out her Hand on *Adams*'s Beard, ſhe cry'd out,—'O Heavens! where am I?' 'Bleſs me! where 'am I?' ſaid the Parſon. Then *Fanny* ſcreamed, *Adams* leapt out of Bed, and *Joſeph* ſtood, as the Tragedians call it, like the *Statue of Surprize.* '*How came ſhe into my Room?*' cry'd *Adams.* '*How came you into her's?*' cry'd *Joſeph*, in Aſtoniſhment. 'I know nothing of 'the Matter,' anſwered *Adams*, 'but that ſhe is 'a Veſtal for me. As I am a Chriſtian, I know 'not whether ſhe is a Man or Woman. He is 'an Infidel who doth not believe in Witchcraft. 'They as ſurely exiſt now as in the Days of '*Saul.* My Clothes are bewitched away too, 'and *Fanny*'s brought into their Place.' For he ſtill inſiſted he was in his own Apartment; but *Fanny* denied it vehemently, and ſaid, his attempting to perſuade *Joſeph* of ſuch a Falſhood, convinced her of his wicked Deſigns. 'How!' ſaid *Joſeph* in a Rage, 'hath he offered any Rudeneſs to you?'———She anſwered, ſhe could not accuſe him of any more than villainouſly ſtealing to bed to her, which ſhe thought Rude-

neſs

neſs ſufficient, and what no Man would do without a wicked Intention. *Joſeph*'s great Opinion of *Adams* was not eaſily to be ſtaggered, and when he heard from *Fanny* that no Harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet ſtill he was confounded, and as he knew the Houſe, and that the Womens Apartments were on this ſide Mrs. *Slipſlop*'s Room, and the Men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in *Fanny*'s Chamber. Aſſuring *Adams* therefore of this Truth, he begged him to give ſome Account how he came there. *Adams* then ſtanding in his Shirt, which did not offend *Fanny* as the Curtains of the Bed were drawn, related all that had happened, and when he had ended, *Joſeph* told him, it was plain he had miſtaken, by turning to the right inſtead of the left. 'Odſo!' cries *Adams*, 'that's true; 'as ſure as Sixpence, you have hit on the very 'thing.' He then traverſed the Room, rubbing his Hands, and begg'd *Fanny*'s Pardon, aſſuring her he did not know whether ſhe was Man or Woman. That innocent Creature firmly believing all he ſaid, told him, ſhe was no longer angry, and begged *Joſeph* to conduct him into his own Apartment, where he ſhould ſtay himſelf, till ſhe had put her Clothes on. *Joſeph* and *Adams* accordingly departed, and the latter ſoon was convinced of the Miſtake he had committed; however, whilſt he was dreſſing himſelf, he often aſſerted he believed in the Power of Witchcraft notwithſtanding, and did not ſee how a Chriſtian could deny it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Arrival of Gaffar and Gammar Andrews, *with another Perſon not much expected; and a perfect Solution of the Difficulties raiſed by the Pedlar.*

AS ſoon as *Fanny* was dreſt, *Joſeph* returned to her, and they had a long Converſation together, the Concluſion of which was, that if they found themſelves to be really Brother and Siſter, they vowed a perpetual Celibacy, and to live together all their Days, and indulge a *Platonic* Friendſhip for each other.

The Company were all very merry at Breakfaſt, and *Joſeph* and *Fanny* rather more chearful than the preceding Night. The Lady *Booby* produced the Diamond Button, which the Beau moſt readily owned, and alledged that he was very ſubject to walk in his Sleep. Indeed he was far from being aſhamed of his Amour, and rather endeavoured to inſinuate that more than was really true had paſt between him and the fair *Slipſlop*.

Their Tea was ſcarce over, when News came of the Arrival of old Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady *Booby*, whoſe Heart went now pit-a-pat, as did thoſe of *Joſeph* and *Fanny*. They felt perhaps little leſs Anxiety in this Interval than *Oedipus* himſelf, whilſt his Fate was revealing.

Mr.

Mr. *Booby* firſt opened the Cauſe, by informing the old Gentleman that he had a Child in the Company more than he knew of, and taking *Fanny* by the Hand, told him, this was that Daughter of his who had been ſtolen away by Gypſies in her Infancy. Mr. *Andrews*, after expreſſing ſome Aſtoniſhment, aſſured his Honour that he had never loſt a Daughter by Gypſies, nor ever had any other Children than *Joſeph* and *Pamela*. Theſe Words were a Cordial to the two Lovers; but had a different Effect on Lady *Booby*. She ordered the Pedlar to be called, who recounted his Story as he had done before.—At the End of which old Mrs. *Andrews* running to *Fanny*, embraced her, crying out, *She is, ſhe is my Child.* The Company were all amazed at this Diſagreement between the Man and his Wife; and the Blood had now forſaken the Cheeks of the Lovers, when the old Woman turning to her Huſband, who was more ſurprized than all the reſt, and having a little recovered her own Spirits, delivered herſelf as follows. 'You may 'remember, my Dear, when you went a Ser-'jeant to *Gibraltar*, you left me big with Child; 'you ſtaid abroad, you know, upwards of three 'Years. In your Abſence I was brought to bed, 'I verily believe, of this Daughter, whom I am 'ſure I have Reaſon to remember, for I ſuckled 'her at this very Breaſt till the Day ſhe was 'ſtolen from me. One Afternoon, when the 'Child was about a Year, or a Year and Half 'old, or thereabouts, two Gypſy Women came 'to the Door, and offered to tell my Fortune. 'One of them had a Child in her Lap; I ſhewed 'them my Hand, and deſired to know if you

'was

'was ever to come home again, which I remember as well as if it was but Yeſterday; they 'faithfully promiſed me you ſhould.—I left the 'Girl in the Cradle, and went to draw them a 'Cup of Liquor, the beſt I had; when I returned 'with the Pot (I am ſure I was not abſent longer than whilſt I am telling it to you) the Women were gone. I was afraid they had ſtolen 'ſomething, and looked and looked, but to no 'Purpoſe, and Heaven knows I had very little 'for them to ſteal. At laſt hearing the Child 'cry in the Cradle, I went to take it up—but '*O the living!* how was I ſurprized to find, inſtead of my own Girl that I had put into the 'Cradle, who was as fine a fat thriving Child 'as you ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day, a poor 'ſickly Boy, that did not ſeem to have an Hour 'to live. I ran out, pulling my Hair off, and 'crying like any mad after the Women, but 'never could hear a Word of them from that 'Day to this. When I came back, the poor 'Infant (which is our *Joſeph* there, as ſtout as 'he now ſtands) lifted up his Eyes upon me ſo 'piteouſly, that to be ſure, notwithſtanding my 'Paſſion, I could not find in my Heart to do it 'any Miſchief. A Neighbour of mine happening 'to come in at the ſame time, and hearing the 'Caſe, adviſed me to take care of this poor 'Child, and God would perhaps one Day reſtore me my own. Upon which I took the 'Child up, and ſuckled it, to be ſure, all the 'World as if it had been born of my own natural Body. And as true as I am alive, in a 'little Time I loved the Boy all to nothing as 'if it had been my own Girl.—Well, as I was

'ſaying,

'ſaying, Times growing very hard, I having 'two Children, and nothing but my own Work, 'which was little enough, God knows, to main-'tain them, was obliged to aſk Relief of the Pa-'riſh; but inſtead of giving it me, they removed 'me, by Juſtices Warrants, fifteen Miles to the 'Place where I now live, where I had not been 'long ſettled before you came home. *Joſeph* '(for that was the Name I gave him myſelf— 'the Lord knows whether he was baptized or 'no, or by what Name) *Joſeph*, I ſay, ſeemed 'to me to be about five Years old when you 'returned; for I believe he is two or three Years 'older than our Daughter here; (for I am tho-'roughly convinced ſhe is the ſame) and when 'you ſaw him, you ſaid he was a chopping Boy, 'without ever minding his Age; and ſo I ſeeing 'you did not ſuſpect any thing of the Matter, 'thought I might e'en as well keep it to myſelf, 'for fear you ſhould not love him as well as I 'did. And all this is veritably true, and I will 'take my Oath of it before any Juſtice in the 'Kingdom.'

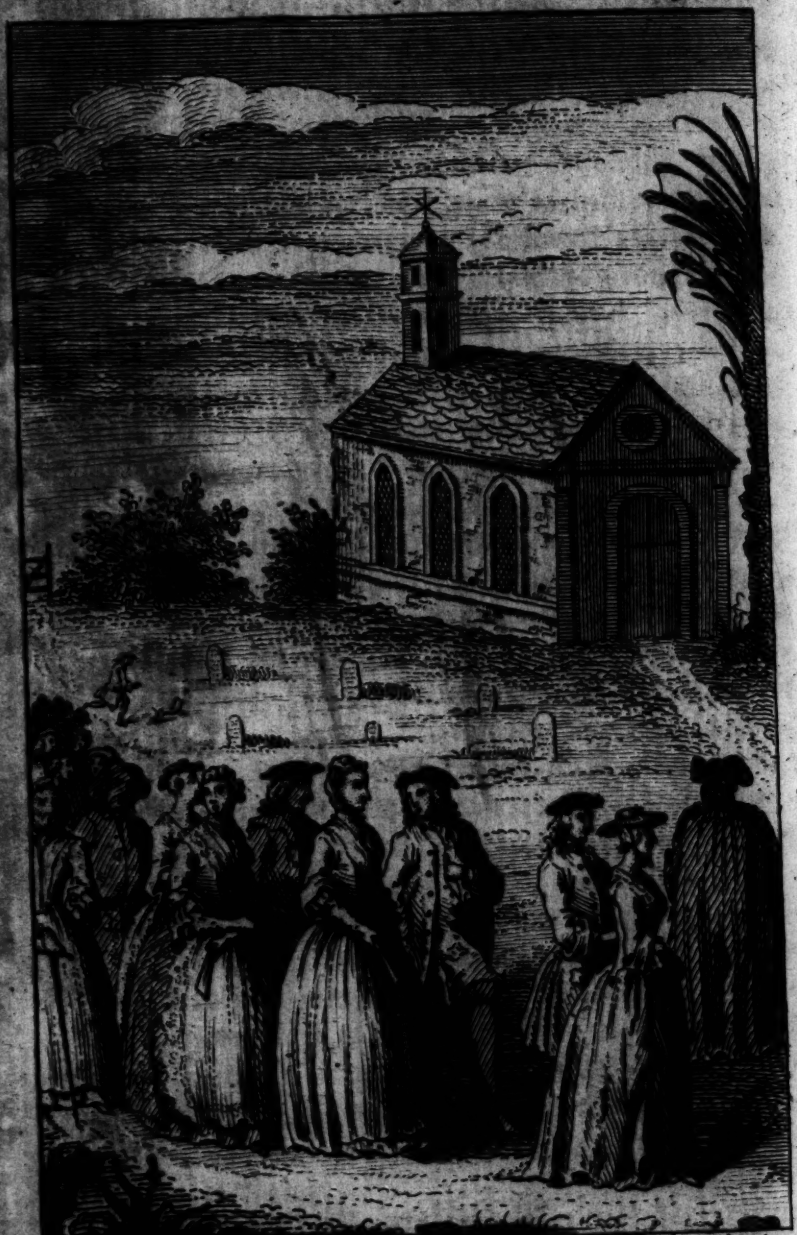
The Pedlar, who had been ſummoned by the Order of Lady *Booby*, liſtened with the utmoſt Attention to Gammar *Andrews*'s Story, and when ſhe had finiſhed, aſked her if the ſuppoſititious Child had no Mark on its Breaſt? To which ſhe anſwered, 'Yes, he had as fine a Strawberry as 'ever grew in a Garden.' This *Joſeph* acknowledged, and unbuttoning his Coat, at the Interceſſion of the Company, ſhewed to them. 'Well,' ſays Gaffar *Andrews*, who was a comical ſly old Fellow, and very likely deſired to have no more Children than he could keep, 'you have proved, 'I think,

'I think, very plainly, that this Boy doth not 'belong to us; but how are you certain that 'the Girl is yours? The Parſon then brought the Pedlar forward, and deſired him to repeat the Story which he had communicated to him the preceding Day at the Alehouſe; which he complied with, and related what the Reader, as well as Mr. *Adams*, hath ſeen before. He then confirmed, from his Wife's Report, all the Circumſtances of the Exchange, and of the Strawberry on *Joſeph*'s Breaſt. At the Repetition of the Word *Strawberry*, *Adams*, who had ſeen it without any Emotion, ſtarted and cry'd, *Bleſs me! ſomething comes into my Head.* But before he had time to bring any thing out, a Servant called him forth. When he was gone, the Pedlar aſſured *Joſeph*, that his Parents were Perſons of much greater Circumſtances than thoſe he had hitherto miſtaken for ſuch; for that he had been ſtolen from a Gentleman's Houſe, by thoſe whom they call Gypſies, and had been kept by them during a whole Year, when looking on him as in a dying Condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier Child, in the manner before related. He ſaid, as to the Name of his Father, his Wife had either never known or forgot it; but that ſhe had acquainted him he lived about forty Miles from the Place where the Exchange had been made, and which way, promiſing to ſpare no Pains in endeavouring with him to diſcover the Place.

But Fortune, which ſeldom doth good or ill, or makes Men happy or miſerable by Halves, reſolved to ſpare him this Labour. The Reader may pleaſe to recollect, that Mr. *Wilſon* had in-

tended a Journey to the Weſt, in which he was to paſs through Mr. *Adams*'s Pariſh, and had promiſed to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady *Booby*'s Gates for that Purpoſe, being directed thither from the Parſon's Houſe, and had ſent in the Servant whom we have above ſeen call Mr. *Adams* forth. This had no ſooner mentioned the Diſcovery of a ſtolen Child, and had uttered the Word *Strawberry*, than Mr. *Wilſon*, with Wildneſs in his Looks, and the utmoſt Eagerneſs in his Words, begged to be ſhewed into the Room, where he entered without the leaſt Regard to any of the Company but *Joſeph*, and embracing him with a Complexion all pale and trembling, deſired to ſee the Mark on his Breaſt; the Parſon followed him capering, rubbing his Hands, and crying out, *Hic eſt quem quæris; inventus eſt, &c. Joſeph* complied with the Requeſt of Mr. *Wilſon*, who no ſooner ſaw the Mark, than abandoning himſelf to the moſt extravagant Rapture of Paſſion, he embraced *Joſeph*, with inexpreſſible Ecſtaſy, and cried out in Tears of Joy, *I have diſcovered my Son, I have him again in my Arms! Joſeph* was not ſufficiently apprized yet, to taſte the ſame Delight with his Father, (for ſo in reality he was) however, he returned ſome Warmth to his Embraces: But he no ſooner perceived from his Father's Account, the Agreement of every Circumſtance, of Perſon, Time, and Place, than he threw himſelf at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, with Tears begged his Bleſſing, which was given with much Affection, and received with ſuch Reſpect, mixed with ſuch Tenderneſs on both Sides, that it affected all preſent: But none ſo much as Lady *Booby*, who left the





12

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the Room in an Agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by ſome of the Company.

CHAP. XVI.

Being the laſt. In which this true Hiſtory is brought to a happy Concluſion.

FANNY was very little behind her *Joſeph* in the Duty ſhe expreſt towards her Parents; and the Joy ſhe evidenced in diſcovering them. Gammar *Andrews* kiſs'd her: and ſaid ſhe was heartily glad to ſee her: But for her Part ſhe could never love any one better than *Joſeph*. Gaffar *Andrews* teſtified no remarkable Emotion, he bleſſed and kiſſed her, but complained bitterly, that he wanted his Pipe, not having had a Whiff that Morning.

Mr. *Booby*, who knew nothing of his Aunt's Fondneſs, imputed her abrupt Departure to her Pride, and Diſdain of the Family into which he was married; he was therefore deſirous to be gone with the utmoſt Celerity: And now, having congratulated Mr. *Wilſon* and *Joſeph* on the Diſcovery, he ſaluted *Fanny*, called her Siſter, and introduced her as ſuch to *Pamela*, who behaved with great Decency on the Occaſion.

He now ſent a Meſſage to his Aunt, who returned, that ſhe wiſhed him a good Journey; but was too diſordered to ſee any Company: He therefore prepared to ſet out, having invited Mr. *Wilſon* to his Houſe; and *Pamela* and *Joſeph* both ſo inſiſted on his complying, that he at laſt con-

ſented, having firſt obtained a Meſſenger from Mr. *Booby*, to acquaint his Wife with the News; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himſelf to delay a Moment in acquainting her with.

The Company were ranged in this manner. The two old People, with their two Daughters, rode in the Coach; the Squire, Mr. *Wilſon*, *Joſeph*, Parſon *Adams*, and the Pedlar proceeded on Horſeback.

In their Way *Joſeph* informed his Father of his intended Match with *Fanny*; to which, tho' he expreſſed ſome Reluctance at firſt, on the Eagerneſs of his Son's Inſtances he conſented, ſaying, if ſhe was ſo good a Creature as ſhe appeared, and he deſcribed her, he thought the Diſadvantages of Birth and Fortune might be compenſated. He however inſiſted on the Match being deferred till he had ſeen his Mother; in which *Joſeph* perceiving him poſitive, with great Duty obeyed him, to the great Delight of Parſon *Adams*, who by theſe means ſaw an Opportunity of fulfilling the Church Forms, and marrying his Pariſhioners without a Licence.

Mr. *Adams* greatly exulting on this Occaſion, (for ſuch Ceremonies were Matters of no ſmall Moment with him) accidentally gave Spurs to his Horſe, which the generous Beaſt diſdaining, for he was of high Mettle, and had been uſed to more expert Riders than the Gentleman who at preſent beſtrode him, for whoſe Horſemanſhip he had perhaps ſome Contempt, immediately ran away full ſpeed, and played ſo many antic Tricks, that he tumbled the Parſon from his Back; which *Joſeph* perceiving, came to his Relief. This Acci-

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dent afforded infinite Merriment to the Servants, and no leſs frighted poor *Fanny*, who beheld him as he paſt by the Coach; but the Mirth of the one, and Terror of the other were ſoon determined, when the Parſon declared he had received no Damage.

The Horſe having freed himſelf from his unworthy Rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the beſt of his Way; but was ſtopped by a Gentleman and his Servants, who were travelling the oppoſite Way; and were now at a little Diſtance from the Coach. They ſoon met; and as one of the Servants delivered *Adams* his Horſe, his Maſter hail'd him, and *Adams* looking up, preſently recollected he was the Juſtice of Peace before whom he and *Fanny* had made their Appearance. The Parſon preſently ſaluted him very kindly; and the Juſtice informed him, that he had found the Fellow who attempted to ſwear againſt him and the young Woman the very next Day, and had committed him to *Saliſbury* Gaol, where he was charged with many Robberies.

Many Compliments having paſt between the Parſon and the Juſtice, the latter proceeded on his Journey, and the former having with ſome Diſdain refuſed *Joſeph*'s Offer of changing Horſes, and declared he was as able a Horſeman as any in the Kingdom, remounted his Beaſt; and now the Company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their Journey's End, Mr. *Adams* by good Luck, rather than by good Riding, eſcaping a ſecond Fall.

The Company arriving at Mr. *Booby*'s Houſe, were all received by him in the moſt courteous,

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and entertained in the moſt ſplendid Manner, after the Cuſtom of the old *Engliſh* Hoſpitality, which is ſtill preſerved in ſome very few Families in the remote Parts of *England*. They all paſt that Day with the utmoſt Satisfaction; it being perhaps impoſſible to find any Set of People more ſolidly and ſincerely happy. *Joſeph* and *Fanny* found means to be alone upwards of two Hours, which were the ſhorteſt, but the ſweeteſt imaginable.

In the Morning, Mr. *Wilſon* propoſed to his Son to make a Viſit with him to his Mother, which, notwithſtanding his dutiful Inclinations, and a longing Deſire he had to ſee her, a little concerned him, as he muſt be obliged to leave his *Fanny*: But the Goodneſs of Mr. *Booby* relieved him; for he propoſed to ſend his own Coach and Six for Mrs. *Wilſon*, whom *Pamela* ſo very earneſtly invited, that Mr. *Wilſon* at length agreed with the Entreaties of Mr. *Booby* and *Joſeph*, and ſuffered the Coach to go empty for his Wife.

On *Saturday* Night the Coach returned with Mrs. *Wilſon*, who added one more to this happy Aſſembly. The Reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can deſcribe, the many Embraces and Tears of Joy which ſucceeded her Arrival. It is ſufficient to ſay, ſhe was eaſily prevailed with to follow her Huſband's Example, in conſenting to the Match.

On *Sunday* Mr. *Adams* performed the Service at the Squire's Pariſh Church, the Curate of which very kindly exchanged Duty, and rode twenty Miles to the Lady *Booby*'s Pariſh ſo to do; being

being particularly charged not to omit publiſhing the Banns, being the third and laſt Time.

At length the happy Day arrived, which was to put *Joſeph* in the Poſſeſſion of all his Wiſhes. He aroſe and dreſt himſelf in a neat, but plain Suit of Mr. *Booby*'s, which exactly fitted him; for he refuſed all Finery; as did *Fanny* likewiſe, who could be prevailed on by *Pamela* to attire herſelf in nothing richer than a white Dimity Night-Gown. Her Shift, indeed, which *Pamela* preſented her, was of the fineſt Kind, and had an Edging of Lace round the Boſom; ſhe likewiſe equipped her with a Pair of fine white Thread Stockings, which were all ſhe would accept; for ſhe wore one of her own ſhort round-eared Caps, and over it a little Straw Hat lined with Cherry-coloured Silk, and tied with a Cherry-coloured Ribbon. In this Dreſs ſhe came forth from her Chamber, bluſhing and breathing Sweets; and was by *Joſeph*, whoſe Eyes ſparkled Fire, led to Church, the whole Family attending, where Mr. *Adams* performed the Ceremony; at which nothing was ſo remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected Modeſty of *Fanny*, unleſs the true Chriſtian Piety of *Adams*, who publickly rebuked Mr. *Booby* and *Pamela* for laughing in ſo ſacred a Place, and ſo ſolemn an Occaſion. Our Parſon would have done no leſs to the higheſt Prince on Earth: For tho' he paid all Submiſſion and Deference to his Superiors in other Matters, where the leaſt Spice of Religion intervened, he immediately loſt all Reſpect of Perſons. It was his Maxim, That he was a Servant of the Higheſt, and could not, without departing from his Duty, give up the leaſt Article of his Honour, or of

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his Cauſe, to the greateſt earthly Potentate. Indeed he always aſſerted, that Mr. *Adams* at Church with his Surplice on, and Mr. *Adams* without that Ornament, in any other Place, were two very different Perſons.

When the Church Rites were over, *Joſeph* led his blooming Bride back to Mr. *Booby*'s (for the Diſtance was ſo very little, they did not think proper to uſe a Coach;) the whole Company attended them likewiſe on foot; and now a moſt magnificent Entertainment was provided, at which Parſon *Adams* demonſtrated an Appetite ſurprizing, as well as ſurpaſſing every one preſent. Indeed the only Perſons who betrayed any Deficiency on this Occaſion, were thoſe on whoſe account the Feaſt was provided. They pampered their Imaginations with the much more exquiſite Repaſt which the Approach of Night promiſed them; the Thoughts of which filled both their Minds, tho' with different Senſations; the one all Deſire, while the other had her Wiſhes tempered with Fears.

At length, after a Day paſt with the utmoſt Merriment, corrected by the ſtricteſt Decency; in which, however, Parſon *Adams*, being well filled with Ale and Pudding, had given a Looſe to more Facetiouſneſs than was uſual to him: The happy, the bleſt Moment arrived, when *Fanny* retired with her Mother, her Mother-in-law, and her Siſter. She was ſoon undreſt; for ſhe had no Jewels to depoſite in their Caſkets, nor fine Laces to fold with the utmoſt Exactneſs. Undreſſing to her was properly diſcovering, not putting off Ornaments: For as all her Charms were the Gifts of Nature, ſhe could diveſt herſelf

ſelf of none. How, Reader, ſhall I give thee an adequate Idea of this lovely young Creature! the Bloom of Roſes and Lilies might a little illuſtrate her Complexion, or their Smell her Sweetneſs; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive Youth, Health, Bloom, Beauty, Neatneſs, and Innocence in her Bridal-Bed; conceive all theſe in their utmoſt Perfection, and you may place the charming *Fanny*'s Picture before your Eyes.

Joſeph no ſooner heard ſhe was in Bed, than he fled with the utmoſt Eagerneſs to her. A Minute carried him into her Arms, where we ſhall leave this happy Couple to enjoy the private Rewards of their Conſtancy; Rewards ſo great and ſweet, that I apprehend *Joſeph* neither envied the nobleſt Duke, nor *Fanny* the fineſt Dutcheſs that Night.

The third Day, Mr. *Wilſon* and his Wife, with their Son and Daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a State of Bliſs ſcarce ever equalled. Mr. *Booby* hath with unprecedented Generoſity given *Fanny* a Fortune of two thouſand Pounds, which *Joſeph* hath laid out in a little Eſtate in the ſame Pariſh with his Father, which he now occupies, (his Father having ſtocked it for him;) and *Fanny* preſides with moſt excellent Management in his Dairy; where, however, ſhe is not at preſent very able to buſtle much, being, as Mr. *Wilſon* informs me in his laſt Letter, extremely big with her firſt Child.

Mr. *Booby* hath preſented Mr. *Adams* with a Living of one hundred and thirty Pounds a Year. He at firſt refuſed it, reſolving not to quit his Pariſhioners, with whom he hath lived ſo long: But,

But, on recollecting he might keep a Curate at this Living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The Pedlar, beſides ſeveral handſome Preſents both from Mr. *Wilſon* and Mr. *Booby*, is, by the latter's Intereſt, made an Exciſeman; a Truſt which he diſcharges with ſuch Juſtice, that he is greatly beloved in his Neighbourhood.

As for the Lady *Booby*, ſhe returned to *London* in a few Days, where a young Captain of Dragoons, together with eternal Parties at Cards, ſoon obliterated the Memory of *Joſeph*.

Joſeph remains bleſt with his *Fanny*, whom he doats on with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, which is all returned on her ſide. The Happineſs of this Couple is a perpetual Fountain of Pleaſure to their fond Parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their Retirement; nor will be prevailed on by any Bookſellers, or their Authors, to make his Appearance in *High-Life*.

F I N I S.